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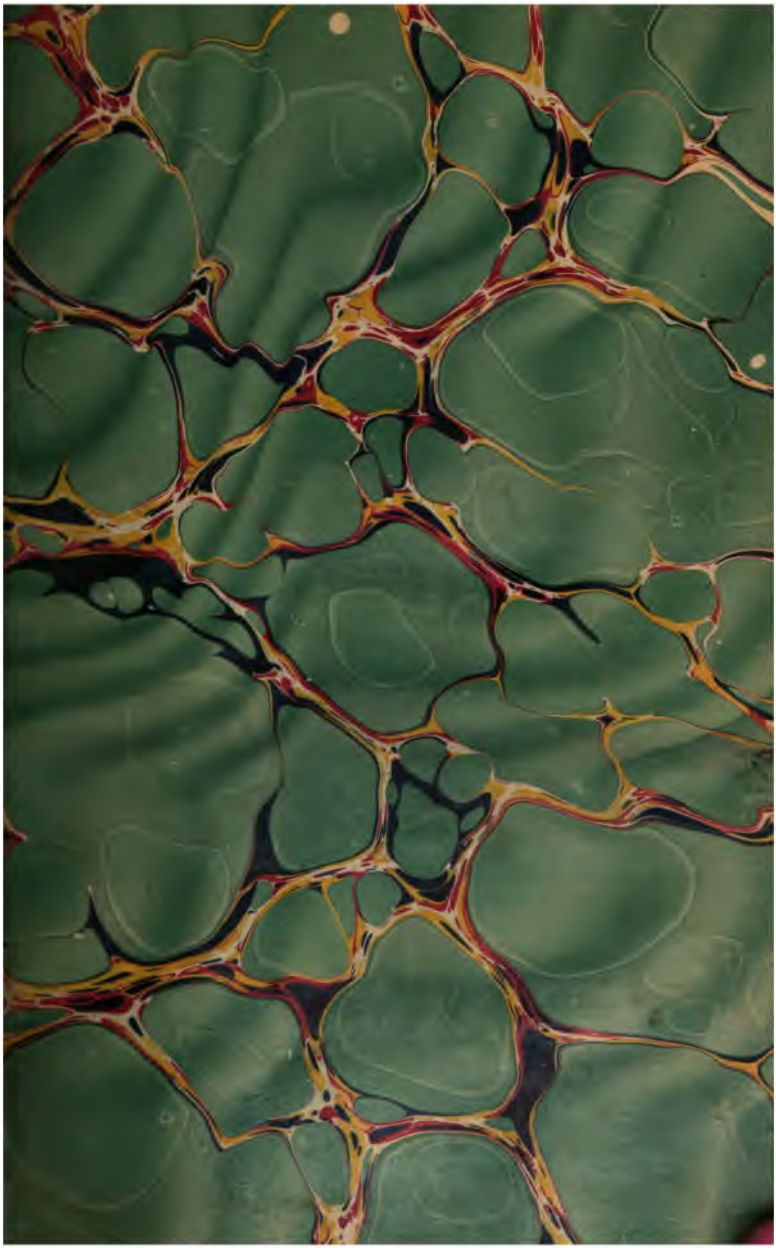

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OLD ENGLISH PROSE WRITERS.

VOL. IV.

FELLTHAM'S RESOLVES.

'Et sic demulceo vitam.'

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BOOKSELLERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

M DCCC XXXII.

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Out of the olde fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh all this newe corn fro yere to yere;
And out of olde bookes, in goode faithe,
Cometh all this newe science that men lere.

CHAUCER.

CAMBRIDGE:
E. W. METCALF AND COMPANY,
Printers to the University.

RESOLVES,

DIVINE, MORAL, POLITICAL.

BY OWEN FELLTHAM.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR

AND HIS WRITINGS.

CAMBRIDGE:
HILLIARD AND BROWN,
BOOKSELLERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

M DCCC XXXII.

"Owen Felltham's Book of Resolves, — a treatise full of good counsels and fine conceits."

Oldys.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The present volume consists chiefly of selections from Owen Felltham's Resolves; a work which met with great and deserved favor on its first appearance, and kept its place before the public for nearly a century, having passed through twelve editions between 1628 and 1709. It was thought that it had strong claims to a place in this collection of old English literature, on the ground both of its style and sentiment. In the old copies it fills a folio of 344 pages, and comprises 185 chapters. These chapters are of very unequal merit; and it has been the Editor's aim to select for republication those that exhibit most strongly the author's characteristic beauties and excellences. The chapters selected are printed without alteration, except the omission, in one or two instances, of a few objectionable words.

The present selection from the Resolves, it is believed, is the only one that has been printed for more than a century, that gives a fair representation of the work. The two editions, published in London in 1806 and 1820, by James Cumming, Esq., have no right to be called Owen Felltham's Resolves. Mr. Cumming has taken the most unwarrantable liberties with the text, and indulged in the most gratuitous alterations and omissions. It seems to have been his great object to get rid of the antique words and quaint phrases which pervade the volume, and which certainly constitute one of the charms of the old writers. He has so completely modernized Felltham, and so altered his style and language, that his old friends and admirers can hardly recognise him in his new dress.

To the Resolves is appended Felltham's Brief Character of the Low Countries, a work which has been somewhat celebrated for its vein of sportive humor, and which presents a singular contrast to the grave lucubrations which precede it.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

BOSTON, MARCH 20, 1832.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Life of Owen Felltham	xi
RESOLVES.	
Of Memory	3
Of Fame	9
Of the Worship of Admiration	15
Of Music	19
Of Dancing	22
Of Poets and Poetry	28
Of Hope	35
Of Death	39
Of Preparing against Death	43
Of Curiosity in Knowledge	50
Of History	53
Of Idleness	57
Of the Waste and Change of Time	61
Of Preaching	65
Of the Danger of a Fruitless Hearer	71
Of Reprehension	75
Of the Evil in Man from Himself and Occasions	80

That Man ought to be extensively Good . . 86
Of Women 89
That all things are restrained 93
Of Envy 97
Of Improving by Good Examples . . . 104
Of Law 111
Of Peace 118
Of Divine Providence 124
Of Hatred 130
Of Truth and Lying 139
Of Libelling 144
Of Solitariness and Companionship . . . 148
Of Apparel 153
That most Men have their Weaknesses . . 162
Of Business 166
Of Ill Company 171
The Misery of being Old and Ignorant . . 173
Of Superstition 177
That the Mind only makes Content . . . 182
Of Play and Gaming 185
Of the Temper of Affections 193
Of Prayer 196
Of the Inconvenience of Neglecting Prayer . 201
Prayer most needful in the Morning . . 205
Of Humility 210
Of the Soul 215
Of Ostentation 219
Of Opinion 223
Of Assimilation 226

Of Religion and Morality 230
Of Faith and Good Works 239
The Virtuous Man is a Wonder 244
The Danger of once Admitting a Sin 249
Of Neglect 252
A Christian's Threefold Condition 255
Of Idle Books 259
Of Reading Authors 266
Of Losses 271

A Brief Character of the Low Countries . 275

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

OWEN FELLTHAM.*

THERE are few English writers, perhaps none, who enjoyed any considerable celebrity in the ages in which they lived, of whom less is known, than of the author of the Resolves; and what is particularly remarkable, though this production of his pen had passed through no less than twelve editions before the commencement of the present century, yet the name of OWEN FELLTHAM has not been made the subject of an article in any of our biographical collections.

It appears that he was the son of Thomas Fellthem, a gentleman of worth in Suffolk, who died in 1631, and that he was the youngest of six children. Scarcely any other particulars of his life are known

* This Account is chiefly taken from the one prefixed to Cumming's second edition of the Resolves.

with certainty. He must, however, have been born either at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, or at the beginning of James the First's. He was probably connected, in quality of gentleman of the horse, or secretary, with the family of the Earl of Thomond; since in the dedication prefixed to the later editions of the Resolves, and addressed, "To the right honorable my most honored Lady, Mary, Countess Dowager of Thomond," he speaks of "most of them being composed under the coverture of her roof."

Owen Felltham appears never to have followed any profession, and never to have been in affluent circumstances; yet to have possessed enough to satisfy one of his happy frame of mind, and to enable him with his well-ordered habits, to administer to the wants and necessities of others. He was a youth, when he thus spoke of himself, in one of his original Resolves, to be found only in the very early editions: "I live in a rank, though not of the highest, yet affording more freedom, as being exempt from those suspicious cares that prick the bosom of the wealthy man. It is such as might content my betters, and such as Heaven smiles on with a gracious promise of blessing, if my carriage be fair and honest; and without these, who is well? I have necessaries, and what is decent; and when I desire it, something for pleasure. Who hath more that is needful? If I be not so rich, as to sow alms by sackfulls, even my mite is beyond the superfluity of wealth; and my pen, my tongue, and my life, shall, I hope, help some to better treasure than the earth affords them.

I have food convenient for me; and I sometimes find exercise to keep my body healthful; when I do, I make it my recreation, not my toil. My raiment is not of the worst, but good, and than that, let me never have better. I can be as warm in a good kersey, as a prince in a scarlet robe. I live where there is means of true salvation; my liberty is mine own; I can both frequent them, and desire to profit by them."

In one of his letters, written at a much more advanced period of his life, he says, "I have lived in such a course, as my books have been my delight and recreation, but not my trade, though perhaps I could wish they had." Divine and moral contemplations and the quiet pursuits of literature were his favorite occupations.

Owen Felltham seems constitutionally to have been blessed with those dispositions, which, improved by the influence of religion on his heart and understanding, enabled him to preserve a resignation, and even a contentedness of spirit, in all the circumstances and vicissitudes of life. It may be collected from his writings that his was not a prosperous one, and that he did not escape those reverses of fortune which fell upon the good and great, in the revolutionary period in which it was his lot to be cast; but they appear not to have rendered him unhappy, to have affected his peace of mind, or even to have called forth from him the language of complaint or murmur on any one occasion.

He was highly gifted with those endowments of the mind which raise up man above the level

of his fellows; but it was contrary to his nature to assume a superiority on that account. He was too wise to be vain of his parts; and had too kind and benevolent a heart not to respect the feelings of others. He was a learned man, and his learning was of the same practical stamp and character as his religion. For though deeply versed in the philosophy of the schools, it served not to render him pedantical, or to unfit him for intercourse with the world. On the contrary, it qualified him the better to take a part in its affairs. His observations upon human conduct and manners, are, it is true, richly illustrated by that knowledge which can only be acquired by study in the closet; but they must have been primarily deduced from views of real life, and the study of man in the active pursuits and concerns of it.

Though he did not follow any profession, his acquirements in divinity learning, and the early application of his mind to this pursuit, render it probable, that he was originally destined for the church; but that he was diverted from adopting this plan of life, by the unsettledness of the times, and the troubles that were fast coming on the nation, from an early period of the reign of James the First.

It does not appear that he was of either of the Universities; but if of any, it was Cambridge. Wood, in his "Athenæ Oxonienses," makes no mention of him, and if he had studied at Oxford, he would hardly have escaped the notice of that industrious and minute biographer.

He would seem to have resided, for the most part, in the country, and probably spent more of his time there, than he would have chosen to do, had he been in a situation that left him independent and free to consult his own inclinations. In a letter to "Sir C. T." he writes thus, "I am now getting a while to London, which appears to this region as the heart to the body, through which its business, as the stirring blood, hath all its circulation. If you have not in the country, you may have something to do there."

His epistolary correspondence, or rather the few letters which he has himself given to the world, testify that he was a close observer of, and took a lively, though not an active part, in the passing events and circumstances of the éventful times in which he lived.

When he died is not known. Oldys thinks that if he was not dead before the publication of the edition of his Resolves in 1677, (the 10th,) "he did not live long after."

It was one great consolation of this good man's life, that he lived to witness the Restoration. Of this event he speaks in his Resolve "on Peace," in an affecting strain of eloquence. It was at this interesting period, that he wrote an Epitaph for himself, entitled "Quod in Sepulchrum volui."

"Postquam vidisset rotantem mundum,
Imaque summis supernatantia,
Prosperum Tyrio scelus imbutum,
Dum virtus sordidâ squallet in aulâ,
Securique cervicem præbuit;

Injusta tamen hominum
In justissima disponente Deo;
Dum redux Cæsar nubila pellit,
Gloriamque gentis tollit in altum;
Tandem evadens terris,
Exuvias hic reliquit FELLTHAM." *

Fellthàm's only work of note, as an author, was his Resolves. The first edition is without date. It is in small duodecimo and beautifully printed, with an elegant allegorical frontispiece, and consists of one century of Resolves, to which is prefixed the motto from Horace:

" His ego commodius quam tu, præclare senator,
Millibus atque aliis vivo: "

and they are inscribed "To the most virtuous, discreet, and noble, the Lady Dorothy Crane, daughter to the right honorable and religious the Lord Hobart." At the head of the Errata, placed at the end of the volume, are these lines:

" When thou view'st this, mend faults,
That here are shown;
And when thou view'st thyself,
Then mend thine own."

* The above epitaph may be thus translated: "Having witnessed all the vicissitudes of this world, and that the very dregs of men often rise uppermost, that vice prospers and is clothed in purple, while virtue is reduced to rags, and sometimes to the stake; God meanwhile over-ruling the injustice of man to the general good; at the restoration of monarchy and glory to this nation, Felltham quitted the earth, and his mortal remains were here deposited."

There is in the Bodleian and the Lambeth Libraries, a copy of the second edition, which bears the date of 1628.* It contains a second century, with the motto, "Ne te quæsiveris extra;" and it is addressed to "The right honorable Thomas, Lord Keeper of the great seal of England, &c." The third edition was also published in 1628; so that it is to be presumed the work must originally have appeared not long before that period. This last mentioned edition has the motto, "Et sic demulceo vitam;" and it was continued in all the subsequent ones. In the eighth edition, and those which afterwards appeared, both centuries are dedicated "to the right honorable my most honored Lady Mary Countess Dowager of Thomond." The centuries were transposed in the fourth edition; and this order was preserved in all the later ones.†

It is a circumstance which ought not to be passed over without notice, that one of the centuries of the Resolves, was written when Felltham was at the boyish age of eighteen. In his address "To the

* The editor of this volume has now in his possession a copy of this very rare edition.

† The following list of the editions of the Resolves is given by Mr. Cumming, of which the present editor has seen the 2d, 8th, 9th, and 10th.

1st edition	—— 12mo.	8th edition	1661 — fol.
2d and 3d	1628 — 4to.	9th . .	1670 — fol.
4th . .	1631 — 4to.	10th . .	1677 — fol.
5th . .	1634 — 4to.	11th . .	1696 — fol.
6th . .	1636 — 4to.	12th . .	1709 — 8vo.
7th . .	1647 — 4to.		

Reader," prefixed to the eighth and following editions, he says, "the Reader may please to be informed, that the latter part of these Resolves, formerly printed as the first century, the author of them, upon their perusal, could not himself be satisfied with them. For however all seemed to pass current, and did arise to several impressions, yet being written when he was but eighteen, they appeared to him to have too many young weaknesses, to be still continued to the world, though not for the honesty, yet in the composure of them." We may, therefore, consider Felltham to have furnished a very rare and extraordinary instance of early genius, sagacity, and cultivated knowledge.

His motives for writing the Resolves, and for giving them to the world, are as virtuous as they must be interesting to the moralist, but particularly the Christian moralist. The Resolves themselves also throw a broad and strong light on the personal character, habits, and dispositions of the writer. Speaking of this work in one of his old prefaces, "To the Peruser," he says, "What I aim at in it, I confess, hath most respect to myself; that I might, out of my own school, take a lesson which should serve me for my whole pilgrimage: and if I should wander, my own items might set me in heaven's direct way again. We do not so readily run into crimes, that from our own mouth have had sentence of condemnation." Again, in the same preface, he says, "That I might curb my own wild passions, I have writ these: and if thou findest a line to mend thee, I shall think I have divulged it to purpose. Read all and

use thy mind's liberty; — how thy suffrage falls, I weigh not; for it was not so much to please others, as to profit myself." And in the preface to the later editions, he further observes, "Sure it is, the invitation he had to write and publish them were not so much to please others, or to show any thing he had could be capable of the name of parts; but to give the world some account how he spent his vacant hours, and that by passing the press (they becoming, in a manner ubiquitaries) they might every where be as boundaries, to hold him within the limits of prudence, honor, and virtue." Conformably with this view, it will be seen, that the topics which he handles come home to every man's business and bosom, and that it is the immediate tendency of the work, to instruct the minds and to improve the hearts of men in general; and what gives no small effect to these good purposes, the argument of each chapter is concluded by a direct and personal application of it to himself, and through him to his readers, in the form of a Resolve or Resolution.

To the eighth and subsequent impressions of the Resolves, are appended some other productions of Fellthem. The first of these productions is a dissertation on the scriptural text: "All is vanity and vexation of spirit, and there is nothing of value under the sun;" taken from Ecclesiastes ii. 11.; the next, some practical reflections on the text: "Another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come;" from St. Luke xiv. 20. They both possess considerable merit.

These are followed by "Lusoria," or occasional "Pieces," consisting of poetry; "A Brief Character of the Low Countries under the States, written long since, being three weeks' observation of the virtues and vices of the inhabitants;" and "A Taste of some Letters."

Speaking of these performances in his Preface to the Reader, our author observes, "The poems, the Character, and some of the letters, he looks upon as sports, that rather improve a man, by preserving him from worse, than by bringing otherwise any considerable profit. As they were his own recreations, so he wishes they may prove to others."

RESOLVES.

RESOLVES.

OF MEMORY.

Should the memory of the world but fall asleep, what a fair of mad beasts would the earth be! And surely much the madder for the tongue; since he that forgets himself in his tongue gives another cause to remember him either with neglect or offence. In all that does belong to man, you cannot find a greater wonder. What a treasury of all things in the life of man! What a record, what journal of all! As if provident nature, because she would have man circumspect, had provided him an account-book to carry always with him. And though it be the world's vast inventory, yet it neither burthens nor takes up room. To myself it is insensible; I feel no weight it presses with. To others it is invisible; when I carry all within me, they can see nothing that I have.

Is it not a miracle, that a man, from the grain of sand to the full and glorious sun, should lay up the world in his brain? and may at his pleasure bring out what he lists, yet never empty the place that did contain it, nor crowd it though he should add more? What kind of thing is it, in which the spacious sea is shored and bounded? where cities, nations, the earth's great globe, and all the elements reside without a cumber? How is it, that in this little invisible place the height of the star, the bigness of that, the distance of these, the compass of the earth, and the nature of all, should lie and always be ready for producing, as a man shall think fit?

If a conjurer call up but his fanatic spirits, how we stare and startle at their strange approach. Yet here, by imagination's help, we call whatever we have a mind to, to appear before us, and in those proper shapes we have heard them related in, or else in those which we ourselves have seen them in. Certainly it cannot be but a work of infiniteness, that so little a globe of skull as man hath, should hold such an almost infinity of business and of knowledge. What oceans of things exactly and orderly streaming forth shall we find from the tongue of an orator, that one, who did not see him speaking, would believe he read them in some printed catalogue; and he that does see him wonders

from what inexhaustible fountain such easy streams can flow. Like a juggler playing his prize, he pulls words like ribbons out of his mouth, as fast as two hands can draw. Ask him of the sea, he can tell you what is there; of the land, of the sky, of heaven, of hell, of past things and to come. A learned man by his memory alone is the treasury of all the arts; he walks not without a library about him. As the Psalmist says of the sun, "It goes from one end of the heaven to the other, and nothing is hid from the heat thereof;" so the memory with imagination travels to and fro between the most remote parts, and there is nothing that is not comprehended by it.

And the miracle is; neither after all this, nor before, can any print hereof be discerned. What is outwardly seen more than there is in a lively image, which is no other than a block? And who can tell me where this vastness lies? What hand, what pen did write it? Anatomize man, and you shall find there is nothing in him like it. Bones, sinews, nerves, muscles, flesh, blood, veins, and marrow, and corrupting substances; but no relic, no likeness of that which in his life came from him; no track, no notion of any thing, remote or foreign. Dissect the brain, the senses' seat, and the shop of busy thoughts, and court of record in man. What do the cu-

rious inspectors of nature find there, but a white and spongeous substance, divided into three small cells, to the smallest of which the memory is ascribed? But not a line, nor any one idea of any thing that is absent, can be read there.

Certainly, if momentany and putrefactive man can, undiscerned and unburthened, bear so much about him; if so little a point as the least "tertia" of the brain, the cerebellum, can hold in itself the notions of such immeasurable extents of things; we may rationally allow omniscience to the great Creator of this and all things else. For doubtless we know what we do remember, and indeed what we remember not we do not know.

Cicero tells us, it is the trace of things printed in the mind. Questionless it is an understanding faculty, conserving those ideas arising from common sense through imagination, which, with the help of these again, whenever there is cause, she is ready to produce them. It is the soul's repository, where she stores up all that she is pleased to keep. The furniture of the world lies there packed up; and as he that goes into a wardrobe, missing sometimes at first of what he seeks for, removes and turns over several parcels, before he finds the thing he comes to look for; so man of the sudden remembers not all he would, but is sometimes put to hunt and tumble

over many things till he comes at last to that he there would find; as if wrapped up in folds, by degrees we unlap and light upon them.

Nor is the difference hereof in men less wonder. In some men how prodigious! In others how dead and dull! Appius Claudius had so strong a memory, that he boasted he could salute all the citizens of Rome by their names. And Mithridates, of Pontus, could speak twenty-two languages, and muster his soldiers by his memory, calling them all by their names. And upon this ground, when the Senate had condemned his books to be burnt, Cassius Severus told them, if they would not have them remain, they should burn him too, for that he had them all in his memory. On the other side some of the Thracians were usually so blockish, that they could not count beyond four or five. And Messala Corvinus lived to forget his own name; as I have known some, that have in health forgot their own children, whom they have daily seen and lived with.

If we consult philosophy, how this huge difference comes, that will presume to tell us, it is from the temper of the brain; the moderately dry being happier in their memories than the over-moist, which, being liquid and slippery, are less receptive and tenacious of any slight impressions that occasionally thereon are dart-

ed. Like glimpses of the sun on water, they shine at present, but leave no sign that they were ever there; and this may be the reason, (because of their great humidity,) why memory in children is so brittle. But how it comes to pass, that many old men can remember things of their youth done threescore years ago, and yet not those that they acted but the day before, is certainly to be admired; since none can tell me where they lodge, characterized the while, without being shuffled out or quite defaced by new succeeding actions.

One thing in the memory beyond all is observable. We may easily remember what we are intent upon; but with all the art we can use, we cannot knowingly forget what we would. What would some give to wipe their sorrows from their thought, which, maugre all their industry, they cannot but remember. With good reason, therefore, would the wise Themistocles have learned the art of forgetfulness, as deeming it far more beneficial to man, than that (so much cried up) of memory. And for this cause, doubtless, we had need be careful that even in secret we plunge not into evil actions. Though we have none to witness what we do, we shall be galled sufficiently with our own peculiar memory, which, haunting us perpetually, with all our best endeavours we

cannot either cast away or blot out. The worm would die, if memory did not feed it to eternity. It is that which makes the penal part of hell; for whether it be the punishment of loss, or the punishment of sense, it is memory that does inflame them both. Nor is there any Ætna in the soul of man, but what the memory makes. In order unto this, I will not care to know who it is that does me injury, that I may not by my memory malice them. Remembering the wrong, I may be apt to malign the author; which not knowing, I shall free myself of vexation, without bearing any grudge to the man. As good actions, and ignorance of ill, keep a perpetual calm in the mind, so, questionless, a secret horror is begotten by a secret vice. From whence we may undoubtedly conclude, that though the gale of success blow never so full and prosperously, yet no man can be truly happy, that is not truly innocent.

OF FAME.

It may seem strange, that the whole world of men should be carried on with an earnest desire of a noble fame and memory after their deaths, when yet we know it is not material to

our well or ill being what censures pass upon us. The tongues of the living avail nothing to the good or hurt of those that lie in their graves. They can neither add to their pleasure, nor yet diminish their torment, if they find any. My account must pass upon my own actions, not upon the reports of others. In vain men labored to approve themselves to goodness, if the palaces, which virtue rears, could be unbuilt by the taxes of a wounding tongue. False witnesses can never find admission where the God of Heaven sits judging. There is no common law in the New Jerusalem. There truth will be received, though either plaintiff or defendant speaks it. Here we may article against a man by a common fame, and by the frothy buzz of the world cast away the blood of innocents. But Heaven proceeds not after such uncertainties. The single man shall be believed in truth before all the humming of successive ages. What will become of many of our lawyers, when not an advocate, but truth, shall be admitted? Fame shall there be excluded as a lying witness; though here there is nothing which we do possess, which we reckon of an equal value. Our wealth, our pleasure, our lives, will not all hold weight against it, when this comes in competition. Nay, when we are circled round with calami-

ties, our confidence in this, like a constant friend, takes us by the hand and cheers us against all our miseries. When Philip asked Democritus if he did not fear to lose his head, he answered, No; for if he did, the Athenians would give him one immortal. He should be statued in the treasury of eternal fame. See if it were not Ovid's comforter in his banishment:

——————" Nil non mortale tenemus,
Pectoris exceptis ingeniique bonis.
En ego, cum patriâ caream, vobisque, domoque;
Raptaque sint, adimi quæ potuêre mihi;
Ingenio tamen ipse meo comitorque fruorque:
Cæsar in hoc potuit juris habere nihil.
Quilibet hanc sævo vitam mihi finiat ense;
Me tamen extincto, fama perennis erit."

——————" All that we hold will die,
But our brave thoughts and ingenuity.
Even I that want my country, house, and friend,
From whom is ravished all that fate can rend,
Possess yet my own genius, and enjoy
That which is more than Cæsar can destroy.
Each groom may kill me; but whensoe'er I die,
My fame shall live to mate eternity."
Ov. Trist. iii. 7.

Plutarch tells us of a poor Indian, that would rather endure a dooming to death, than shoot before Alexander, when he had discontinued; lest by shooting ill, he should mar the fame he had gotten. Doubtless, even in this, man is

ordered by a power above him, which hath instincted in the minds of all men an ardent appetition of a lasting fame. Desire of glory is the last garment that even wise men lay aside. For this you may trust Tacitus, "Etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur." Not that it betters himself, being gone, but that it stirs up those that follow him to an earnest endeavour of noble actions, which is the only means to win the fame we wish for. Themistocles, that streamed out his youth in wine and venery, and was suddenly changed to a virtuous and valiant man, told one, that asked what did so strangely change him, that the trophy of Miltiades would not let him sleep. Tamerlane made it his practice to read often the heroic deeds of his own progenitors, not as boasting in them, but as glorious examples propounded to enfire his virtues. Surely nothing awakes our sleeping virtues like the noble acts of our predecessors. They are flaming beacons, that fame and time have set on hills to call us to a defence of virtue, whensoever vice invades the commonwealth of man. Who can endure to skulk away his life in an idle corner, when he has means, and finds how fame has blown about deserving names? Worth begets, in weak and base minds, envy, but in those that are magnanimous, emulation. Roman virtue

made Roman virtues lasting. Brave men never die but like the phœnix; from whose preserved ashes one or other still doth spring up like them. How many valiant soldiers does a generous leader make! Brutus and Brutus bred many constant patriots.

Fame, I confess, I find more eagerly pursued by the heathen, than by the Christians of these times. The immortality (as they thought) of their name was to them, as the immortality of the soul to us, a strong reason to persuade to worthiness. Their knowledge halted in the latter; so they rested in the first; which often made them sacrifice their lives to that which they esteemed above their lives, their fame. Christians know a thing beyond it; and that knowledge causes them to give but a secondary respect to fame; there being no reason why we should neglect that whereon all our future happiness depends, for that which is nothing but a name and empty air. Virtue were a kind of misery if fame only were all the garland that did crown her. Glory alone were a reward incompetent for the toils of industrious man. This follows him but on earth; in heaven is laid up a more noble, more essential recompense. Yet because it is a fruit that springs from good actions, I must think he that loves that, loves also that which causes it, worthiness.

In others, I will honor the fame for the deserving deeds which caused it; in myself, I will respect the actions that may merit it; and though for my own benefit I will not much seek it, yet I shall be glad if it may follow me, to incite others, that they may go beyond me. I will, if I can, tread the path which leads to it. If I find it, I shall think it a blessing; if not, my endeavour will be enough for discharging myself within, though I miss it. God is not bound to reward me any way; if he accepts me, I may count it a mercy. The other I will not look for. I like him that does things that deserve a fame, without either search or caring for it. Christ, after many miraculous cures, enjoined his patients silence, perhaps to check the world for the too violent quest of this vacuum. For a mean man to thirst for a mighty fame, is a kind of fond ambition. Can we think a mouse can cast a shadow like an elephant? Can the sparrow look for a train like the eagle? Great fames are for princes and such as, for their parts, are the glories of humanity; good ones may crown the private. The same fire may be in the waxen taper which is in the staved torch, but it is not equal either in quantity or advancement. Let the world speak well of me, and I will never care though it does not speak much. Check thyself, thou

air-monger, that with a madding thought thus chasest fleeting shadows. Love substances, and rest thyself content with what Boëthius tells thee :

" Quicunque solam, mente præcipiti, petit,
Summumque credit, gloriam ;
Latè patentes ætheris cernat plagas,
Arctumque terrarum situm :
Brevem replere non valentis ambitum,
Pudebit aucti nominis."
De Consolatione, lib. ii. met. 7.

" He that thirsts for glorious prize,
Thinking that the top of all ;
Let him view th' expanded skies,
And the earth's contracted ball :
He 'll be ashamed then, that the name he wan,
Fills not the short walk of one healthful man."

OF THE WORSHIP OF ADMIRATION.

WHATSOEVER is rare and passionate, carries the soul to the thought of eternity, and by contemplation gives it some glimpses of more absolute perfection, than here it is capable of. When I see the royalty of a state-show at some unwonted solemnity, my thoughts present me something more royal than this. When I see

the most enchanting beauties that earth can show me, I yet think there is something far more glorious; methinks I see a kind of higher perfection peeping through the frailty of a face. When I hear the ravishing strains of a sweet-tuned voice, married to the warbles of the artful instrument, I apprehend by this a higher diapason, and do almost believe I hear a little deity whispering through the pory substance of the tongue. But this I can but grope after; I can neither find nor say what it is. When I read a rarely sententious man, I admire him to my own impatiency. I cannot read some parts of Seneca, above two leaves together. He raises my soul to a contemplation, which sets me a thinking on more than I can imagine. So I am forced to cast him by and subside to an admiration. Such effects works poetry, when it looks to towering virtues. It gives up a man to raptures, and irradiates the soul with such high apprehensions, that all the glories which this world hath, hereby appear contemptible; of which the soft-souled Ovid gives a touch, when he complains the want.

"Impetus ille sacer, qui vatum pectora nutrit,
Qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest."
Ex Ponto, iv. 2.

"That sacred vigor, which had wont, alone,
T' enflame the poet's noble breast, is gone."

But this is when these excellencies incline to gravity and seriousness. For otherwise light airs turn us into sprightful actions, which breathe away in a loose laughter, not leaving half that impression behind them which serious considerations do; as if mirth were the excellency for the body, and meditation for the soul; as if one were for the contentment of this life, and the other eyeing to that of the life to come. All endeavours aspire to eminency; all eminencies do beget an admiration; and this makes me believe, that contemplative admiration is a large part of the worship of the Deity. It is an adoration purely of the spirit, a more sublime bowing of the soul to the Godhead. And this is it which that Homer of philosophers avowed could bring a man to perfect happiness, if to his contemplation he joined a constant imitation of God, in justice, wisdom, holiness. Nothing can carry us so near to God and heaven as this. The mind can walk beyond the sight of the eye, and, though in a cloud, can lift us into heaven while we live. Meditation is the soul's perspective glass, whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God as if he were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls. And even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat

to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish, where execution follows sound advisements, so is man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective. Without the last, the first is but abortive and embryous. Saint Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy and doing, nor ever shut up in nothing but thoughts. Yet that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is, my thinking. Surely God made so many varieties in his creatures as well for the inward soul as the outward senses; though he made them primarily for his own free will and glory. He was a monk of an honester age, that, being asked how he could endure that life without the pleasure of books, answered, The nature of the creatures was his library, wherein, when he pleased, he could muse upon God's deep oracles.

OF MUSIC.

Diogenes spake right of music, when he told one that bragged of his skill, that wisdom governed cities, but with songs and measures, a house would not be ordered well. Certainly it is more for pleasure, than any profit of man. Being but a sound it only works on the mind for the present, and leaves it not reclaimed, but rapt for a while, and then it returns, forgetting the only ear-deep warbles. It is but wantoned air and the titillation of that spirited element. We may see this, in that it is only in hollowed instruments which gather in the stirred air, and so cause a sound in the motion. The advantage it gains upon the mind is in respect of the nearness it hath to the spirits' composure, which being ethereal and harmonious, must needs delight in that which is like them. Besides, when the air is thus moved, it comes by degrees to the ear, by whose winding entrance it is made more pleasant, and by that in-essent air carried to the auditory nerve, which presents it to the common sense, and so to the intellectual.

Of all music that is best which comes from an articulate voice; whether it be, that man cannot make an instrument so melodious as

that which God made, living man; or because there is something in this for the rational part as well as for the ear alone. In this also that is best, which comes with a careless freeness and a kind of a neglective easiness; nature being always most lovely in an unaffected and spontaneous flowing. A dexterous art shows cunning and industry, rather than judgment and ingenuity. It is a kind of disparagement to be a cunning fiddler. It argues his neglect of better employments, and that he hath spent much time upon a thing unnecessary. Hence it hath been counted ill for great ones to sing or play like an arted musician. Philip asked Alexander if he were not ashamed that he sang so artfully. And indeed it softens the mind; the curiosity of it is fitter for women than men, and for courtesans than women. Among other descriptions of a Roman dame, Sallust puts it down for one, that she did "psallere et saltare elegantius quam necesse est probæ." But yet again it is pity, that these should be so excellent in that which hath such power to fascinate. It were well vice were barred of all her helps of wooing. Many a mind hath been angled unto ill by the ear. It was Stratonice that took Mithridates with a song. For as the notes are framed, it can draw and incline the mind. Lively tunes do lighten the

mind; grave ones give it melancholy; lofty ones raise it and advance it to above. Whose dull blood will not caper in his veins, when the very air he breathes in frisketh in a tickled motion? Who can but fix his eye and thoughts, when he hears the sighs and dying groans gestured from the mournful instrument? And I think he hath not a mind well tempered, whose zeal is not inflamed by a heavenly anthem.

So that indeed music is good or bad, as the end to which it tendeth. Surely they did mean it excellent, that made Apollo, who was god of wisdom, to be god of music also. But it may be the Egyptians attributing the invention of the harp to him, the rarity and pleasingness made them so to honor him. As the Spartans used it, it served still for an excitation to valor and honorable actions; but then they were so careful of the manner of it, as they fined Terpander, and nailed his harp to the post, for being too inventive, in adding a string more than usual. Yet had he done the state good service; for he appeased a sedition by his play and poetry. Sometimes light notes are useful; as in times of general joy, and when the mind is pressed with sadness. But certainly those are best, which inflame zeal, incite to courage, or induce to gravity. One is for religion; so the Jews: the other for war; so the Grecians and

Romans: and the last for peace and morality. Thus Orpheus civilized the Satyrs and the bad rude men.

It argues it of some excellency, that it is used only of the most aërial creatures; loved and understood by man alone. The birds next have variety of notes. The beasts, fishes, and the reptilia, which are of grosser composition, have only silence or untuned sounds. They that despise it wholly may well be suspected to be something of a savage nature. The Italians have somewhat a smart censure of those that affect it not. They say, God loves not him whom he hath not made to love music. Aristotle's conceit, that Jove doth neither harp nor sing, I do not hold a dispraise. We find in heaven there be hallelujahs sung. I believe it as a helper both to good and ill, and will therefore honor it when it moves to virtue, and beware it when it would flatter into vice.

OF DANCING.

Doubtless it was out of the jollity of nature, that the art of this was first invented and taken up among men. Bate but the fiddle, the colts, the calves, and the lambs of the field do the

same. So that the thing in itself seems to me to be natural and innocent, begot and born at first out of the sprightly and innocuous activity and rarefication of the blood and spirits, excited by the youthful heat that flows and flowers within the swelling veins. We need therefore the less wonder, that some of the ancient Grecians should so much extol it, deriving it not only from the amenity and floridness of the warm and spirited blood, but deducing it from heaven itself, as being practised there by the stars, — the conjunctions, oppositions, the aspects and revolutions, the ingresses and the egresses, and the like, making such a harmony and consent, as there seems a well-ordered dance amongst them.

And we shall find it not only practised by the generality of almost all the nations of the earth, but by many of them, and those the most generous and civilized, brought into the solemnities of their religion. As the Phrygians had their Corybantes; the Cretians their Curetes dancing in armour. In Delos, nothing sacred scarce ever done without it. The Indian Brachmans, morning and evening, dancing did adore the sun. The Egyptians, Ethiopians, the ruder Scythian, and the learneder Greek, scarce entered upon any thing that solemn was, without it. The Romans had their

Salii, their dozen of priests to Mars, who, in pied coats, with swords by their sides, a javelin in one hand and a shield in the other, danced about the city. Socrates, that was owned to be the wisest among all the Greeks, disdained not in his age to learn to dance, and after to commend the exercise. And Seneca tells us of the meritorious Scipio, that he was not ashamed, "ut antiqui illi viri solebant, inter lusum et festa tempora, virilem in modum tripudiare," as the ancients then had wont, at plays and solemn festivals, in a manly wise to trip it up and down. Even among the Jews, where the oracles of God were extant, we find it used among the rites and exercises of their religion, and upon occasions of extraordinary joy.

Miriam led the maids their dance with her timbrel in her hand. Jephtha's daughter met her father with a dance. And David did it before the ark; his pious zeal transporting him to this corporal exultation. It is likely he danced alone, else Michal would have laughed at more than him. But yet if it were not mixed, it was next it, being, as all that we read of, in the sight and view of both sexes.

When the prophet Jeremiah foretold the return of the Jews from captivity, (Jer. xxxi.) and begins to reckon up the joys that should ensue,

among the rest he tells them, "The virgins shall rejoice in the dance." The Latin hath it "in choro," and doubtless that did oftentimes consist both of men and women together, as well as virgins comprehend both sexes. And if dancing were unlawful, neither would God allow of being served by it, nor would Solomon have told us, "There is a time to dance, as well as there is to mourn." So that it is not the matter and the thing that is condemned, but the manner and corrupt abuse. I find not that Sallust twitted Sempronia merely for her dancing, but for doing it more artificially than an honest woman needed. And it is for this that Gabinius and Cæliús too are reproached. Cato, I know, accused Lucius Muræna for dancing in Asia; and Cicero, that undertook to defend him, said, "He durst not maintain it to be well done in respect of the circumstances, but sure he was he did not do it constantly;" as if the using of it but sometimes were a kind of justification. And in this sense was his saying, "Nemo saltat sobrius:" the sober man does seldom act in capers, taking it to be allowed doctrine, that "Aliquando dulce est insanire in loco;". it is pleasant to be frolic in season.

Ludovicus Vives tells us of some Asians, that, coming into Spain and seeing the people

dance, did run away affrighted, as thinking them possessed with some ill spirit, or else that they were out of their wits. And indeed one would think there were some sorcery in it, that the tickling of a sheep's-gut with hair and a little rosin should make a wise man leap up and down like mad. Nor did the wise Alphonsus deem that woman less, whom he saw so wildly dancing that he concluded, surely it would not be long before that sybil would declare her oracle; though he himself a little after, with the emperor Frederic and his empress, was content to make one at the sport. To dance too exquisitely is so laborious a vanity, that a man would be ashamed to let any body see, by his dexterity in it, that he hath spent so much time in learning such a trifle. And to be totally ignorant of it, and of the garb and comportment that by learning it is learned, shows a man either stoical or but meanly bred, and not inured to conversation. The best is a kind of careless easiness, as if it were rather natural motion than curious and artificial practising.

That there have been several offences occasioned by it, is not to me an argument against it in itself. Even at sermons, I have read that scenes of lust have been laid. I would not patronize it for the least offence that is in it.

But if it conduces to the bettering of behaviour and the handsome carriage of a man's person among strangers; if it be for a harmless exercise, for a recreation merely, or to express inoffensively a justifiable joy, I see not why it should be condemned. It is good for a man so to dance, as not to put his friends, that shall behold him, out of countenance, or that he need be ashamed if his enemy should stand by. Some men have an averseness to it, and these it seldom becomes.

Frederic the Third used often to say, he had rather be sick of a fever, than endeavour to dance. And most martial men are rather for the drum and trumpet, than the lute and viol. If it were absolutely ill in itself, or if the ill that seems to adhere were in itself inseparable from it, it were better all were gone, than for the greatest pleasure to keep the least of mischief. But I cannot think that all must sin, if they come but once to humor an instrument, or that there cannot be dancing without a danger to chastity. I had rather hold with Aristippus;

——— "In Liberi patris sacris
Mens, quæ pudica est, nescit corrumpier."

——— "The truly modest will,
In Bacchus' orgies, can be modest still."

And albeit some of the Fathers have declaimed high against this recreation, yet I take it to be as it was rudely and lasciviously used by the vulgar, and with the infective Pagans of those times. But surely, as, solemn entertainments are among great persons, and meetings of love and friendship among persons of quality, there is nothing more modest, more decent, or more civil; where even the least inclination to wantonness is held a mark of rudeness; and having so many eyes upon them, any place or time, indeed, were fitter for such purposes than these. To conclude upon this theme, I take it to be like usury; something difficult to be kept in the mean; easy to be let into excess; and almost by all nations at once decried and practised.

OF POETS AND POETRY.

Surely he was a little wanton with his leisure, that first invented poetry. It is but a play which makes words dance in the evenness of a cadency; yet without doubt, being a harmony, it is nearer to the mind than prose; for that itself is a harmony in height. But the words being rather the drossy part, conceit

I take to be the principal. And here, though it digresseth from truth, it flies above her, making her more rare by giving curious raiment to her nakedness.

The name the Grecians gave the men that wrote thus, showed how much they honored it. They called them Makers; and had some of them had power to put their conceits in act, how near would they have come to Deity! And for the virtues of men, they rest not on the bare demeanour, but slide into imagination; so proposing things above us, they kindle the reader to wonder and imitation. And certainly, poets that write thus Plato never meant to banish. His own practice shows, he excluded not all. He was content to hear Antimachus recite his poem, when all the herd had left him; and he himself wrote both tragedies and other pieces. Perhaps he found them a little too busy with his gods; and he being the first that made philosophy divine and rational, was modest in his own beginnings.

Another name they had, of honor too, and that was Vates. Nor know I how to distinguish between the prophets and poets of Israel. What is Jeremiah's Lamentation, but a kind of Sapphic elegy? David's Psalms are not only poems, but songs, snatches, and raptures of a flaming spirit. And this indeed I observe, to

the honor of poets, I never found them covetous or scrapingly base. The Jews had not two such kings in all their catalogue as Solomon and his father; poets both. There is a largeness in their souls beyond the narrowness of other men; and why may we not then think, this may embrace more, both of heaven and God? I cannot but conjecture this to be the reason that they, most of them, are poor. They find their minds so solaced with their own flights, that they neglect the study of growing rich; and this, I confess again, I think, turns them to vice and unmanly courses. Besides, they are for the most part mighty lovers of their palates; and this is known an impoverisher. Antigonus in the tented field found Antagoras cooking of a conger himself. And they all are friends to the grape and liquor; though I think many, more out of a ductile nature and their love to pleasant company, than their affection to the juice alone. They are all of free natures, and are the truest definition of that philosopher's man, which gives him "animal risibile." Their grossest fault is, that you may conclude them sensual; yet this does not touch them all. Ingenious for the most part they are. I know there be some rhyming fools; but what have they to do with poetry? When Sallust would tell us, that Sempronia's wit was not ill,

says he, "Potuit versus facere, et jocum movere;" she could make a verse and break a jest.

Something there is in it more than ordinary, in that it is all in such measured language as may be marred by reading. I laugh heartily at Philoxenus's jest, who, passing by and hearing some masons mis-sensing his lines, (with their ignorant sawing of them,) falls to breaking amain. They ask the cause, and he replies, They spoil his work, and he theirs. Certainly a worthy poet is so far from being a fool, that there is some wit required in him that shall be able to read him well; and without the true accent, numbered poetry does lose of the gloss. It was a speech becoming an able poet of our own, when a lord read his verses crookedly, and he beseeched his lordship not to murder him in his own lines. He that speaks false Latin breaks Priscian's head; but he that repeats a verse ill puts Homer out of joint. One thing commends it beyond oratory; it ever complieth to the sharpest judgment. He is the best orator that pleaseth all, even the crowd and clowns. But poetry would be poor that they should all approve of. If the learned and judicious like it, let the throng bray. These, when it is best, will like it the least. So they contemn what they understand not;

and the neglected poet falls by want. Calphurnius makes one complain the misfortune:

" Frange, puer, calamos, et inanes desere Musas;
Et potius glandes rubicundaque collige corna.
Duc ad mulctra greges, et lac venale per urbem
Non tacitus porta. Quid enim tibi fistula reddet,
Quo tutére famem? Certe, mea carmina nemo
Præter ab his scopulis ventosa remurmurat Echo.

" Boy, break thy pipes, leave, leave thy fruitless Muse;
Rather the mast and blood-red cornel choose.
Go lead thy flocks to milking; sell and cry
Milk through the city. What can learning buy
To keep back hunger? None my verses mind,
But Echo, babbling from these rocks and wind."

Two things are commonly blamed in poetry. Nay, you take away that, if them. And these are, lies and flattery. But I have told them in the worst words; for it is only to the shallow insight that they appear thus. Truth may dwell more clearly in an allegory or a moralled fable, than in a bare narration. And for flattery, no man will take poetry literal; since in commendations it rather shows what men should be, than what they are. If this were not, it would appear uncomely. But we all know hyperboles in poetry do bear a decency, nay, a grace along with them. The greatest danger that I find in it is, that it wantons the blood and imagination, as carrying a man in

too high a delight. To prevent these, let the wise poet strive to be modest in his lines; first, that he dash not the gods; next, that he injure not chastity, nor corrupt the ear with lasciviousness. When these are declined, I think a grave poem the deepest kind of writing. It wings the soul up higher, than the slacked pace of prose. Flashes that do follow the cup, I fear me, are too sprightly to be solid. They run smartly upon the loose for a distance or two; but then, being foul, they give in and tire. I confess I love the sober muse and fasting. From the other, matter cannot come so clear, but that it will be misted with the fumes of wine. Long poetry some cannot be friends withal; and indeed it palls upon the reading. The wittiest poets have been all short, and changing soon their subject; as Horace, Martial, Juvenal, Seneca, and the two Comedians. Poetry should be rather like a coranto, short and nimbly-lofty, than a dull lesson of a day long. Nor can it but be deadish if distended; for when it is right, it centres conceit, and takes but the spirit of things; and therefore foolish poesy is of all writing the most ridiculous. When a goose dances and a fool versifies, there is sport alike. He is twice an ass that is a rhyming one. He is something the less unwise, that is unwise but in prose. If

the subject be history or contexted fable, then I hold it better put in prose or blanks; for ordinary discourse never shows so well in metre, as in the strain that it may seem to be spoken in. The commendation is, to do it to the life. Nor is this any other than poetry in prose.

Surely, though the world think not so, he is happy to himself that can play the poet. He shall vent his passions by his pen, and ease his heart of their weight; and he shall often raise himself a joy in his raptures which no man can perceive but he. Sure, Ovid found a pleasure in it even when he writ his "Tristia." It gently delivers the mind of distempers, and works the thoughts to a sweetness in their searching conceit. I would not love it for a profession, and I would not want it for a recreation. I can make myself harmless, nay, amending mirth with it, while I should perhaps be trying of a worse pastime. And this I believe in it further; unless conversation corrupts his easiness, it lifts a man to nobleness, and is never in any rightly but it makes him of a royal and capacious soul.

OF HOPE.

HUMAN life hath not a surer friend, nor many times a greater enemy, than hope. It is the miserable man's God, which, in the hardest gripe of calamity, never fails to yield him beams of comfort. It is the presumptuous man's devil, which leads him awhile in a smooth way, and then makes him break his neck on the sudden. Hope is to man as a bladder to a learning swimmer; it keeps him from sinking in the bosom of the waves; and by that help he may attain the exercise. But yet many times it makes him venture beyond his height, and then, if that breaks, or a storm rises, he drowns without recovery. How many would die, did not hope sustain them! How many have died by hoping too much! This wonder we may find in hope; that she is both a flatterer and a true friend. Like a valiant captain in a losing battle, it is ever encouraging man, and never leaves him till they both expire together. While breath pants in the dying body, there is hope fleeting in the waving soul. It is almost as the air by which the mind does live. There is one thing which may add to our value of it; that it is appropriate unto man alone. For surely beasts have not hope at all. They are

only capable of the present; whereas man, apprehending future things, hath this given him for the sustentation of his drooping soul. Who would live rounded with calamities, did not smiling hope cheer him with expectation of deliverance? The common one is in Tibullus:

"Jam mala finîssem letho; sed credula vitam
Spes fovet, et melius cras fore semper ait.
Spes alit agricolas; spes sulcis credit aratis
Semina, quæ magno fœnore reddat ager.
Hæc laqueo volucres, hæc captat arundine pisces,
Cum tenues hamos abdidit ante cibus.
Spes etiam validâ solatur compede vinctum;
Crura sonant ferro, sed canit inter opus."
Tibullus, lib. ii. el. 6.

"Hope flatters life, and says she 'll still bequeath
Better; else I had cured all ills by death.
She blithes the farmer, does his grain commit
To earth, which with large use replentieth it.
She snares the birds; and fishes, as they glide,
Strikes with small hooks, that cozening baits do hide:
She cheers the shackled prisoner, and while 's thigh
Rings with his chain, he works and sings on high."

There is no estate so miserable as to exclude her comfort. Imprison, vex, fright, torture, show death with his horridest brow; yet hope will dart in her reviving rays, that shall illumine and exhilarate in the tumor, in the swell of these. Nor does she more friend us with her gentle shine, than she often fools us

with her sleek delusions. She dandles us into killing flames, sings us into lethargies, and, like an overhasty chirurgeon, skinneth dangers that are full and foul within. She cozens the thief of the coin he steals, and cheats the gamester more than even the falsest die. It abuseth universal man, from him that stoops to the loam wall upon the naked common, to the monarch in his purpled throne. It undoes the melting prodigal; it delivers the ambitious to the edged axe, and the rash soldier to the shatterings of the fired vomit. Whatsoever good we see, it tells us we may obtain it, and in a little time tumble ourselves in the down of our wishes; but it often performs like Domitian, promising all with nothing. It is indeed the rattle, which nature did provide to still the froward crying of the fond child, man. Our life is but a run after the drag of something that doth itch our senses, which, when we have hunted home, we find a mere delusion. We think we serve for Rachel, but are deceived with blear-eyed Leah. Jacob is as man; Laban is the churlish, envious, ungrateful world; Leah is the pleasure it pays us with, blemished in that which is the life of beauty, perished even in the eye, emblemed too by the sex of frailty, women. We see a box, wherein we believe a pardon; so we are merry

in the brink of death. While we are dancing the trap-door falls under us; and hope makes us jocund till the ladder turns, and then it is too late to care.

Certainly it requires a great deal of judgment to balance our hopes even. He that hopes for nothing will never attain to any thing. This good comes of over-hoping, that it sweetens our passage through the world, and sometimes so sets us to work as it produces great actions, though not always pat to our ends. But then again, he that hopes too much shall cozen himself at last, especially if his industry goes not along to fertile it; for hope without action is a barren undoer. The best is to hope for things possible and probable. If we can take her comforts without transferring her our confidence, we shall surely find her a sweet companion. I will be content my hope should travel beyond reason, but I would not have her build there. So by this I shall reap the benefit of her present service, yet prevent the treason she might beguile me with.

OF DEATH.

THERE is no spectacle more profitable or more terrible, than the sight of a dying man, when he lies expiring his soul on his death-bed; to see how the ancient society of the body and the soul is divelled, and yet to see how they struggle at the parting, being in some doubt what shall become of them after. The spirits shrink inward, and retire to the anguished heart, as if, like sons pressed from an indulgent father, they would come for a sad "Vale" from that which was their life's maintainer; while that in the mean time pants with affrighting pangs, and the hands and feet, being the most remote from it, are by degrees encoldened to a fashionable clay; as if death crept in at the nails, and by an insensible surprise suffocated the environed heart. To see how the mind would fain utter itself, when the organs of the voice are so debilitated that it cannot. To see how the eye settles to a fixed dimness, which a little before was swift as the shoots of lightning, nimbler than the thought, and bright as the polished diamond; and in which this miracle was more eminent than in any of the other parts, that it, being a material, earthly body, should yet be conveyed with quicker mo-

tion than the revolutions of an indefinite soul; so suddenly bringing the object to conceits, that one would think the apprehension of the heart were seated in the eye itself. To see all his friends, like conduits, dropping tears about him; while he neither knows his wants, nor they his cure. Nay, even the physician, whose whole life is nothing but a study and practice to continue the lives of others, and who is the anatomist of general nature, is now as one that gazes at a comet, which he can reach with nothing but his eye alone. To see the countenance, through which perhaps there shined a lovely majesty, even to the captivating of admiring souls, now altered to a frightful paleness and the terrors of a ghastly look. To think how that, which commanded a family, nay perhaps a kingdom, and kept all in awe with the moving of a spongy tongue, is now become a thing so full of horror, that children fear to see it, and must now therefore be transmitted from all these enchanting blandishments to the dark and hideous grave; where, instead of shaking of the golden sceptre, it now lies imprisoned but in five foot of lead, and is become a nest of worms, a lump of filth, a box of pallid putrefaction. There is even the difference of two several worlds between a king enamelled with his robes and jewels, sitting in his chair

of adored state, and his condition in his bed of earth, which hath made him but a case of crawlers; and yet all this change without the loss of any visible substantial; since all the limbs remain as they were, without the least sign either of dislocation or diminution. From hence it is, I think, Scaliger defines death to be the cessation of the soul's functions; as if it were rather a restraint than a missive ill. And if any thing at all be wanting, it is only color, motion, heat, and empty air. Though indeed, if we consider this dissolution, man by death is absolutely divided and dismanned. That gross object which is left to the spectator's eyes, is now only a composure but of the two baser elements, water and earth; that now it is these two only that seem to make the body, while the two purer, fire and air, are winged away, as being more fit for the compact of an elemental and ascentive soul.

When thou shalt see all these things happen to one whose conversation had endeared him to thee; when thou shalt see the body put on death's sad and ashy countenance, in the dead age of night, when silent darkness does encompass the dim light of thy glimmering taper, and thou hearest a solemn bell tolled to tell the world of it, which now, as it were, with this sound is struck into a dumb attention; tell

me if thou canst then find a thought of thine devoting thee to pleasure and the fugitive toys of life? O what a bubble, what a puff, what but a wink of life, is man! And with what a general swallow death still gapes upon the general world! When Hadrian asked Secundus what death was, he answered in these several truths: "It is a sleep eternal; the body's dissolution; the rich man's fear; the poor man's wish; an event inevitable; an uncertain journey; a thief that steals away man; sleep's father; life's flight; the departure of the living; and the resolution of all." Who may not, from such sights and thoughts as these, learn, if he will, both humility and loftiness? the one to vilify the body, which must once perish in a stenchful nastiness; the other to advance the soul, which lives here but for a higher and more heavenly ascension. As I would not care for too much indulging of the flesh, which I must one day yield to the worms; so I would ever be studious for such actions as may appear the issues of a nobler and diviner soul.

OF PREPARING AGAINST DEATH.

The life of man is the incessable walk of time, wherein every moment is a step and pace to death. Even our growing to perfection is a progress to decay. Every thought we have is a sand running out of the glass of life. Every letter that I now write is something cut off from the measure of my being here.

But since no man can be happy in the life that is affrighted with the fear of dying, it ought to be our principal care, either to put off death or overcome the fear of it; else, while we have life we shall not enjoy it, but daily, with the fear of dying, die. To put off death is not in man to do. Fixed fate, without him, dooms him once to die. The decree is past, and no appeal is left. To avoid death totally therefore, it is in vain to try. We may sometimes court him into a forbearance, but the whole world's wealth is a bribe too small to win him to acquittance. Yet the fear of death is not invincible. It is a giant to the weak, but a pigmy to the well-resolved. We may master that, and then, though we cannot totally overcome death, we may contemn him, or so brave him as to make him smile, not frown upon us. It is therefore fit we take heed of

such things as are like multiplying-glasses, and show fears either more numerous or bigger far than they are. Such are inexpectation, unacquaintance, want of preparation.

Inexpectation. The sudden blow astonishes, but, foreseen, is either warded or avoided. A surprise alone is torture. In it I have not time to think, till the time of thinking be too late. It is falling from a precipice in the dark; a man is at the bottom before he knows he is from the top. The soul is overwhelmed with horror, which is infinitely blacker by its not being looked for. Belshazzar's knees had never beat each other, if he had expected the hand to appear. When accidents, like thieves, unthought on, set upon us, the consternation gives the deeper wound. It is worse for the time than hanging; for it chokes the spirits as to help, but lets them live to cruciate and vex without remedy. Like spirits in the night, they flash hell-fire into our face, and drive us from our wits and hopes; and our terrors are the more, because we dedicate that time to rest without expecting aught that should affright us.

Unacquaintance. Familiarity takes away fear, when matters not usual prove inductions to terror. The first time the fox saw the lion, he feared him as death; the second, he feared

him, but not so much ; the third time he grew more bold, and passed by him without quaking. The practised seaman smiles at storms that others dare not look on. A lion is not frightful to his keeper ; and mastiffs are not fierce but when they meet with strangers. Every report of a musket startles the new-come soldier ; but ranging through the fury of two or three battles, he can then fearless stand a breach, and dares undaunted look death in the face.

Lastly, Want of preparation. Must not he be overcome, that unarmed meets his weaponed enemy? God, that by his providence is akin to wise men, and so does usually protect the prudent, is not obliged to preserve the fool. He that does first abandon himself, by his own example teaches others to do so too. When I am prepared for the worst, the worst cannot dismay me ; but unprepared, I must lie down and yield. Even premeditation alone is a piece of defence. Negligence not only invites the foe, but leaves open all our ports and avenues for him to enter at. The difference is not much between not meeting an evil, and being prepared for it.

Lest then I make my death seem more terrible to me than indeed it is, I will first daily expect it. It were madness to think I should never arrive at that to which I am every min-

ute going. If an enemy that I cannot resist shall threaten that within such a space he will assault and plunder me, but will not tell me the precise time, shall I not every hour look for him? It was Plato's opinion, that the wise man's life was the meditation of death. And to expect it, is to give the blow a meeting and break the stroke. Not to expect it, is a stupidity, since the world has nothing that is like a reprieve. The philosopher will tell us as well as the divine, that "Omne humanum genus, quodcunque est, quodcunque erit, morti damnatum est." All humanity that either is or shall be, once shall die. And surely then, he is but dead already that does not look for death. A glass, though it be brittle, if safely kept, may last long. But man preserved declines. His childhood, youth, virility, and age, they are but several stages posting him to death. He may flourish till about fifty, and may die any day before. But after that, he languishes like an October fly, till at last he weakly withers to his grave.

Secondly, I will grow to be acquainted with it by considering what it is. And certainly, well looked into, he is rather lovely, than a monster. It is fancy gives him those hideous shapes we think him in. It is a soft and easy nothing; the cessation of life's functions, ac-

tion's absence, and nature's smooth repose. Certainly it is no more to die than to be born. We felt no pain coming into the world, nor shall we in the act of leaving it; though in the first one would believe there were more of trouble than in the latter; for we cry coming into the world, but quietly and calmly leave it. When Socrates was advised by his friends, that, if not for his own sake, yet for that of his children and acquaintances, he would have a care to preserve himself from death; he presently tells them, that "as for his children, God that gave them would have a care of them; and for his friends, if he died, he should in the other world find the like or better; and those that here he left would but a very little while stay from him." What is there that in death is terrible, more than our unwillingness to die? Why should I be angry when my prince repeals my banishment, and admits me home to my country, heaven? When the soul, like a swallow slipped down a chimney, beats up and down in restless want and danger, death is the opened casement that gives her rest and liberty from penury, fears, and snares. It is nature's play-day, that delivers man from the thraldom of the world's school to the freedom of his father's family. The philosopher will tell us, Take it which way you will,

whether the soul perishes or be translated, there is either no ill or much good in death. But when we know the soul is immortal, and purchased to be a vessel of everlasting honor, what should affright us, unless we fear to be happy? When my death approaches, I am growing to immortality, commencing doctor, and beginning to understand all those crabbed criticisms that puzzle here mortality. It frees me from the scorns of life, the malice and the blows of fate, and puts me in a condition to become invulnerable. It mounts me up beyond the wiles and reaches of this unworthy world. It lays me in the rank with kings, and lifts me up to Deity.

Lastly, I will endeavour to be prepared. Neither surprise nor strangeness can hurt me, if I be ready for both. He defeats the tyrant of his feast, that is so prepared as not to shrink at torment. The way to die undauntedly is to do that before, which we ought to do when dying. He that always waits upon God is ready whensoever he calls. I will labor to set my accounts even, and endeavour to find God such to me in my life, as I would in death he should appear. If I cannot put off humanity wholly, let me put off as much as I can; and that which I must wear let me but loosely carry. When the affections are glued to the world, death makes not a dissolution, but a

fraction, and not only separates the soul, but tears it away. So the pain and the hazard is more. He is a happy man that lives so, as death at all times may find at leisure to die. And if we consider that we are always in God's hand, that our lease is but during pleasure, and that we are necessitated once to die, as we shall appear infidels not to trust a Deity, so we must be fools to struggle where we can neither conquer nor defend. What do we do living, if we be afraid of travelling that highway which hath been passed through by all that have lived, and must be by all that shall live? We pray, undress, and prepare for sleep that is not one night long; and shall we do less for death, in whose arms we must rest prisoners till the angel with his trumpet summons him forth to resign us? This will not make life more troublesome, but more comfortable. He may play that hath done his task. No steward need fear a just lord, when his accounts are even and always ready drawn up. If I get the son and heir to be mine, the father will never hold off. Thus living I may die at any time, and be afraid at no time. Who dies death over every day, if he does not kill death outright, at least he makes him tame, with watching him.

OF CURIOSITY IN KNOWLEDGE.

NOTHING wraps a man in such a mist of errors as his own curiosity in searching things beyond him. How happily do they live that know nothing but what is necessary! Our knowledge doth but show us our ignorance. Our most studious scrutiny is but a discovery of what we cannot know. We see the effect, but cannot guess at the cause. Learning is like a river, whose head being far in the land, is at first rising little and easily viewed; but still as you go it gapeth with a wider bank, not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it the deeper and the broader it is, till at last it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean. There you see more water, but no shore, no end of that liquid fluid vastness. In many things we may sound nature in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes; but beyond them we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But

when we come to metaphysics, to long buried antiquity, and to unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea which is deeper than the short reach of the line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition, but more will ever rest, which man cannot discover. I wonder at those that will assume a knowledge of all. They are unwisely ashamed of an ignorance which is not disgracive. It is no shame for man not to know that which is not in his possibility. We fill the world with cruel brawls in the obstinate defence of that, whereof we might with more honor confess ourselves to be ignorant. One will tell us our Saviour's disputations among the doctors; another what became of Moses's body; a third in what place Paradise stood, and where is local Hell. Some will know Heaven as perfectly as if they had been hurried about in every sphere; and I think they may. Former writers would have the zones uninhabitable; we find them by experience temperate. Saint Augustine would by no means endure the antipodes; we are now of nothing more certain. Every age both confutes old errors and begets new. Yet still we are more entangled; and the further we go the nearer we approach a sun that blinds us. He that went furthest in these things we find ending with a censure of their vanity, their vexation.

It is questionable whether the progress of learning hath done more hurt or good, whether the schools have not made more questions than they have decided. Where have we such peaceable and flourishing commonwealths as we have found among those which have not so much as had the knowledge of letters? Surely these fruitless and enigmatic questions are bones the devil hath cast among us, that while we strive for a vain conquest in these toys we forget the prize we should run for. The husbandman, that looks not beyond the plough and the scythe, is in much more quiet than the divided brain of the statist or the scholar. Who will not approve the judgment of our modern epigrammatist?

"Judice me, soli semperque perinde beati
Sunt, quicunque sciunt omnia, quique nihil."

"If I may judge, they only happy show,
Which do or nothing, or else all things know."

In things whereof I may be certain, I will labor to be instructed. But when I come where reason loseth herself, I will be content with retiring admiration. Why should I rack my brains for unprofitable impossibilities? Though I cannot know how much is hid, I may soon judge what may be discovered.

OF HISTORY.

To an ingenuous spirit it is not easy to tell which is greater, the pleasure or the profit of reading history; for besides the beguiling of tedious hours, and the diversion it gives from troublesome and vexatious affairs, and the preserving the frailty of man from slipping into vice through wantonness with leisure, it enriches the mind with observation, and by setting us upon an open and adjacent scaffold it gives us a view of the actions, the contrivances, and the over-ruling providences that have swayed the affairs of the world. It is the resurrection of the ages past. It gives us the scenes of human life, that by their actings we may learn to correct and improve. What can be more profitable to man, than, by an easy charge and a delightful entertainment, to make himself wise by the imitation of heroic virtues, or by the evitation of detested vices? Where the glorious actions of the worthiest treaders on the world's stage shall become our guide and conduct, and the errors that the weak have fallen into shall be marked out to us as rocks that we ought to avoid. It is learning wisdom at the cost of others; and, which is rare, it makes a man better by being pleased.

In my opinion, among all the industries of men there is none that merits more thanks, than that which hath with prudence, truth, and impartiality, related those transactions, which, like main hinges, have shut and opened the gates of the world. If Moses had not given us the history of the creation, how blindly had we walked in the world. If the prophets had not given us the stories of the Jews, how much had we wanted which now does lead us in the way of uprightness. Certainly men owe their civility as much to history as education. And we find neither Greece nor Rome were civilized till they came to be learned.

And indeed in those that shall rightly and well relate the occurrences of states and kingdoms, there is required much more than makes up an ordinary man. They ought to be superlatively intelligent, diligently industrious, and uncorruptedly sincere, neither driven by fear nor led by flattery. Nor is it easy to have it well done by any but by such as have been actors in the affairs themselves, and have had some insight to the turnings of the inward wheels of the work. He that writes by relation and report, may easily err and often miss the truth. Rumors are but like thunderings in the air; we have a confused noise, but the particular cause that makes it we do but guess at;

uncertain report being certainly (as the majesty of king James observed) the author of all lies.

Who writes a history, his principal aim should be truth, and to relate especially the extraordinaries both of good and ill; — of good, that men, taken with the honor they find done them in story, they may be encouraged to perform the like; — of ill, that when men see the infamy that they are branded with, they may leap from all that should make them so stigmatical. To these, observations that shall naturally arise from a rational collection are not to be denied, as the embellishment of a well-phrased work. He that writes things false, tells a lie in the face of the world, with which he does abuse posterity. He is the worst of ill limners; for he draws the mind amiss. Some interweave their relations with fancies of their own; but a work so furnished may be allowed a romance, but not a history.

Yet let no man that reads, be too scrupulous in expecting always a clear light or a full and perfect narration. For besides that they are men that write, it is not possible that in all things the truth of affairs should ever be arrived at. Politicians pretend one thing to the people, but reserve the clean contrary in their hearts and private intentions. Their poisonings are clandestine, and the making away of

enemies and rivals is oftentimes by bravos hired in darkness, whose deeds are locked up in eternal night. So that none but an omniscient God is able in all to trace the windings of these serpents. If history be writ in the lifetime of the actors, it usually overrates virtues, and dashes out vice, or palliates. To dream amiss of the prince hath been accounted treason; to write would be much more. Princes in their displeasure, being of the nature both of nettles and thorns, if you but touch them they sting, if you compress them they pierce unto blood. If a history be writ after death, it may be more impartial, but less true; some things will be forgot, others covered with the dust of time, and either spleen or favor vary the color which naked nature gave. And though he that writes be an actor himself, yet we are very rarely to expect that all should be sound and current. He that is in a battle himself does oft not know the turn and progress of it. He can undertake but for himself and where he is; what is beside him may be unknown or disguised. Even princes are deceived by them they most do trust. And if a man be known to be about such a work, he shall sooner be put to record things honorable than just. And though of all others he that writes out of his own knowledge by employment may be nearer

truth, yet a man will be nice in blazing his own errors; and where he is concerned, self-love will incline him to lean to himself. If he be good, he would appear better; if he be bad, he will not be fond that the world should read it in the monument of story, when he is gone. The dying Spaniard did but speak humanity, that begged he might not be stripped when he was dead, though the defect were only that he wanted a shirt.

OF IDLENESS.

The idle man is the barrenest piece of earth in the orb. There is no creature that hath life but is busied in some action for the benefit of the restless world. Even the most venemous and most ravenous things that are, have their commodities as well as their annoyances, and they are ever engaged in some action, which both profiteth the world and continues them in their natures' courses. Even the vegetables, wherein calm nature dwells, have their turns and times in fructifying; they leaf, they flower, they seed. Nay, creatures quite inanimate are (some) the most laborious in their motion. With what a cheerly face the golden sun

chariots through the rounding sky. How perpetual is the maiden moon, in her just and horned mutations. The fire, how restless in his quick and catching flames. In the air, what transitions; and how fluctuous are the salted waves. Nor is the teeming earth weary, after so many thousand years' production. All which may tutor the couch-stretched man, and raise the modest red to showing through his unwashed face.

Idleness is the most corrupting fly that can blow in any human mind. That ignorance is the most miserable which knows not what to do. The idle man is like the dumb jack in a virginal; while all the other dance out a winning music, this, like a member out of joint, sullens the whole body with an ill disturbing laziness. I do not wonder to see some of our gentry grown well near the lewdest men of our land, since they are most of them so muffled in a non-employment. It is action that does keep the soul both sweet and sound, while lying still does rot it to an ordured noisomeness. Augustine imputes Esau's loss of the blessing partly to his slothfulness, that had rather receive meat than seek it. Surely exercise is the fattening food of the soul, without which she grows lank and thinly-parted.

That the followers of great men are so much debauched, I believe to be want of employment; for the soul, impatient of an absolute recess, for want of the wholesome food of business, preys upon the lewder actions. It is true, men learn to do ill, by doing what is next it, nothing. I believe Solomon meant the field of the sluggard, as well for the emblem of his mind, as the certain index of his outward state. As the one is overgrown with thorns and briers, so is the other with vices and enormities. If any wonder how Ægisthus grew adulterate, the exit of the verse will tell him, "Desidiosus erat." When one would brag the blessings of the Roman state, that, since Carthage was razed and Greece subjected, they might now be happy, as having nothing to fear; says the best Scipio, "We now are most in danger; for while we want business and have no foe to awe us, we are ready to drown in the mud of vice and slothfulness."

How bright does the soul grow with use and negotiation! With what proportioned sweetness does that family flourish, where but one laborious guide steereth in an ordered course! When Cleanthes had labored and gotten some coin, he shows it his companions, and tells them that he now, if he will, can nourish another Cleanthes. Believe it, industry is never whol-

ly unfruitful. If it bring not joy with the incoming profit, it will yet banish mischief from thy busied gates. There is a kind of good angel waiting upon diligence, that ever carries a laurel in his hand to crown her. Fortune, they said of old, should not be prayed unto but with the hands in motion. The bosomed fist beckons the approach of poverty, and leaves beside the noble head unguarded; but the lifted arm does frighten want, and is ever a shield to that noble director. How unworthy was that man of the world that never did aught, but only lived and died. Though Epaminondas was severe, he was yet exemplary, when he found a soldier sleeping in his watch and ran him through with his sword; as if he would bring the two brothers, death and sleep, to a meeting. And when he was blamed for that, as cruelty, he says he did but leave him as he found him, dead.

It is none of the meanest happiness, to have a mind that loves a virtuous exercise. It is daily rising to blessedness and contentation. They are idle divines, that are not heavened in their lives above the unstudious man. Every one shall smell of that he is busied in: as those that stir among perfumes and spices shall, when they are gone, have still a grateful odor with them; so they that turn the leaves of the

worthy writer, cannot but retain a smack of their long-lived author. They converse with virtue's soul, which he that writ did spread upon his lasting paper. Every good line adds sinew to the virtuous mind, and withal heals that vice which would be springing in it. That I have liberty to do any thing, I account it from the favoring heavens. That I have a mind sometimes inclining to use that liberty well, I think I may without ostentation be thankful for it as a bounty of the Deity. Sure I should be miserable if I did not love this business in my vacancy. I am glad of that leisure which gives me leisure to employ myself. If I should not grow better for it, yet this benefit, I am sure, would accrue me; I should both keep myself from worse, and not have time to entertain the devil in.

OF THE WASTE AND CHANGE OF TIME.

I LOOK upon the lavish expenses of former ages with pity and admiration, that those things men built for the honor of their name, as they thought, are either eaten up by the steely teeth of time, or else rest as monuments but of their

pride and luxury. Great works, undertaken for ostentation, miss of their end and turn to the author's shame; if not, the transitions of time wear out their engraved names, and they last not much longer than Caligula's bridge over the Baiæ. What is become of the Mausoleum or the ship-bestriding Colossus? Where is Marcus Scaurus's theatre, the bituminated walls of Babylon? And how little rests of the Egyptian pyramids? and of these, how divers does report give in their builders? some ascribing them to one, some to another. Who would not pity the toils of virtue, when he shall find greater honor inscribed to loose Phryne, than to victorious Alexander? who, when he had razed the walls of Thebes, she offered to reëdify them, with condition this sentence might but on them be inlettered: "Alexander pulled them down, but Phryne did rebuild them." From whence some have jested it into a quarrel for fame betwixt a whore and a thief. Doubtless no fortifications can hold against the cruel devastations of time. I could never yet find any estate exempted from this mutability. Nay, those which we would have thought had been held up with the strongest pillars of continuance, have yet suffered the extremest changes. The houses of the dead and the urned bones have sometimes met with rude

hands that have scattered them. Who would have thought, when Scanderbeg was laid in his tomb, that the Turks should after rifle it, and wear his bones for jewels? Change is the great lord of the world; time is his agent that brings in all things to suffer his unstaid dominion.

——— " Ille, tot regum parens,
Caret sepulchro Priamus, et flammâ indiget,
Ardente Trojâ." ———
Senec. in Troad. act. 1.

——— " He that had a prince each son,
Now finds no grave, and, Troy in flames,
He wants his funeral one."

We are so far from leaving any thing certain to posterity, that we cannot be sure to enjoy what we have while we live. We live sometimes to see more changes in ourselves, than we could expect could happen to our lasting offspring. As if none were ignorant of the fate, the poet asks,

" Divitis audita est cui non opulentia Crœsi?
Nempe tamen vitam, captus ab hoste, tulit.
Ille, Syracosiâ modo formidatus in urbe,
Vix humili duram reppulit arte famem."
Ov. ex Pont. lib. iv. ep. 3.

" Who has not heard of Crœsus' heaps of gold,
Yet knows his foe did him a prisoner hold?
He that once awed Sicilia's proud extent,
By a poor art could famine scarce prevent."

We all put into the world as men put money into a lottery. Some lose all and get nothing. Some with nothing get infinite prize, which perhaps venturing again, with hope of increase, they lose with grief that they did not rest contented. There is nothing that we can confidently call our own, or that we can surely say we shall either do or avoid. We have not power over the present, much less over the future, when we shall be absent or dissolved. And indeed, if we consider the world aright, we shall find some reason for these continual mutations. If every one had power to transmit the certain possession of all his acquisitions to his own succeeders, there would be nothing left for the noble deeds of new aspirers to purchase; which would quickly betray the world to an incommunicable dulness, and utterly discourage the generous designs of the stirring and more elementary spirit. As things now are, every man thinks something may fall to his share; and since it must crown some endeavours, he imagines, why not his? Thus, by the various trades of men, every action comes to be done which is requisite for the world's maintaining. But since nothing here below is certain, I will never purchase any thing with too great a hazard. It is ambition, not wisdom, that makes princes hazard their whole estates

for an honor merely titular. If I find that lost which I thought to have kept, I will comfort myself with this, that I knew the world was changeable, and that as God can take away a less good, so he can, if he please, confer me a greater.

OF PREACHING.

The excess which is in the defect of preaching, has made the pulpit slighted; I mean the much bad oratory we find it guilty of. It is a wonder to me, how men can preach so little and so long; so long a time and so little matter; as if they thought to please by the inculcation of their vain tautologies. I see no reason, that so high a princess as divinity is should be presented to the people in the sordid rags of the tongue; nor that he, which speaks from the Father of languages, should deliver his embassage in an ill one. A man can never speak too well where he speaks not too obscure. Long and distended clauses are both tedious to the ear and difficult for their retaining. A sentence well couched, takes both the sense and the understanding. I love not those cart-rope speeches that are longer than the

memory of man can fathom. I see not but that divinity, put into apt significants, might ravish as well as poetry.

The weighty lines men find upon the stage, I am persuaded, have been the lures to draw away the pulpit's followers. We complain of drowsiness at a sermon, when a play, of a doubled length, leads us on still with alacrity. But the fault is not all in ourselves. If we saw divinity acted, the gesture and variety would as much invigilate. But it is too high to be personated by humanity. The stage feeds both the ear and the eye; and through this latter sense the soul drinks deeper draughts. Things acted possess us more, and are too more retainable than the passable tones of the tongue. Besides, here we meet with more composed language, the "dulcia sermonis," moulded into curious phrase; though it is to be lamented, such wits are not set to the right tune and consorted to divinity; who without doubt, well decked, will cast a far more radiant lustre, than those obscene scurrilities that the stage presents us with, though o'd and spangled in their gaudiest tire.

At a sermon well dressed, what understander can have a motion to sleep? Divinity, well ordered, casts forth a bait which angles the soul into the ear; and how can that close when

such a guest sits in it? They are sermons but of baser metal, which lead the eyes to slumber. And should we hear a continued oration, upon such a subject as the stage treats on, in such words as we hear some sermons, I am confident it would not only be far more tedious, but nauseous and contemptful. The most advantage they have of other places is in their good lives and actions; for it is certain, Cicero and Roscius are most complete when they both make but one man. He answered well, that after often asking said still, that action was the chiefest part of an orator. Surely the oration is most powerful, where the tongue is diffusive, and speaks in a native decency even in every limb. A good orator should pierce the ear, allure the eye, and invade the mind of his hearer. And this is Seneca's opinion. Fit words are better than fine ones; I like not those that are injudiciously made, but such as be expressively significant, that lead the mind to something beside the naked term. And he that speaks thus, must not look to speak thus every day. A kembed oration will cost both sweat and the rubbing of the brain; and kembed I wish it, not frizzled nor curled. Divinity should not lasciviate. Unwormwooded jests I like well; but they are fitter for the tavern than the majesty of a temple. Christ taught

the people with authority. Gravity becomes the pulpit. Demosthenes confessed he became an orator by spending more oil than wine. This is too fluid an element to beget substantials. Wit, procured by wine, is for the most part like the sparklings in the cup when it is filling; they brisk it for a moment, but die immediately.

I admire the valor of some men, that before their studies dare ascend the pulpit, and do there take more pains than they have done in their library. But having done this, I wonder not that they there spend sometimes three hours but to weary the people into sleep. And this makes some such fugitive divines, that like cowards they run away from their text. Words are not all, nor matter is not all, nor gesture; yet together they are. It is much moving in an orator, when the soul seems to speak as well as the tongue. Saint Augustine says, Tully was admired more for his tongue than his mind, Aristotle more for his mind than his tongue, but Plato for both. And surely nothing decks an oration more, than a judgment able well to conceive and utter. I know God hath chosen by weak things to confound the wise; yet I see not but in all times a washed language hath much prevailed. And even the Scriptures, though I know not the Hebrew, yet

I believe they are penned in a tongue of deep expression; wherein almost every word hath a metaphorical sense, which does illustrate by some allusion. How political is Moses in his Pentateuch! How philosophical Job! How massy and sententious is Solomon in his Proverbs! how quaint and flamingly amorous in the Canticles! how grave and solemn in his Ecclesiastes! that in the world there is not such another dissection of the world as it. How were the Jews astonished at Christ's doctrine! How eloquent a pleader is Paul at the bar! in disputation how subtle! And he that reads the Fathers shall find them as if written with a crisped pen.

Nor is it such a fault as some would make it, now and then to let a philosopher or a poet come in and wait, and give a trencher at this banquet. Saint Paul is precedent for it. I wish no man to be too dark and full of shadow. There is a way to be pleasingly plain, and some have found it. Nor wish I any man to a total neglect of his hearers. Some stomachs rise at sweetmeats. He prodigals a mine of excellency, that lavishes a terse oration to an aproned auditory. Mercury himself may move his tongue in vain, if he has none to hear him but a non-intelligent. They that speak to children assume a pretty lisping. Birds are caught

by the counterfeit of their own shrill notes. There is a magic in the tongue can charm the wild man's motions. Eloquence is a bridle, wherewith a wise man rides the monster of the world, the people. He that hears has only those affections that thy tongue will give him.

" Thou may'st give smiles, or tears which joys do blot;
Or wrath to judges, which themselves have not."

You may see it in Lucan's words:

" Flet, si flere jubes; gaudet, gaudere coactus;
Et, te dante, capit judex quam non habet iram."

I grieve that any thing so excellent as divinity is, should fall into a sluttish handling. Sure, though other interposures do eclipse her, yet this is a principal. I never yet knew a good tongue that wanted ears to hear it. I will honor her in her plain trim; but I will wish to meet her in her graceful jewels; not that they give addition to her goodness, but that she is more persuasive in working on the soul she meets with. When I meet with worth which I cannot over-love, I can well endure that art which is a means to heighten liking. Confections that are cordial are not the worse, but the better, for being gilded.

OF THE DANGER OF A FRUITLESS HEARER.

THOUGH preaching, in its elocutive part, be but the conception of man, and differs as the gifts and abilities of men give it lustre or depression; and many hearers for their knowledge are able to instruct their teachers; yet as it puts us in mind of our duties that may perhaps be out of our thoughts, and as it is the ordinance of God, and may quicken and enliven our conversation, we owe it both our reverence and attention. And though we may think our education and parts have set us in a higher form than it hath done him that does ascend the pulpit; yet without a derogation to our own endowments, as in other arts, so in that of divinity, we may well conceive, he that makes it his trade and calling should better understand it, and is likely to be more perfect in it, than he that hath inspection therein but by the by and obviously. Arts perfect are by exercise and industry. A man is born a child, and does by tendance and improving time creep up to full maturity; so arts at first are infant things, till, filed and garnished, they burnish out in perfection. Even in matter of fact, they have easier and nearer ways to do things,

who with assiduity and practice are still intent upon them, than can by those be thought on that are strangers to the profession.

And these considerations may certainly content us to hear sometimes the meaner-parted preach. The Apostle allows it the foolishness of preaching, yet it was the way that peopled all the world with Christianity. It bruised the staunch philosopher, and brought the wilful pagan off from all his idols. It topped the soaring eagle with the cross, and bowed the lofty conqueror to his knee and tears. And what know we but sometimes our corruptions may be let out by a poor brass pin, as well as by the dexterous hand that guides a silver lancet. He that is our spiritual physician is not confined to any certain instrument that he will use to cure us with. And if we, out of copper, lead, or pewter preaching, can extract pure gold, I take it is no impeachment to our wise philosophy. Surely they are not right, that, because they cannot hear such as they would, will therefore come at none. I will hear a good one if I can, but rather hear an easy one than not to hear at all. He abandons his cure that refuses to come at his chirurgeon.

That cloth can never be white, that lies where dews do never fall upon it. I observe those that leave the church assemblies, so they

be not heretical, do grow at last to leave religion too. The righteous man, by the unwise actions of others, does grow wiser; even out of weakness he can gather strength. Now the great King of heaven entertains not fools for his followers. If they be not wise before they come, yet they are wise in coming, and then, for that, he makes them so for ever after. It is a prerogative belongs to his servants, those that pay him their obedience he does reward with wisdom and understanding. It was by keeping his commandments that David's wisdom did exceed his teachers'. He that hath wisdom to be truly religious cannot be condemnedly a fool. Every precept of Christianity is a maxim of profoundest prudence. It is the gospel's work to reduce man to the principles of his first creation; that is, to be both good and wise. Our ancestors, it seems, were clear of this opinion. He that was pious and just was reckoned a righteous man. Godliness and integrity was called and counted righteousness. And in their old Saxon English, "righteous" was "right-wise," and "righteousness" was originally "right-wiseness." It is the fear of God that is the beginning of wisdom; and all that seek it have a good understanding. It is to be presumed, the merchant that sold all to buy the pearl, was as well wise as rich. Those

therefore that withdraw from the means altogether, which, in ordinary, is preaching, or are long livers under it unprofitably, by degrees grow strangers to it, and dislike it.

It is an aphorism in physic, that they who, in the beginning of diseases, eat much and mend not, fall at last to a general loathing of food. The moral is as true in divinity. He that hath a sick conscience and lives a hearer under a fruitful ministry, if he grows not sound he will learn to despise the word. When food converts not into nourishment, it will not be long before the body languisheth. Blessings neglected in the van do troop in curses in the rear and sequel; but when contemned, vengeance. Who neglects the good he may have, shall find the evil that he would avoid. Justly he sits in darkness, that would not light his taper when the fire burned clearly. Offers of mercy slighted, prepare the way for judgments. We deeper charge ourselves; yet are we more uncapable of clearing our accounts. He that needs counsel and will not deign to lend a listening ear, destines himself to misery, and is the willing author of his own sad woe. Continue at a stay we cannot; corruption neither mends itself, nor leaves to be so till it bring destruction. The fire followed Lot's neglected preaching. Capernaum's fate was heavier for

her miracles. Desperate is his estate, that hates the thing should help him. If ever you see a drowning man refuse help, conclude him a wilful murderer. When God offers more than he is obliged to, we ought by all the ways we can to meet so glorious mercies. To the burying of such treasures there belongs a curse; to their misspending, punishment and confusion.

OF REPREHENSION.

To reprehend well, is both the hardest and most necessary part of friendship. Who is it that will either not merit a check or endure one? Yet wherein can a friend more unfold his love, than in preventing dangers before their birth, or in reducing a man to safety, which is travelling in the way to ruin? I grant, the manner of the application may turn the benefit into an injury, and then it both strengtheneth error, and wounds the giver. Correction is never in vain. Vice is a miry deepness; if thou strivest to help one out, and dost not, thy stirring him sinks him the further. Fury is the madder for his chain.

When thou chidest thy wandering friend, do it secretly, in season, in love; not in the ear of a popular convention; for many times the presence of a multitude makes a man take up an unjust defence, rather than fall in a just shame. Diseased eyes endure not an unmasked sun; nor does the wound but rankle more, which is fanned by the public air. Nor can I much blame a man, though he shuns to make the vulgar his confessor; for they are the most uncharitable tell-tales that the burthened earth doth suffer. They understand nothing but the dregs of actions, and with spattering those abroad they besmear a deserving fame. A man had better be convinced in private, than be made guilty by a proclamation. Open rebukes are for magistrates and courts of justice, for stalled chambers and for scarlets in the thronged hall. Private are for friends, where all the witnesses of the offender's blushes are blind and deaf and dumb. We should do by them as Joseph thought to have done by Mary, seek to cover blemishes with secrecy. Public reproof is like striking of a deer in the herd; it not only wounds him to the loss of inabling blood, but betrays him to the hound, his enemy, and makes him by his fellows be pushed out of company. Even concealment of a fault argues some charity to the delinquent; and

when we tell him of it in secret, it shows we wish he should amend before the world comes to know he is amiss.

Next, it ought to be in season; neither when the brain is misted with arising fumes, nor when the mind is madded with unreined passions. Certainly he is drunk himself, that profanes reason so as to urge it to a drunken man. Nature unloosed in a flying speed cannot come off with a sudden stop.

"Quis matrem, nisi mentis inops, in funere nati
Flere vetet? non hoc ulla monenda loco est."
Ov. Rem. Am.

"He 's mad, that dries a mother's eyes' full tide
At her son's grave: there 't is no time to chide:"

was the opinion of the smoothest poet. To admonish a man in the height of his passion, is to call a soldier to counsel, in the midst, in the heat of a battle. Let the combat slack, and then thou mayest expect a hearing. All passions are like rapid torrents; they swell the more for meeting with a dam in their violence. He that will hear nothing in the rage and roar of his anger, will, after a pause, inquire of you. Seem you to forget him, and he will the sooner remember himself. For it often falls out, that the end of passion is the beginning of repentance. Then will it be easy to draw back a

retiring man; as a boat is rowed with less labor when it hath both a wind and tide to drive it. A word seasonably given, like a rudder, sometimes steers a man quite into another course. When the Macedonian Philip was capering in the view of his captives, says Demades, "Since fortune has made you like Agamemnon, why will you show yourself like Thersites?" And this changed him to another man. A blow bestowed in the striking time is better than ten delivered unseasonably. There are some nicks in time, which whosoever finds may promise to himself success; as in all things so in this, especially if he do it, as he ought, in love.

It is not good to be too tetrical and virulent. Kind words make rough actions plausible. The bitterness of reprehension is insweetened with the pleasingness of compellations. If ever flattery might be lawful, here is a cause that would give it admission. To be plain, argues honesty; but to be pleasing, argues discretion. Sores are not to be anguished with a rustic pressure, but gently stroked with a ladyed hand. Physicians fire not their eyes at patients, but calmly minister to their diseases. Let it be so done, as the offender may see affection without arrogancy. Who blows out candles with too strong a breath, does but make them stink, and

blows them light again. To avoid this, it was ordained among the Lacedæmonians, that every transgressor should be, as it were, his own beadle; for his punishment was, to compass an altar singing an invective made against himself. It is not consonant, that a member so unboned as the tongue is, should smart it with an iron lash.

Every man that adviseth, assumes as it were a transcendency over the other, which, if it be not allayed with protestations and some self-including terms, grows hateful; that even the reprehension is many times the greater fault of the two. It will be good, therefore, not to make the complaint our own, but to lay it upon some others, that, not knowing his grounded virtues, will, according to this, be apt to judge of all his actions. Nor can he be a competent judge of another's crime, that is guilty of the like himself. It is unworthily done, to condemn that in others which we would not have but pardoned in ourselves. When Diogenes fell in the school of the Stoics, he answers his deriders with this question: "Why do you laugh at me for falling backward, when you yourselves do retrograde your lives?" He is not fit to cure a dimmed sight, that looks upon another with a beamed eye. Freed, we may free others; and if we please them with prais-

ing some of their virtues, they will with much more ease be brought to know their vices. Shame will not let them be angry with them, that so equally deal both the rod and laurel. If he be much our superior, it is good to do it sometimes in parables, as Nathan did to David; so let him by collection give himself the censure. If he be an equal, let it appear affection and the truth of friendship urging it. If he be our inferior, let it seem our care and desire to benefit him.

Towards all I would be sure to show humility and love. Though I find a little bluster for the present, I am confident I shall meet with thanks afterward, and in my absence his reverend report following me. If not, the best way to lose a friend is by seeking by my love to save him. It is best for others that they hate me for vice; but if I must be hated, it is best for myself that they hate me for my goodness; for then am I mine own antidote against all the poison they can spit upon me.

OF THE EVIL IN MAN FROM HIMSELF AND OCCASIONS.

It is not so much want of good, as excess of ill, that makes man post to lewdness. I believe

there are sparks enough in the soul to flame a man to the moral life of virtue, but that they are quenched by the putrid fogs of corruption; as fruits of hotter countries, trans-earthed in colder climates, have vigor enough in themselves to be fructuous according to their nature, but that they are hindered by the chilling nips of the air and the soil wherein they are planted. Surely the soul hath the reliqued "impressa's" of divine virtue still so left within her, as she would mount herself to the tower of nobleness, but that she is depressed by an unpassable thicket of hindrances. The frailties of the body, the current of the world, and the armies of enemies that continually war against goodness, are ever checking the production of those motions she is pregnant with.

When we run into new crimes, how we school ourselves when the act is over! as if conscience had still so much justice left as it would be upright in sentencing even against itself. Nay, many times to gratulate the company we are fain to force ourselves to unworthiness. Ill actions run against the grain of the undefiled soul; and, even while we are a doing them, our hearts chide our hands and tongues for transgressing. There are few that are bad at the first merely out of their love to vice. There is a nobleness in the mind of man, which of itself

entitles it to the hatred of what is ill. Who is it that is so bottomlessly ill as to love vice because it is vice? Yet we find there are some so good as to love goodness purely for goodness' sake. Nay, vice itself is loved, but for the seeming good that it carries with it. Even the first sin, though it were, as Saint Augustine says, originally from the soul, yet it was, by a wilful blindness, committed out of a respect to a good that was looked for by it.

It is the body's contagion which makes the soul leprous. In the opinion that we all hold, at the first infusing it is spotless and immaculate; and where we see there be means to second the progressions of it, it flies to a glorious height, scorning and weary of the muddy, declining weight of the body. And when we have performed any honorable action, how it cheers and lightens itself and man! as if it had no true joy but in such things as, transcending the sense of the dreggy flesh, tended to the blaze and aspiring flame of virtue; nay, then, as if she had despatched the intent of her creation, she rests full in her own approvement, without the weak world's reedy underpropping. Man has no such comfort as to be conscious to himself of the noble deeds of virtue. They set him almost in the throne of a deity, ascend him to an unmovedness, and take away from

him those black fears that would speak him still to be but fragile man. It is the sick and diseased soul that drives us unto unlimited passions. Take her as she is in herself, not dimmed and thickened with the mists of corporality; then is she a beauty, displayed in a full and divine sweetness.

"Amat, sapit, rectè facit, animo quando obsequitur suo."
Plaut. Amph. iii. 4.

"When man obeys his mind, he 's wise, loves, and does right."

But this is not to be understood at large; for, says the same Comedian, "Dum id modo fiat bono." Nor does it only manifest itself in itself, but even over the body too, and that so far, that it even converts it to a spirituality, making it indefatigable in travails, in toils, in vigilancies; insensible in wounds, in death, in tortures.

"Omnia deficiunt, animus tamen omnia vincit;
Ille etiam vires corpus habere facit;"
(Ov. ex Pont. ii. 7.)

says the grand love-master.

"Though all things want, all things the mind subdues,
And can new strength in fainting flesh infuse."

When we find it seconded with the prevalent incitations of literature and sweet morality,

how courageous, how comfortable, how towering is she! Socrates calls nature the reason of an honest man; as if man, following her, had found a square whereby to direct his life. The soul that takes a delight in lewdness is gained upon by custom; and after an undoing, dulling practice takes a joy in that which at first did daunt with terror. The first acts of sin are for the most part trembling, fearful, and full of the blush. It is the iteration of evil that gives forehead to the foul offender. It is easy to know a beginning swearer; he cannot mouth it like the practised man. He oaths it as a cowardly fencer plays, who, as soon as he hath offered a blow, shrinks back; as if his heart suffered a kind of violence by his tongue, yet had rather take a step in vice, than be left behind for not being in fashion. And though a man be plunged in wickedness, yet would he be glad to be thought good; which may strongly argue the intentions of the soul to be good, though unable to maturate that seed that is in it; nay, and that like a kind of captive she is carried by corruption through bogs and deserts that at first she fears to tread upon.

Sin at first does a little startle the blood. Vice carries horror in her considered look, though we find a short plausibility in the present embraces. There is no man but in his soul

dislikes a new vice before he acts it. And this distaste is so general, that when custom has dulled the sense, yet the mind shames to transmit itself to the tongue; as knowing he which holds tenets against nature's principles shall, by showing a quick wit, lose his honest name. Goodness is not so quite extinct in man, but that he still flashes out a glimmering light in morality. Though vice in some souls have got the start on her, yet she makes every man's tongue fight for vice's extirpation. He that maintains vice lawful, shall have mankind his enemy. It is gain, not love to treason, that makes man fall a traitor. A noble deed does bear a spur in itself. They are bad works that need rewards to crane them up withal.

I believe, if we examine nature, those things that have a pleasure in their performance are bad but by mis-use, not simply so in themselves. Eating, drinking, mirth, are ill but in the manner or the measure, not at all in the matter. Man's wisdom consists, not in the not using, but in the well using of what the world affords him. How to use, is the most weighty lesson of man; and of this we fail for want of seconding the seeds that be in the soul. The thorns do first choke them, and then they dwindle for lack of watering. Two things I will strongly labor for; to remove annoyance, and

to cherish the growth of budding virtue. He spends his time well, that strives to reduce nature to her first perfection. Like a true friend, she wishes well to man, but is grown so poor, and fallen into such decay, as indeed she is not able. I will help her what I can in the way, though of myself I be not able to set her safe in the end, and, if it be in spiritual things, not able to begin. As man has not that free power in himself which first he had, so I am far from thinking him so dull to be a patient merely. It was not, in the first fall, slain, but irrecoverably lamed; debilitated, not annihihilated. But whether this be true or no, I think it cannot be ill, of whatsoever good we do, to give our God the glory of it.

THAT MAN OUGHT TO BE EXTENSIVELY GOOD.

I FIND in the creation the first blessing God gave man was, "Be fruitful and multiply." And this I find imposed by a precept, not a promise; it being a thing so necessary, as God would not leave it but almost in an impulsive quality; and withal to show us, that, even from the beginning, man's happiness should consist in obeying God's commands.

All men love to live in posterity. Barrenness is a curse, and makes men unwilling to die. Men, rather than they will want ensuing memory, will be spoken by the handed statue, or by the long lasting of some insensate monument. When bragging Cambyses would compare himself with his father Cyrus, and some of his flatterers told him he did excel him: "Stay," says Crœsus, "you are not his equal, for he left a son behind him:" as if he were an imperfect prince that leaveth an unhelmed state. When Philip viewed his young son Alexander, he said he could then be content to die. Conceit of a surviving name sweetens death's aloed potion. It is for this we so love those that are to preserve us in extended successions. There was something more in it than the naked jeer, when Cæsar, seeing strangers at Rome with whelps and monkeys in their indulgent laps, asked, if they were the children that the women of those lands brought forth; for he thought such respectful love was due to none but a self-extracted offspring.

Nor is this only in the baser part of man, the body, but even in the sagacious soul. The first act God requires of a convert is, "Be fruitful." The good man's goodness lies not hid in himself alone; he is still strengthening of his weaker brother. How soon would the world

and Christianity fail, if there were not propagation both of it and man! Good works and good instructions are the generative acts of the soul, out of which spring new posterity to the church and gospel. And I am persuaded, to be a means of bringing more to heaven is an inseparable desire of a soul that is rightly stated. Good men wish all that they converse withal, in goodness to be like themselves. How ungratefully he slinks away, that dies and does nothing to reflect a glory to heaven! How barren a tree he is, that lives and spreads and cumbers the ground, yet leaves not one seed, not one good work to generate another after him! I know all cannot leave alike; yet all may leave something answering their proportion, their kinds. They be dead and withered grains of corn, out of which there will not one ear spring. The physician, that hath a sovereign receipt and dieth unrevealing it, robs the world of many blessings, which might multiply after his death; leaving this collection, a truth to all survivors, that he did good to others but to do himself a greater; which, how contrary it is to Christianity and the nature of explicative love, I appeal to those minds where grace hath sown more charity.

Virtue is distributive, and had rather pleasure many with a self-injury, than bury bene-

fits that might pleasure a multitude. I doubt whether ever he will find the way to heaven, that desires to go thither alone. They are envious favorites, that wish their kings to have no loyal subjects but themselves. All heavenly hearts are charitable. Enlightened souls cannot but disperse their rays. I will, if I can, do something for others and heaven, not to deserve by it, but to express myself and my thanks. Though I cannot do what I would, I will labor to do what I can.

OF WOMEN.

Some are so uncharitable, as to think all women bad; and others are so credulous, as they believe they all are good. Sure, though every man speaks as he finds, there is reason to direct our opinion, without experience of the whole sex; which, in a strict examination, makes more for their honor than most men have acknowledged. At first she was created his equal; only the difference was in the sex; otherwise they both were man. If we argue from the text, that male and female made man, so the man being put first, was worthier; I answer, so the evening and the morning was

the first day; yet few will think the night the better. That man is made her governor, and so above her, I believe rather the punishment of her sin, than the prerogative of his worth. Had they both stood, it may be thought she had never been in that subjection; for then it had been no curse, but a continuance of her former estate, which had nothing but blessedness in it. Peter Martyr indeed is of opinion, that man, before the fall, had priority. But Chrysostom, he says, does doubt it.

All will grant her body more admirable, more beautiful than man's; fuller of curiosities and noble nature's wonder, both for conception and fostering the producted birth. And can we think God would put a worse soul into a better body? When man was created, it is said, God made man; but when woman, it is said, God builded her; as if he had then been about a frame of rarer rooms and more exact composition. And, without doubt, in her body she is much more wonderful; and by this we may think her so in her mind. Philosophy tells us, though the soul be not caused by the body, yet in the general it follows the temperament of it; so the comeliest outsides are naturally, for the most part, virtuous within. If place can be any privilege, we shall find her built in paradise, when man was made without it.

It is certain they are by constitution colder than the boiling man; so by this, more temperate. It is heat that transports man to immoderation and fury; it is that which hurries him to a savage and libidinous violence. Women are naturally the more modest, and modesty is the seat and dwelling-place of virtue. Whence proceed the most abhorred villanies, but from a masculine, unblushing impudence? What a deal of sweetness do we find in a mild disposition! When a woman grows bold and daring, we dislike her, and say, she is too like a man; yet in ourselves we magnify what we condemn in her. Is not this injustice? Every man is so much the better, by how much he comes nearer to God. Man in nothing is more like him, than in being merciful. Yet woman is far more merciful than man; it being a sex wherein pity and compassion have dispersed far brighter rays. God is said to be love; and I am sure every where woman is spoken of for transcending in that quality. It was never found, but in two men only, that their love exceeded that of the feminine sex; and if you observe them, you shall find they were both of melting dispositions.

I know, when they prove bad, they are a sort of the vilest creatures; yet still the same reason gives it; for "Optima corrupta pessima:"

"The best things corrupted, become the worst." They are things, whose souls are of a more ductible temper, than the harder metal of man; so may be made both better and worse. The representations of Sophocles and Euripides may be both true; and for the tongue-vice, talkativeness, I see not but at meetings men may very well vie words with them. It is true they are not of so tumultuous a spirit, so not so fit for great actions. Natural heat does more actuate the stirring genius of man. Their easy natures make them somewhat more unresolute, whereby men have argued them of fear and inconstancy. But men have always held the parliament, and have enacted their own wills without ever hearing them speak; and then how easy is it to conclude them guilty! Besides, education makes more difference between men and them, than nature; and all their aspersions are less noble, for that they are only from their enemies, men. Diogenes snarled bitterly, when, walking with another, he spied two women talking, and said, "See the viper and asp are changing poison." The poet was conceited that said, "After they were made ill," that "God made them fearful, that man might rule them; otherwise they had been past dealing with." Catullus's conclusion was too general, to collect a deceit in all women, because he was not confident of his own.

" Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle
Quam mihi; non si se Jupiter ipse petat.
Dicit: sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento et rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ."
Carm. lxix.

" My mistress swears, she 'd leave all men for me;
Yea, though that Jove himself should suitor be.
She says it; but what women swear to kind
Loves, may be writ in rapid streams and wind."

I am resolved to honor virtue, in what sex soever I find it. And I think, in the general, I shall find it more in women, than men, though weaker and more infirmly guarded. I believe they are better, and may be brought to be worse. Neither shall the faults of many make me uncharitable to all; nor the goodness of some make me credulous of the rest. Though hitherto, I confess, I have not found more sweet and constant goodness in man, than I have found in woman; and yet of these I have not found a number.

THAT ALL THINGS ARE RESTRAINED.

I CANNOT think of any thing that hath not some enemy, or some antagonist, to restrain it when it grows to excess. The whole world is

kept in order by discord; and every part of it is but a more particular composed jar. Not a man, not a beast, not a creature, but have something to ballast their lightness. One scale is not always in depression, nor the other lifted ever high; but the alternate wave of the beam keeps it ever in the play of motion. From the pismire on the tufted hill to the monarch on the raised throne, nothing but hath somewhat to awe it. We are all here like birds, that boys let fly in strings; when we mount too high, we have that which pulls us down again. What man is it which lives so happily, which fears not something that would sadden his soul if it fell? Nor is there any whom calamity doth so much tristitiate, as that he never sees the flashes of some warming joy. Beasts with beasts are terrified and delighted. Man with man is awed and defended. States with states are bounded and upheld. And in all these it makes greatly for the Maker's glory, that such an admirable harmony should be produced out of such an infinite discord.

The world is both a perpetual war and a wedding. Heraclitus called discord and concord the universal parents. And to rail on discord, says the father of the poets, is to speak ill of nature. As in music, sometimes one string is louder, sometimes another, yet never

one long, nor never all at once; so sometimes one state gets a monarchy, sometimes another; sometimes one element is violent, now another; yet never was the whole world under one long, nor were all the elements raging together. Every string has his use, and his tune, and his turn. When the Assyrians fell, the Persians rose. When the Persians fell, the Grecians rose. The loss of one man is the gain of another. It is vicissitude that maintains the world. As in infinite circles about one centre, there is the same method, though not the same measure; so, in the smallest creature that is, there is an epitome of a monarchy, of a world, which hath in itself convulsions, arescations, enlargements, erections; which, like props, keep it upright, which way soever it leans.

Surely God hath put these lower things into the hands of nature, which yet he doth not relinquish, but dispose. The world is composed of four elements, and those be contraries. The year is quartered into four different seasons. The body both consists and is nourished by contraries. How diverse, even in effect, are the birds and the beasts that feed us, and how diverse again are those things that feed them. How many several qualities have the plants that they browse upon, which, all mingled together, what a well tempered sallad do they

make. The mind too is a mixture of disparities; joy, sorrow, hope, fear, hate, and the like. Neither are those things pleasing, which flow to us in the smoothness of a free prostitution. A gentle resistance heightens the desires of the seeker. A friendly war doth indulciate the ensuing close. It is variety that hits the humors of both sides. It is the imbecility of declining age, that commits man prisoner to a sedentary settledness. That which is the vigor of his life is ranging. Heat and cold, dryness and moisture, quarrel and agree within him; in all which he is but the great world's breviary. Why may we not think the world like a masking battle, which God commanded to be made for his own content in viewing it? wherein even a dying fly may lecture out the world's mortality.

Surely we deceive ourselves, to think on earth continued joys would please. It is a way that crosses that which nature goes. Nothing would be more tedious, than to be glutted with perpetual jollities. Were the body tied to one dish always, though of the most exquisite delicate that it could make choice of, yet after a small time it would complain of loathing and satiety. And so would the soul, if it did ever epicure itself in joy. Discontents are sometimes the better part of our life. I

know not well which is the more useful; joy I may choose for pleasure, but adversities are the best for profit; and sometimes these do so far help me, as I should without them want much of the joy I have.

OF ENVY.

It is a vice would pose a man to tell what it should be liked for. Other vices we assume, for that we falsely suppose they bring us either pleasure, profit, or honor. But out of envy who is it can find any of these? Instead of pleasure we vex and gall ourselves. Like cankered brass, it only eats itself, nay, discolors and renders it noisome. When some told Agis that those of his neighbour's family did envy him; "Why then," says he, "they have a double vexation; one, with their own evil; the other, at my prosperity." Like a corroding plaster, it lies gnawing at the heart; and indeed is founded in grief; that being the object of it, either in himself or others, through all the conditions that are. Either he grieves in himself when another is happy, or else, if ever he does rejoice, it is certainly because another does suffer. So calamity seems the centre

that he points unto. As a desert beast, the day's brightness drives him to the dulness of a melancholy cave, while darkness only presents him with the prey that pleases him. As a negro born of white parents, it is a sordid sadness, begot at another man's joy. And because he hath no infelicity of his own, as is brought and is concomitaneous with most of other vices, the envious man creates his own disturbance from the prosperous successes of others. Socrates called it the saw of the soul, that pricks and cuts the vital blood, and tears the flesh but into larger atoms. Bion, seeing a spiteful fellow look sad, was not able to say, whether some disaster had befallen himself, or some good luck some other. He is a man of a strange constitution, whose sickness is bred of another's health, and seems never in health but when some other is sick; as if nature had framed him an antipathite to virtue; and so indeed it is equal, that he does become at length his own sad scourge and beadle.

"Justius invidiâ nihil est, quæ protinus ipsum
Authorem rodit excruciatque suum."

"No vice so just as envy, that alone
Doth gall and vex the mind that doth it own."

Profit can never by this be acquired; for he is an enemy to him that is able to help him; and

him that is miserable and cannot, he delights in. The swine is pleased with wallowing in his mire; the dog, by tumbling in his loathsome carrion; but envy is not pleasure, but the maceration of the body. It sours the countenance, gives the lips a trembling, the eyes an uncelestial and declining look, and all the face a meagre, wasting paleness. It is the green-sickness of the soul, that feeding upon coals and puling rubbish, impallids all the body to a hectic leanness. There is no pleasantness in his conversation, that should invite us to affect his company; nor is his honesty such, as to make us covetous of so crabbed a companion, whereby we should be drawn to confer favor or bestow rewards. Flattery is often recompensed with bounty; injustice finds a bribe; prodigality obligeth many; avarice accumulates all; but who did ever give to one for being envious? or what is it but outward hate or inward torment that the envious gets?

Honor by it, I am sure, can never be compassed; for it is so perpetually found in weak minds, that it stamps the fool upon the master for troubling himself, not only with things without him, and that concern not his own well or ill being, but that he resolves to be miserable as long as he sees another man to be happy. It was a handsome wish of Seneca, that the eyes

of the envious might behold all the felicities of every several citizen; for their own vexations would rise and swell according to the flood of joys that appeared in other persons. It proclaims us further to be low and inferior to others; for we never envy him that is beneath us; so that it cheats our own intention. Him, whom we would blast with the dark vapor of disgrace and obloquy by our envying of him, we point him out for excellent, and stick a ray of glory upon his deserving forehead, that all the world may note him. It taints the blood and does infect the spirits; and if it be true, that philosophy would inform us of, it turns a man into a witch, and leaves him not till it leads him into the very condition of devils, to be detruded heaven for his merely pride and malice. The aspect of his eye alone does sometimes become not only vulnerary, but mortal. They prove a fascination by the eye, when the spirits are corrupted, from the experience of a looking-glass, that at certain seasons, by some bodies gazed on, becomes spotted and stained from their only intuition; for they say, certain spirits virulented from the inward humor, darted on the object, convey a venom where they point and fix; and those noisome vapors centered on the eye, which is much more impressible than the hardened glass, they are taken

by the eye of the aspected, and through it strike the very heart and entrails. Nor is it to be wondered at, since we daily find, in the way of love, the eye can with an amorous glance bewitch the heart and fire the spirits, till they burn our bosom. If one way the eye can at a distance charm, then why not by another? Envenomed spirits throw their flames about, and doubtless wound the unprepared they light on. Excited poison rises into spreading and dispersed infection. The air becomes infected by the noisome breath, and he that comes within the dint of it, dies. The very shepherd could conceive that pointed malice wrought upon his flock:

"Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos!"

"Some spiteful eye sure has my lambs bewitched."

It may be it is from hence, as well as from the implacability of the vice, that Solomon tells us, "Anger is cruel, and wrath is raging, but who can stand before envy?" Yea, hence it is not unlikely, that twice the apostle joins it with murder, (Rom. i. 29, and Gal. v. 21,) as if he that conversed with the envious went in danger of his life; as indeed he does, being subject to all the disadvantages that unfortunate man can live under; whatsoever he does

well is presently detracted from, till it be lessened and synalæphaed into nothing.

At a feast in Spain, the meritorious discovery of America by Columbus was discoursed on. The honester sort did highly praise the enterprise; but some haughty Spaniards, envious at so great a glory, slightingly said, "The thing was no such wonder, since a plain navigation could not well avoid it; and doubtless there were many Spaniards that could have discovered those and other unknown lands without the help or assistance of an Italian." Columbus was by, and silently heard the passage; whereupon he leaves the room, and immediately returns with an egg in his hand, and to this effect bespeaks them: "Gentlemen, which of you can make this egg stand upright upon one end?" They tried and could not, so concluded it was not to be done. But Columbus, shaking it and giving it a gentle crack, straightway set it up in their sight. At this they jeered as a thing so trivial that it was no mastery, but this way it might be done by any body. "Yet," replies Columbus, "none of you could do it till first I showed you the way. And such was my discovery of the West Indies; till I had made it, none of you could do it; and now I have done it, you boast how easily you could find out that which I have found out for you."

Of all the spies that are, envy is the most observant and prying. When the physicians to Frederic were relating what most would sharpen the sight, and some were for fennel, and some for glasses, and others for other matters, the noble Actius did assure them, there was nothing that would do it like envy. Whatsoever a man does ill, by it is magnified and multiplied. His failings all are watched, drawn out, and blazed to the world, and, under the pretence of good, he oft is led to the extremest issue of evil; like oil that is poured upon the roots of trees, which softens it, destroys, and withers all the branches. And being once catched, with scorn he is insulted on; for envy is so unnoble a devil, that it ever tyrannizeth most upon a slip or low prostration, at which time gallant minds do most disdain to triumph.

The envious is more unhappy than the serpent; for though he hath poison within him, and can cast it upon others, yet to his proper bosom it is not burdensome, as is the rancor that the envious keeps. But this most plainly is the plague; as it infects others, so it fevers him that hath it till he dies. Nor is it more noxious to the owner, than fatal and detrimental to all the world beside. It was envy first unmade the angels and created devils. It was envy first that turned man out of paradise, and

with the blood of the innocent first dyed the untainted earth. It was envy sold chaste Joseph as a bondman, and unto crucifixion gave the only Son of God. He walks among burning coals, that converses with those that are envious. He that would avoid it in himself must have worth enough to be humble and beneficent. But he that would avoid the danger of it from others must abandon their company. We are forbidden to eat with him that "hath an evil eye," lest "we vomit up the morsels we have eaten, and lose our sweet words;" that is, lest we get a sickness instead of nutriment, and have to do with those that, like enchanters, with smooth language will charm us to destruction.

OF IMPROVING BY GOOD EXAMPLES.

THERE is no man but, for his own interest, hath an obligation to be honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but, all cards cast up, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the noblest fame, to hold by the horns of this altar, which, in all assays, can in himself protect him. And though, in the

march of human life over the stage of this world, a man shall find presented sometimes examples of thriving vice; and several opportunities to invite him, upon a seeming advantage, to close with unhandsome practices; yet every man ought so to improve his progress in what is just and right, as to be able to discern the fraud and feigned pleasurableness of the bad, and to choose and follow what is good and warrantable. If any man shall object, that the world is far more bad than good, so that the good man shall be sure to be overpowered by the evil; the case is long since resolved by Antisthenes, that it is better with a few good men to fight against an army of bad, than with swarms and shoals of bad men to have a few good men his enemies. And surely this was it which raised up David to that bravery of spirit, which made him profess, that "though a host were pitched against him, yet should not his heart be afraid." He that is entirely and genuinely honest, is the figure and representation of the Deity, which will draw down a protection upon it against all the injuries of any that shall dare to abuse it. There is a kind of talismanical influence in the soul of such. A more immediate impress of the Divinity is printed on the spirits of these, than all the scattered herd of looser minds are capable of.

The rays of heaven do more perpendicularly strike upon the minds of these; whereby they have both assimilation to God, propensity to good, and defence against injury. And it not only obligeth men not to do wrong, but to make amends if wrong be done; and to dispense with benefits to ourselves, if in the least they shall bring detriment to others. So that a man ought not only to restore what is unduly gotten or unawares let slip by others, but to seek out how we may do right. Thus, if I find a treasure, and know not him that lost it, I owe my endeavour to search and find him out, that it may be again restored. It is truly said by St. Augustine, "Quod invenisti et non reddidisti, rapuisti." He steals the thing he finds, that labors not to restore it. If he does not restore it, it is enough that he does not do it only because he cannot.

And although no man be privileged to swerve from what is honest, yet some men have, by much, more obligation to be so than others. They have tasted of higher dispensations, been more deterred by judgments, more gained upon by mercies, or are illuminated with more radiant knowledge, whereby they better understand, than others, wherein to be so; and, indeed, without knowledge it is impossible to understand wherein to do right. Though the

best knowledge a man hath be a light so dimly burning that it hardly shows him to see clearly all the cobwebs and foul corners in his affairs; yet ignorance is an opacous thing, and if not a total darkness, yet such an eclipse as makes us apt to stumble, and puts us to grope out our way.

And besides all these, there are some that have more reason to be honest than others, as having found dealings from others that, like fire brought nearer, warms their conscience more; and not only would be evidence and conviction against them if they did wrong, but stirs them up to do right.

And truly I shall not blush to tell my reader, that in the number of these I look upon myself as concerned. Should I fail of being honest, when advantage should be in my hand, I should not only be upbraided but condemned by two especial passages that happened to myself; which, for the rarity, may beget my pardon that here I set them down to be known. One was:

An unknown porter brings to me, to my lodging, a box sealed up, and on the outside directed to myself. I inquired from whom he had it. He told me, A gentleman that was a stranger to him, and whose name or residence he knew not, gave it to him in the street, and

gave him six pence to deliver it safely; which now he had done, and having discharged his part he could give me no further account. I opened the box, where the first thing I met with was a note written in a hand I knew not, without any name subscribed, in these very following words:

"Mr. Owen Felltham,—It was my hap in some dealing with you to wrong you of five pounds, which I do now repay double, humbly entreating you to forgive me that great wrong, and to pray the Lord to forgive me this and the rest of my sins."

And under this note, folded in another paper in the same box, were ten twenty-shilling pieces in gold. I cannot call to mind that ever I was deceived of such a sum as five pounds in any kind of dealing, nor to this hour can I so much as guess at the person from whom it came. But I believe he did it to disburthen a conscience. And surely, if I knew him, I should return him an esteem suitable to the merit of so pious an action. And since he would not let me know his name to value him as he deserved, I have presumed to recite the thing, that others, from the sense of it, may learn to be honest, and himself reap the benefit that may happen by so good an example.

This perhaps might be from some one, that not only professed, but practised, piety and the rules of honest living. And though I could not expect so much should be found among those that pretend not so high in religion, yet to show, that even in looser callings, and as well now as in our Saviour's time, some, reckoned among publicans and sinners, may go to heaven before the captious and the critical censorist, (if we shall judge by exterior demeanour as the rule that is given us,) I shall beg leave to give my reader this second story, which was thus.

Going with some gentlewomen to a play at Salisbury Court, I cast into the woman's box, who sat at the door to receive the pay, (as I thought,) so many shillings as we were persons in number; so we passed away, went in, and sat out the play. Returning out the same way, the woman that held the box as we went in, was there again as we went out. Neither I nor any of my company knew her, or she us. But as she had observed us going in, she addresses to me, and says, "Sir, do you remember what money you gave me when you went in?" "Sure," said I, "as I take it, I gave you twelve pence a piece for myself and these of my company." "Ay, Sir," replies she, "that you did, and something more; for here is an eleven shilling piece of gold that you

gave me instead of a shilling; and if you please to give me twelve pence for it, it is as much as I can demand." Here had been, if the woman had been so minded, though a little, yet a secure prize. But as many do probably conjecture that Zaccheus, who made restitution to the shame of the obdurate Jews, was a gentile as well as a publican, so this, from one of a calling in disrepute and suspected, may not only instruct the more precise of garb, and form of honesty, but show us, that in any vocation a man may take occasion to be just and faithful. And let no man wonder, that a person thus dealt withal, and lessoned into his duty by the practice of others to him, joined with his other obligations to goodness, be hereby prevailed upon to a greater care of his own uprightness and integrity, than perhaps, without finding these, might have been. I will not have the vanity to say, these passages have rendered me better; nor am I ashamed to confess, that I have sometimes remembered them with profit. Sure I am, they ought not to lose their influence, nor to pass unheeded, when they shall reflect on ourselves. He that means to be a good limner will be sure to draw after the most excellent copies, and guide every stroke of his pencil by the better pattern that he lays before him. So he that desires that

the table of his life may be fair, will be careful to propose the best examples, and will never be content till he equals or excels them.

OF LAW.

It is the bridle of the human beast, whereby he is held from starting and from stumbling in the way. It is the hedge on either side the road, which hinders us from breaking into other men's propriety. A man had as good live in Egypt among all the ten plagues, as in the world among the wicked without law to defend him. It is every man's civil armour, that guards him from the gripes of rapine. And indeed it is for this chiefly, that laws are of use among men; for the wise and good do not need them as a guide, but as a shield. They can live civilly and orderly, though there were no law in the world. And though wise and good men invented laws, yet they were fools and wicked that put them upon the study. Being to rule such wild cattle as ramp up and down on the earth, there needed both the judgment and the wit of the best and ablest, to find out ways to trammel them and keep them in a bounded order. And because they foresaw

that they were like enough to be slighted by the ignorant and scornful, to put the more regard and countenance upon their laws and the observance of them, they pretended to receive them from some more raised Deity, of whom men were in awe and feared to offend, for preserving themselves from punishment. So Minos, among the Cretians, affirmed he had discourse with Jupiter, and Lycurgus to have taken his from Apollo, Numa from the goddess Egeria, Mahomet from his pigeon, whispering him into an ecstasy as coming from some sacred spirit; and Moses declares the two tables received from God himself in Mount Sinai. And surely it adds vigor to our compliance with Christianity, that we know our blessed Saviour to be the Son of the Most High, and to be God as well as man. Yea, and thereby to put the higher authority and the more esteem upon their kings that are to rule over them, our neighbours of France would have us believe, that their vial of unction was received from the hands of an angel. These things doubtless are all of them so far true, as it is most certain the original of laws is divine. And though at first creation, God gave not man a literal and prescripted law, yet he gave him a law parole, and inscribed it in his heart, that by those inward dictates he might be guided and bounded in the course of his life.

Among the ancient Druids, it was absolutely forbidden to register their laws in writing; and Cæsar, in his Gallic Wars, gives us two reasons for it; one, that their mysteries might not come to be profaned and encommoned by the vulgar; another, that, not being written, they might be more careful ever to carry them in their thoughts and memory; though doubtless it was as well to preserve their own authority, to keep the people to a recourse to them and to a reverence and esteem of their judgments. Besides, it oft falls out that what is written, though it were a good law when made, yet by the emergency of affairs and the condition of men and times, it happens to be bad and alterable. And we find it to be evidently true, that as where are many physicians there are many diseases, so where there are many laws there are likewise many enormities. That nation that swarms with law and lawyers, certainly abounds with vice and corruption. Where you find much fowl resort, you may be sure there is no want of either water, mud, or weeds.

In the beginnings of thriving states, when they are more industrious and innocent, they have then the fewest laws. Rome itself had at first but Twelve Tables; but after, how infinitely did their number of laws increase! Old states,

like old bodies, will be sure to contract diseases; and where the law-makers are many, the laws will never be few. That nation is in best estate that hath the fewest laws, and those good. Variety does but multiply snares. If every bush be limed, there is no bird can escape with all his feathers free. And many times, when the law did not intend it, men are made guilty by the pleader's oratory, either to express his eloquence, to advance his practice, or out of mastery to carry his cause. Like a garment pounced with dust, the business is so smeared and tangled, that, without a Galileo's glass, you can never come to discern the spots of this changeable moon. Sometimes to gratify a powerful party, justice is made blind through corruption, as well as out of impartiality. That indeed, by reason of the non-integrity of men, to go to law is for two to contrive the kindling of a fire at their own cost, to warm others and singe themselves to cinders. Because they cannot agree to what is truth and equity, they will both agree to plume themselves, that others may be stuck with their feathers.

The Apostle throws the brand of simple among them that would, by striving this way, consume both their peace, their treasure, and their time; as if it were of the fool to expose a game to the packing and the shuffling of others,

when we might soberly cut and deal the cards ourselves. Is there none wise enough to compound business without calling in the crafty and the cunning? Or is there none so wise as to moderate a little, that he may save a great deal more?

Law is like building; we cast up the charge in gross and undervalue it; but being in, we are trained along through several items, till we can neither bear the account nor give off, though we have a mind to it. The troubles, the attendance, the hazard, the checks, the vexatious delays, the surreptitious advantages against us, the defeats of hope, the falseness of pretending friends, the interest of parties, the negligence of agents, and the designs of ruin upon us, do put us upon a combat against all that can plague poor man; or else we must lie down, be trodden on, be kicked, and die. And is it not much better to part with a little at first, and lose a lock of hair or a superfluous nail, than to be leaked out till the cistern be quite dry, or, like flesh upon a spit, have all our fat dropped from us, by being turned with ——— before a consuming fire. Doubtless the advice of our Saviour was not only religious, but political and prudential too. "If any man sue thee at law, and will take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." A small loss is

rather to be chosen, than, by contention, greater inconvenience.

If men could coolly have despatch, and business be rightly judged, no doubt in things of weight the decision would be profitable. And this does sometimes happen; for questionless there are of this profession that are the light and wonder of the age. They have knowledge and integrity, and by being versed in books and men, in the noble arts of justice and of prudence, they are fitter for judgment and the regiment of the world, than any men else that live. And their honesty truly weighed is the gallantest engine that they can use and thrive withal. A faithful advocate can never sit without clients. Nor do I believe that man could lose by it in the close, that would not undertake a cause he knew not honest. A goldsmith may gain an estate as well as he that trades in every coarser metal. An advocate is a limb of friendship, and further than the altar he is not bound to go. And it is observed of as famous a lawyer as I think was then in the world, the Roman Cicero, that he was slain by one he had defended, when accused for the murder of his father. Certainly he that defends an injury is next to him that commits it. And this is recorded, not only as an example of ingratitude, but as a punishment for patron-

izing an ill cause. In all pleadings, foul language, malice, impertinence, and recriminations are ever to be avoided. The cause, more than the man, is to be convinced. Overpowering oratory is not ever to be practised. Torrents of words do often bear down even trophies of truth; which does so fret and anger the party overborne, that the resort is no more to paper and pleadings, but to powder and steel.

It is not good to be too severe, or to enforce too rigorously the observation of every petty and penal law. In charity there is something to be allowed to ignorance and custom. Blood and treasure ought to be but sparingly taken. Those lawyers that are sedulous to press penalties, they are but purse-beadles; and lashes upon that and a man's fame enrage the patient against those that are instrumental to afflict them. Cicero might have escaped the sword, had not his Philippics blown up the spleen of Antony to a flame unquenchable but with death or retraction. When Varus's three legions were destroyed, the insultation of the barbarous was more against the lawyers, than against the soldiers that did wound and kill them. They plucked out the eyes of some, and cut off the hands of others. One had his tongue cut out and his lips stitched up; and while the enemy grasped the tongue in his

hand, he reviles it with, — "How now, serpent? it is well you will leave hissing at last."

So far is law to be placed in the scale with war, as it is the last refuge, never to be used but when all means else do fail; and then the pleaders ought to hold themselves to that. Who vindicates the law, does no man wrong; but he that digresseth to impertinences, or the personal stains of men, is rather a fly that buzzes and sucks the sore, than a champion for truth, or a helmet to keep the head of justice whole.

OF PEACE.

If men knew rightly how to value peace, as is the empyreal heaven this lower world might be; where all the motions of the comprehending orbs, all the several constellations, and the various position of the stars and planets, produce a beauteous chorus and a harmony truly ravishing. As health to the body, so peace is to the soul. What is wealth or wit or honor, when want of health shall ravish from us all of pleasure in them? And what are all the enrichings, the embellishings, and the em-

brocadings of fortune to us, when war shall tear these off and trample on our glories? The richest wines, the choicest viands, by sickness prove insipid. The silk does lose his softness, the silver his bright hue, and the gold his pleasing yellow. As the sense of feeling is the ground of all the rest, and active life does cease when that is lost, so is health the foundation of felicities, and the want of it joy's privation; yet is it peace that gives them taste and relish, and affords the sweet enjoyment of all that can be procured.

Though the other attributes of God are no doubt beyond our comprehension, yet this more emphatically is said to pass all our understanding. Next his own glory, it was the establishing this, invited God from heaven. The first branch of that celestial proclamation was, "Glory be to God on high;" the next was, "On earth peace." This is the cement between the soul and Deity, between earth and heaven. It leads us softly up the milky way, and ushers us with music to the presence of Divinity, where all her rarities are heaped and strewed about us. The enjoyment of friends, the improvement of arts, the sweetness of nature's delicacies, the fragrancy of fruits and flowers, the flourishing of nations, and those pleasing contentations that stream out them-

selves from all heroic virtues, are all brought in and glorified by peace.

The drum and trumpet, that in war sound terror and astonishment, in peace they only echo mirth and jollity. Peace helps the weak and indigent; and health and soundness, too, to the sick endeavours. It takes hence only the unsound and languishing, and yet gives leave to them to place their wealth where they first placed their loves; that by it they gratify their friends and slip from all those smartings that vex them. But war kills men in health, preys only on the soundest, and, like the savage lion, does seize the valiant soonest, as thinking the old and impotent too mean to be his quarry. And though in war sometimes we wear the victor's wreath, yet that is often purchased at much too dear a rate; and many times the conqueror's garland crowns the captive's head. In the same battle Hannibal confessed, though he first was conqueror, yet he at last did come off overcome. He had broke Minutius's forces, but was by Fabius forced to give up all his palms. Nor is it often better with those that are dependents on that general that yet commands the field. Victory not seldom does inlet severity. The haughtiness of the conqueror is often to his own less tolerable than the triumphs of the enemy. Success does flame

the blood to pride and boldened insolence, and as often kindles new, as it does conclude old wars. One world sufficed not Alexander; nor could all the Roman territories set bounds to Cæsar's limitless ambition. For when we once put off from the shore of peace, we launch into the sea that is bottomless. We swim on angry waves, and are carried then as the wind of fortune drives us.

The entrance into war is like to that of hell; it is gaping wide for any fool to enter at. But it will require a Hercules with all his labors to redeem one once engaged in it. They know not what they part withal, that wanton hence a jewel so unvaluable. For indeed, if we consider it, what price can be too dear to purchase it? We buy off all the open force and sly designs of malice, and we entitle ourselves to all the good that ever was for man intended.

When God would declare how he would reward and bless the good man, he finds out that which most may crown his happiness. He tells us, "He will make his enemies at peace with him." Securely he enjoys himself and friends, whose life is guarded with the miss of enemies. The palace of the world stands open to him that hath no foes.

If any man will see in little, (for what is an island or two to the world?) let him but well

consider the havock that a few years made among us; the waste of wealth, the wreck of worth, the sad fate lighting on the great and good, the virtuous left to scorn, the loyal used as once the Roman parricides; as those in sacks, so these shut under decks with cocks and serpents; desperate and malicious persons left to rule and vex them; wealth prostituted to the beggarly and the base, palaces plundered and pulled down, temples profaned, antiquities razed, religion rivuled into petty issues running thick corruption. Then let men consider, after a little revolution, how little have the authors gained. Who would take peace from others, themselves have missed it in their hollow graves; the earth they tore hath fled them from her bosom and her bowels, with nought in the least considerable to the expense of blood and treasure. Then also, let men see, how the sacred wheel of Providence hath resurrectioned all our joys; how the church recovers her late besmeared beauties; how the tide of trade returns; how brightened swords have now a peaceful glitter; how glory, wealth, and honor, with loyalty, is returned; how shouts of joy have drowned the cannon's roar; that till men come in heaven, such joy on earth can never again be expected to be seen; three nations looking for a fatal stroke, at once re-

prieved from slavery and ruin. So have I known some generous courser stand, tremble, and quake, under both whip and spur; but once turned loose into the open fields, he neighs, curvets, and prances forth his joy; and, gladdened now with ease and liberty, he fills himself with pleasure and all those high contents that bounteous nature meant him.

Certainly it is peace that makes the world a paradise; while war, like sin, does turn it all to wilderness, and with wild beasts man's conversation makes. In war the vexed earth abortives all her fruitfulness, but in an unstirred culture ripens all her bounties; that now, with Casaubon's translation of Euripides, we cannot but approve his much commended rapture.

" O Pax alma! datrix opûm,
O pulcherrima cœlitûm!
Quàm te mens sitit! O moram!
Obrepat metuo mihi
Ætas nè mala, te priùs
Suavem ô quàm tuear diem;
Plausus undique cùm strepant,
Cantusque et chori, amicaque
Commessatio floribus!"

" Hail, lovely peace! thou spring of wealth,
Heaven's fairest issue, this world's health!
Oh, how my soul does court thy sight,
More precious than the pleasing light!

Let never blacker day appear,
But dwell and shine for ever here!
Let shouts of joy still, still resound;
While songs and dances walk the round,
At feasts of friends, with garlands crowned!"

OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

Every thing that man can look upon is both a miracle for the creation of it, and a wonder for the apt contrivance, in fitting it to its parts and province, wherein it is set to move. So that the world is but God's great cabinet of rarities, which he hath opened to astonish man, that shall but well consider them. If man shall reflect upon himself, he shall easily find how infinitely wonderful he is made, beyond all the other world of creatures. How none but he, by reflective acts of understanding, is able to argue, to consider, and to judge of himself. Who is it but he, can hope or fear the future? that can curb, encourage, accuse, or commend himself? or that can apprehend or reverence either Deity or eternity?

And to magnify the goodness of this great Creator, we shall find that every natural action that man is capable of doing, affords him pleasure in the execution. To eat, to drink, to

sleep, to fast, to wake, to forbear, to speak, to be silent, to move, to rest, to be warm and to be cool, to be in company and to retire, — they all in themselves are pleasing acts; whereas the things that vex and trouble, either come from without, or happen by our own disorder. So that a man may live at ease if he will; and if he does not, it is by his own default that it happens. In his body's frame, not to descend to all particulars, which are full of admiration, how exquisite, and how fitted are they for all occasions that at any time may befall him! In his ears and nostrils, the one relating to the head, the other to the lungs, those slender hairs are not in vain placed there, but as nets to catch the dust and moats, which with our breath we should else draw in, and tabid all our lungs, the engines of life, or, mixed with wax, should as pellets stop our sense of hearing.

In the world, what we complain of for inconvenient, if rightly we examine, we shall find it highly commendable. The unevenness of the earth is clearly providence. For since it is not any fixed sedation, but a floating mild variety that pleaseth, the hills and valleys in it have all their special use. One helps in wet and soaking inundations; the other aids in droughts, in heats, and scorching seasons. And the feet and legs of men, having nerves

and sinews to rise and to descend, to recede and proceed, they are better fitted by the unevenness of the earth, whereby both are interchangeably exercised and refreshed, than if it were all a levelled walk, and held a constant evenness. That weeds without a tillage voluntarily spring, sure hath a double benefit; one, that man may have something wherewith to exercise his industry, which else with ease would settle into corruption; another, that by these the earth itself does breed its own manure, and beasts and birds by them have tables ready spread. Even venomous creatures have their proper use, not only to gather what to man might be noisome, but to qualify other creatures, that they may be physical and salutiferous to the several constitutions of men. Surely, that beasts are dumb and want understanding, is a benefit great unto man. If they were intelligible, it could not be that their strength could ever be kept subjected to the service of man, whose cruel usage nothing rational could ever long endure. Would the horse be curbed and brought to champ on steel? Would he suffer his lazy rider to bestride his patient back, with his hands and whip to wale his flesh, and with his heels to dig into his hungry bowels? Would he be brought in hempen chains, to be made to draw beyond his breath and

strength? Would he be tied up to the staved wood, or walk the round all day in rolling ponderous stones, or wear his life away under the pressure of a heavy burthen?

If they could speak, how would replying to the rage and insolence of cruel man enkindle wrath, and let in death to both! We see it full as necessary, that there should as well be poor as rich; for neither could live without both. We see both fruits and wines will keep with gust and beauty until the new appear; God having in his providence made them to last till he does provide us more; and yet not longer, that we might not be idle, or, trusting to our lasting store, grow wanton, and forget the Author and ourselves. Those things of common use we common have among us. What we need, and will not last, in our own climate grows. Our spice and drugs, that we must fetch from far, are freed so from corruption that they several years endure.

In common corn what wonders may we find! how one small grain springs up to several hundreds; how it gives a sustentation, by his several parts, both unto man and beast; and, because so useful, see but how carefully nature does preserve it. It grows up in a corselet, an inward coat, that does from dews defend it; and on the outside a stand of pikes, in bearded

ranges upright, do appear to fence it from the birds and catch the falling rain, so by degrees to lead and hold it in to the grains within; but when it is ripe, that moisture is not useful; it downward turns its loaded head, that as before it helped to swell and ripen it, so now it gently draws it off, that it may not hurt or rot it; and because, being weak, if from one grain one single stalk alone should shoot and grow, each easy wind would break it to unfruitfulness, there spring up many from every several kernel, that, getting strength by multitude, it may withstand the assaults of storm and rain. And whereas other fruits from trees and such large plants last but their year about, or not so long, this, as more useful, several winters keeps from all decay; that when there is a plenty, as once in Egypt, to help against dearth it may be kept in store. Even the enmity of creatures one against another, is for the advantage of man. In fear of one another, they are kept from trespassing on him; and by the antipathy of one against the other, we make use of one to take the other; so serve ourselves of both.

By these and millions of others, and indeed by all we can see or comprehend, we may conclude, as does the Psalmist, "O Lord, how wonderful are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all!" And if we should complain,

as sometime profanely did Alphonsus, that "God might have ordered many things better in the creation of the world, than he hath done;" we may well return that grave and sober answer of St. Augustine: "In creaturis siquid erratum cogitamus, inde est quod non in congruis sedibus ea quærimus." If we complain of defect in the works of creation, it is because we do not consider them in their proper spheres and uses.

Surely, the apprehension of the ordering of all things so infinitely wisely, by so supreme a Providence, might tutor us to be less in passion at any thing that happens. It was an excellent fancy of the wise philosopher, in discoursing of this matter, when he said, "If all the misfortunes of all the men in the world were crowded together in one man, and then every man, out of this heap, were to take but an equal share, he did believe every man would rather resume his own, than after a proportionate rate take what should then befall him." Why then should any grumble at their displeased condition? Who wisely made the world, as wisely does preserve and govern it. And he that showed his power and wisdom in every worm, in every fly, and smaller atom that he did at first create, does in his providence descend to order and dispose of every little

particle of this great main, the world. Who makes a watch, does look as well to every pin and nick in every wheel, as to the spring itself that guides and steers the whole. As it is maximed of the elements, that "Nullum in suo loco ponderosum," there is none are heavy in their proper places, so nothing is a burthen as God did first design it. And thus, as by contemplation of his glorious works, we never can want cause to admire his providence, to magnify his wisdom, to adore his goodness, and find a rest for all our warring thoughts; so by our weak complaining we unhand our hold from Deity that stays us, we proclaim our own defects, and detract from what is due to his great glory.

OF HATRED.

THERE is a civil hatred, when men in general detest whatsoever is vice. And the prophet David, speaking of the wicked, says, he "hated them with a perfect hatred"; to show us that hatred is then perfect, when the object is only sin; for we ought not, as a creature, to hate any thing that God hath made. All that he framed was good, excellently good, and

merited both love and admiration. But sin and vice being things that God never created, we ought to abandon and abhor them, as being derogatory to his glory and wisdom, and destructive to the being of that which he was pleased to make for the satisfaction of his own free will and pleasure. And hitherto hatred is good. But of hate, as a vice, either in ourselves towards others, or from others to us, there is reason to be careful, that even with both hands we thrust them both away.

Hatred in ourselves against others is but perpetuated and long-lived anger, which ought never to last longer than the declining sun; but continued, like heady wine, it intoxicates the brain and senses. He that nourishes hate in himself against any other person whatsoever, sows weeds in his own garden, that will quickly choke those flowers that else he might take pleasure in. At first it does but simmer, yet time will boil it up to height and rage. As pismires towards August, though they did but creep before, yet now they will begin to fly. The beginning, for the most part, is but mean and poor; yet it is fire, and from a shaving or neglected rush it easily can sometimes whole cities turn to cinders. The feuds of families bubbled up at first from little weeping springs, that any child with ease might trample over,

that showed all clear, and seemed to tell no danger; but gathering as they creep and curl about, they rise to rivers past our fording over. Timon, that at first allowed himself to hate but only bad, grew at last to hate whatever he found was man.

It is envy's eldest daughter, that, besides being co-heir with insultation upon adversity, troubled at prosperity, back-biting and loud-tongued detraction, inherits all the mischief that can arise from malice. No man, drenched in hate, can promise to himself the candidness of an upright judge; his hate will partialize his opinion. He that is known to hate a man, shall never be believed in speaking of him; no, in neither truth nor falsehood. If he speak well, he shall be thought to dissemble; if ill, it will be taken as from malice and the prejudice that he is biassed with. So, while he carries the heart of a murderer, he shall be sure to have the fate of a liar,—not to be believed though he does speak what is true.

And though this in ourselves be fatally enough destructive, yet it is much more dangerous when it flies upon us from others. A wise man will be wary of purchasing the hate of any. Those which prudence might make his guard, as Cadmus's teeth, he sows into serpents that lie in wait to sting. Against the

hatred of a multitude there is no fence, but what must come by miracle. Nor wealth, nor wit, nor bands of armed men, can keep them safe, that have made themselves the hate of an enraged multitude. It is thunder, lightning, storm, and hail, together. How many imperial heads did the populacy of the Romans tread upon! Let no man slight the scorns and hate of the people. When it is unjust, it is a wolf; but when it is just, a dragon. Though the tyrant, seated high, does think he may contemn their malice, yet, he may remember, they have many hands, while he hath but one neck only. If he, being single, be dangerous to many, those many will to him alone be dangerous in their hate. The sands of Africa, though they be but barren dust and lightness, yet, angered by the winds, they bury both the horse and traveller alive. With any weapon that comes next, it can both fight and kill. "Quem quisque odit, periisse expetit;" his hated enemy he expects should perish. And when he hath neither wealth nor strength, he watches occasion, and attends both time and fortune. There be four things that more particularly do generate hate; pride, covetousness, perfidiousness, and cruelty.

The proud man is the subject of contempt. And it is no wonder to find man against him,

when we find upon record, that God doth resist him. Pride is the eldest of the seven deadly sins; and because that would domineer over all, it is just that all should seek to pull it down. If it did cast angels out of heaven, from earth it well may throw offending man. The proud man would have us believe him to be a god; he would rule all; he would be thought to excel all; he would be papal and infallible, when others know him to be short of a man, a bondman to some pitiful lust, and quite misled and erring. And it is for this, that, though some out of fear or interest may bow to him, yet the generous and wise most abhor to have him their ruler, that cannot rule himself. Usually, though he be high, he is barren; like Mount Gilboa, he has neither dew nor rain. As to Sejanus's goddess, Fortune, we offer incense and perfumes till we find she turns away, and then, as he, we kick her and break her to pieces. Even Heaven, to proud ones, does deny its influence. Let no man, therefore, think to get to heaven and stability by that, with which the angels there could not be permitted to stay.

Secondly, covetousness. This is so greedy to catch at all, that it pulls even hate along. A sordidness so cleaves to it, that disdain and scorn attends it. It is the inlet of those sins

that grate and scratch and gall, — thefts, rapes, and plunders, perjuries and oppressive murders; and makes a man not only a thief but a jailor too; for whatever the covetous catches, he keeps it up a prisoner; so that neither himself will, nor any other can, make use of it. Hatred is as properly due to the covetous, as affection to the bountiful; and we may as well love the rat, that drags our evidence into his hole and eats it, as we may the craving and rapacious person. He empties all the veins, and sucks the heart's life-blood; for he drains away money, and that, the old Comedian tells us, "Anima et sanguis est mortalibus;" it is the common people's soul. The enjoyment of property is that which preserves men in peace; but he that rapines upon that, as a robber, shall find swords and staves taken up against him to defend it. Septimius Severus had not ventured to march to Rome in quest of the empire, if he had not known his soldiers all paid, and Julianus hated of the people for his covetousness. Marcus Crassus, being a Roman general, had never been used so hardly by the Parthians as to have melted gold poured down his throat, if his avarice and rapine, turning the public calamities to his private benefit, had not made him hated.

" Possideat quantum rapuit Nero, montibus aurum
Exæquet, nec amet quenquam, nec ametur ab ullo."

" Gold more than mountains, or than Nero seized,
Can never make him pleasing, or well pleased."

A third and main procurer of hate is falsehood and perfidiousness. It is the highest cheat in humanity. A deceived trust exasperates affection into an enemy, and cancels all the bonds of nature. When we prosecute a deceiver and a violator of faith, we undertake the cause of all mankind. For every one is concerned, that a traitor and an impostor be banished out of the world; for he that premeditately cozens one, does not cozen all but only because he cannot. And when a man grows once to be noted for a person of falsehood and a juggler, every man will avoid him as a trap that is set only to give wounds and death. As with a jadish horse, if we will be safe, we must be sure not to come within the reach of his heels. Who is it that will not hate him, with whom it is not safe to live? If a man be once a fox, he owes his preservation to his craft, but nothing to the good will of his neighbours. He comes then to be in the catalogue of those, that Peter Ramus speaks of, " Quidam versantur in dolis, et eis quælibet adversantur;" every thing is enemy to him

that is deceitful. Pausanias was but suspected to betray Lysander in the battle; and the people would not rest till he was banished from among them. Deceit is a thief in the night, which steals upon us in the dark, when we think ourselves secure, and are not aware of either his way or his time; which makes us sleep as it were in armour, guarded about with bars against him, and with mastiffs to destroy him.

The next monster that calls up hate against us is cruelty, which ever is ushered on with severity and rigor. Man is a frail thing, and should he be put to expiate every offence with the extremity of punishment, he must have many lives, or else have his torments endless. We expect a father's pardon, and know the gods do not always punish to the height. He that hath not mercy to mitigate correction, excludes himself from favor when he fails. To be always strict and scrupulous is not conversation for man. It presently descends him into cruelty, which makes him as a wild beast shunned. He that cannot kill him, will avoid him if he can. It is not in nature that ever he should be loved. It is with cruelty as it is with choler; it is kindled with meeting its like; as flints that knock together, fire flies from both. No man can love his tormentor, or

him that would destroy his being. "Ferina ista rabies est, sanguine gaudere et vulneribus, et, abjecto homine, in silvestre animal transire." That rage is wholly bestial that smacks the lips with blood and bleeding wounds; and, casting off humanity, he passes into fierce and savage. Nero, Caligula, Vitellius, and many more, afford us sad examples of the end of cruelty; and, above all, the unfortunate Andronicus, who met with more by the torrent of a popular hate, than, one would think, humanity could either suffer or invent. All things that men met with, were instruments of fury; and every boy and girl became an executioner.

To prevent the hate of others is, not to love ourselves too much. He that does so, becomes unrivalled in affection, and at last does love alone what all men else do hate. The best is, not to prefer our private before a generality, and rather to pass over trivials, than be angry at punctilios. He that minds his own with moderation, and but seldom intrudes on the concernments of others, shall surely find less cause to hate or to be hated; and may at last come to live like the Adonis of the sea, that Ælian speaks of, in perfect tranquillity among all the rapacious fishes of the ocean.

OF TRUTH AND LYING.

I FIND to him that the tale is told, belief only makes the difference betwixt the truth and lies; for a lie believed is true, and truth uncredited a lie. But certainly there rests much in the hearer's judgment as well as in the teller's falsehood. It must be a probable lie that makes the judicious credulous; and the relator too must be of some reputation; otherwise strange stories detect some deformity in the mind. And in that, as in certain natural protervities in the body, they are seldom taking, but often beget a dislike. They may a little flourish a man's invention; but they much more doubtless will cry down his judgment, and discover a mind that floats and is unbalanced.

There is a generation of men, whose unweighed custom makes them clack out any thing their heedless fancy springs; that are so habited in falsehood that they can outlie an almanac, or, which is more, a chancery bill; and though they ought to have good memories, yet they lie so often, that they do at last not remember that they lie at all; that besides creating whole scenes of their own, they cannot relate any thing clear and candidly, but either

they must augment or diminish. They falsify so long the science of arithmetic, that by their addition and subtraction they quite destroy the noble rule of fellowship. Like Samson's foxes, with their fire-brands they leave a flame in every field they pass through.

Falsehood, like dust cast in the eyes of justice, keeps her from seeing truth. It often creeps even to the bar at tribunals, and there perverteth judgment. A severe penalty were well inflicted, where the advocate should dare to obtrude an untruth. How can that judge walk right, that is bemisted in his way? We can never come at either peace or justice, if we be not lighted through the dark by truth; and peace never abides long in any region where truth is made an exile.

Certainly a liar, though never so plausible, is but a defective of the present tense; being once discovered, he is looked at, not only as inconsiderate, but dangerous. He is a monster in nature; for his heart and tongue are incongruous and dissentive, as if upon a human body the head of a dog were set on. The heart is much unpurified, which bubbles up such frothy vanities. And besides, he that often lies in discourse, when he needs not, will be sure to do it ever when he needs. So his interest being only inward to himself, all that

is without him is not set by. And doubtless humanity hath not a worse companion, than he that singularly loves himself. Think not to live long in peace if thou conversest with a lying man; nor canst thou think to live long in reputation. You can neither freely relate any thing after him, nor pass a right judgment upon any thing he speaks. If you believe him, you are deceived; if you do not believe him, he takes it as an affront. The way is either to pass him by, as not minded, or check him a little obliquely in his own way. As when one told Galba he had bought a lamprey in Sicily five foot long, he answered him, that was no wonder, for there they were so long, that the fishermen used them for ropes. A liar is the ball of contention, that can set even goddesses together by the ears.

I could sooner pardon some crimes that are capital, than this wild-fire in the tongue, that whips and scorches wheresoever it lights. It shows so much sulphur in the mind of the relator, that you will easily conclude it is the breath of hell. I wonder not that the ingenuous blood does boil so high at having the lie given; for surely a liar is both a coward and a traitor. He fears the face of man, and therefore sneaks behind the littleness of a lie to hide himself. A traitor he is; for God having

set him to defend his truth, he basely deserts the hold, and runs to his enemies' colors. He dares not keep the post he is assigned to, by owning of his truth; but like a coiner, pretending gold, he stamps the Great King's image, truth, upon copper and coarse alloy.

What is that man good for, that cannot be trusted in his own voluntary relations? One would break that dial into atoms, whose false lines only serve but to mislead; whose every stealing minute attempts to shame the sun. Speech is the commerce of the world, and words are the cement of society. What have we to rest upon in this world but the professions and declarations that men seriously and solemnly offer? When any of these fail, a ligament of the world is broke; and whatever this upheld as a foundation, falls. Truth is the good man's mistress, whose beauty he dares justify against all the furious tiltings of her wandering enemies; it is the buckler, under which he lies securely covered from all the strokes of adversaries. It is indeed a deity; for God himself is truth, and never meant to make the heart and tongue disjunctives.

Yet because man is vanity and a lie, we ought to weigh what we hear. He hath an easy faith that without consideration believeth all that is told. That fish will soon be catched,

that will be nibbling at every cast-in bait to swallow it. But for him, whose weakness hath abandoned him into a liar, I look upon him as the dregs of mankind, a Proteus in conversation, vizarded and in disguise; as a thing that hath bankrupted himself in humanity, that is to be contemned, and as a counterfeit to be nailed upon a post that he may deceive no more. If there be truth of tongue, I may hold a traffic with men of all other vices; but take away that, and I tread upon a bog and quicksands; and, like the prophet Isaiah's idolater, (chap. xliv. 20,) when I expect deliverance as from a God, I carry a lie in my hand.

Though I speak not always all that is truth, yet would I never speak any thing false. A man may be overborne and killed; but truth is a thing immortal, and, going out of the world with him, gives him courage even under the axe's stroke. I would not value life so dearly, as to purchase it with the poorness of a lie. And we ought to take discourse from others as we use to choose some fruits, not by their outside, but by their weight, and poising them.

"Nec citò credideris: quantùm citò credere lædat,
Exemplum vobis, non leve, Procris erit."
Ov. Am. 3.

"Believe not rashly: harm from thence that flows
Dear Procris' fate in sad example shows."

OF LIBELLING.

It seems vice is so naturally hated of all, that every man's finger itches to be giving of it a blow. So, though they be tied up by fear, by power, and reflections upon their own particular interest, while the offender keeps in command and hath the fasces at his dispose; yet as soon as ever he is uncollared from these chains, or the latter be laid by, and the hand of protection taken off, as at a fox that is coursed through a street, every thing that can but bark will be opening upon him. And though they never lost a lamb themselves, or had a feather of their poultry ruffled, yet, like whelps set on by the bawling of others, they are as fierce against them as if their families had been ruined by them; when, it may be, all that they charge him with is, that he hath merited more than others; or, out of duty, hath become the skreen for keeping off the vulgar heats from scorching of his prince or patron.

Indeed, it is hard in changes to escape the flying pasquil. And it is as hard to avoid a change; for the humors of men are variable, and displeasure as often rises out of fancy as upon just cause. And though a man, by all the innocence he can muster up in his whole

life, cannot promise himself to be ever out of the reach of this winged dragon, yet there is no doubt but a prudent integrity is the readiest way to it. Virtue does but rarely bear those strokes that are due to the back of vice. The furies seldom lash but guilty souls. For the most part, they are dunghills where these scarabees do both breed and light. An infamous life makes work for a galling pen. Yet a libeller is but the beadle of fame, or the iron that brands him for his vice and roguery; and though he writes truth, he hath but an executioner's office, and after the man is condemned is but the hangman's hook to drag him to the "Gemoniæ."

Libels are usually composed of the deepest and the bluest gall; being like fire pent, when they get a vent they break forth far more eagerly; then being registered by the pen and print, like strokes in oil, they hardly are washed off with the greatest and most painful rubbing you can use. Like the French punaise, if you let them live, they sting; if you kill them, yet they stink. You may heal the sore, but not the scar. And though perhaps there may be wit in some of them, yet is that put off with so much spleen and cowardice, that, duly examined, they overshadow all the shine that is in them. The wiser governments have ever been

severe against them. Ulpian tells us of a law that makes the person, convict of libelling, to be "intestabilis"; that is, he shall neither be capable of making a will himself, or of being witness of any made by others. And Tacitus relates, that libelling, by Augustus, was brought within the compass of the law against treason.

Certainly it is an ungenerous thing, to publish that to all that we dare not own to any. It is an unnoble cowardice that strikes a man in the dark, and like a serpent bites him by the heel, and then glides into his hole for want of courage to abet his actions. Be it true or false, no man gets reputation by composing a libel; for it tends to disgrace, enkindles malice, ushers in revenge, and discloseth spleen. The most generous, I observe, are the least concerned at them. Why should any man keep himself awake, that he may hear these night-birds call? It is not for a wise man to be troubled at that, which nobody living will own. A libel is "filius populi," that, having no certain father, ought not to inherit belief.

As it is hard to find any man free from all that may merit reproof, so it is as easy, in the best, to find something that we may reprehend. Yet sure I am, charity will rather abate the score than inflame the reckoning. He that libels, transgresses against the common rule of

morality and religion; he does not do as he would be done by. We ought rather to bemoan the unfortunate, than unworthily to insult against him that is not now in a condition for his own vindication. It is a disposition quite unchristian that we show in such bad actions, being wholly contrary to that intermutual amity and friendliness that should be in the world. We rejoice in others' crosses, as if they were blessings to us; and it is all one as if we were so preposterous as to be dancing and frolic at funerals. If men were heavenly, they would be enkindled with a warming fire of love and charity to condole disasters or offences, if but human; yet nature never meant to man a mind so cruel as to add weight to an overcharged beam. He that falls into a public disgrace hath enough to bear of his own; there will be no need of another's hand to load him. To envenom a name by libels, that already is openly tainted, is to add stripes with an iron rod to him who before is broke or flayed with whipping; and is, sure, in a mind well tempered, looked upon with disdain and abhorrency.

OF SOLITARINESS AND COMPANIONSHIP.

THE bat and the owl are both recluses; yet they are not counted in the number of the wisest birds. Retirement from the world is properest when it is in a tempest; but if it shall be in our power to allay it, we ought even then to immerse our private in the public safety. He may indeed be wise to himself, that can sleep away a storm in a cabin. It is a kind of honest cheating of an ague's fit, by repose. Most men will desire to be housed when lightning and thunder fly and roll abroad. Otherwise, for a man to turn shell-fish, and crawl but in his own dark house, shows him but a dull and earthy thing. They are beasts of rapine or of extreme timidity, that hide themselves in dens, and lurk out day in thickets; whereas those that are creatures of service, are tame, sociable, and do not fly from company.

I deny not but a man may be good in retirement, especially when the world so swarms with vice. One would not travel but upon necessity, when he must be either wetted with the rain of slander, or battered with the hail of injury. It were too great uncharitableness to condemn in general all the monastics

that have cloistered up themselves from the world; nor indeed are they purely to be reckoned among such as are shut out from commerce. They are not alone that have books and company within their own walls. He is properly and pitiedly to be counted alone, that is illiterate, and unactively lives hamletted in some untravelled village of the duller country. Yet we see, in the general election of men, a companionable life is preferred before those cells that give them ease and leisure. It is not one of millions that habits himself for a monk out of choice and natural liking; and if we look at those that do it, upon an easy scrutiny we shall find, it is not so much election that hath bowed them against the grain they grew to; either want or vexation, crosses or contingencies, send them unto places nature never meant them born unto.

The soul of man is as well active as contemplative. The Divine Nature rests not only in the speculation of his great creations, but is ever busy in preserving, in ordering, in governing and disposing by providence, the various and infinite affairs of the world. For man to give himself to ease and useless leisure is to contract a rust by lying still. To be becalmed is worse than sometimes tossing with a stirring gale. Certainly an operative rest is acceptable to a

man's self and others. But an ineffectual laziness is the seminary both of vice and infamy. It clouds the metalled mind; it mists the wit and chokes up all the sciences; and at last transmits a man to the darkness and oblivion of the grave. When Domitian was alone, he catched but flies. But of Augustus, a wise and prudent prince, we have it recorded, that he slept but little, and was so far from loving to be alone, that he had alternate watchers to discourse him in the night when he waked. Was not Scipio more glorious, fighting in Africa, than Servilius Vacia sleeping in his noiseless country? Certainly the inculture of the world would perish it into a wilderness, should not the activeness of commerce make it a universal city. Solitude, indeed, may keep a mind in temper, as not being tempted with the frequencies of vice, or the splendor of wealth and greatness. And it is true the withdrawn from society may have more leisure to study virtue, and to think on heaven. But when man shall be overswayed by the pondure of his own corruptions, may not time administer thoughts that are evil, as soon as those that be good? The caution, sure, was seasonable, that Cleanthes gave to him that he found alone and talking to himself: "Take heed," says he, "you speak not with an evil man." No man

hath commended Timon for that he hated company. He may laugh alone, and that because he is alone; but it hath not so pleased others, as that they have approved of it; and having at his death left this his own mad epitaph, you will not think him mended by his solitude:

"Hic sum post vitam miseramque inopemque sepultus:
Nomen non quæras; Dii, lector, te malè perdant."

"Life wretched, poor; this earth doth now surround me:
Ne'er ask my name; reader, the Gods confound thee."

There is this to be said against solitude. Temptations may approach more freely to him that is alone, and he that thus is tempted may more freely sin. He hath not the benefit of a companion that may give him check, or by his presence loose him from off the hook he hangs upon. Whereas in company, if a man will do good, he shall be encouraged; if bad, he may be hindered. We are not sure the serpent had prevailed upon Eve, if he had not catched her alone and straggling from her husband. A man had need be a great master of his affections, that will live sequestered from the world and company. Neither fools nor madmen are ever to be left to themselves. And albeit a man may upon retiredness make good use of his leisure, yet surely those that, being abroad,

communicate a general good, do purchase to themselves a nobler palm than can grow up out of private recess. If a man be good, he ought not to obscure himself. The world hath a share in him, as well as he in himself. He robs his friends and couutry, that, being of use to both, doth steal himself out of the world. And if he be bad, he will hardly mend by being alone. The mastiff grows more fierce by being shut up or tied; and horses grow more wild by their not seeing company. That actor hath too much trouble, that is never off the stage; and he is as little acceptable, that does never quit the tiring-room. But he that can help, when need requires, in the senate or the field, and when he hath leisure can make a happy use of it, and give himself employment to his benefit, hath doubtless the greatest pleasure, and husbands his life to the best of uses. For by being abroad, he suffers others to reap the advantage of his parts and piety; and by looking sometimes inward, he enjoys himself with ease and contentment.

OF APPAREL.

Though we hear not of it till sin sent man to seek for it; yet since it is a covering for shame, there is something of decency in it, it being begot, like good laws, out of evil and corrupted manners. And surely, rightly considered, we thereby do declare our guilt, and the slender esteem that is to be set upon us, when we choose rather to appear in the spoils and excretions of other inferior creatures, than to show our limbs and parts as nature hath bestowed and furnished them. It may, indeed, be thought a modesty in nature to cover those excrementive parts, which, left uncovered, perhaps might offer offence. In birds, they are wholly concealed by their feathers; in beasts, by the tail they are produced with.

It is generally supposed, if Adam had not fallen, he had had no need of garments; his innocence was his clothing; and for covering of his shame, he then, indeed, had needed none. But why man, endued with so many prerogatives above all other creatures, should be exposed to more inconveniences than any that were else in the world; either we must think him worse provided for by his Maker, or else, that Paradise should have ever been in

such a celestial serenity, that there would have been no need of any thing to defend him against the hard and sharp, the heat and cold, of the air and changing season. It is not probable, when all creatures else have either shells or scales, hair, wool, or fur, or some kind or other of natural tegument, to guard them against outward injuries, that man alone, without a fence, should be exposed naked to all those adventitious assaults that are incident, to gall and vex such weakness.

As it is my belief, that man was created mortal before he sinned, so I could incline to believe he might have come to garments, although he had not fallen. It is true, it was after his fall, but before he was turned out of Paradise, that he made himself his fig-leaf circumplexion, which, being rough and fretting, was but a kind of gentler currycomb. And whether lighted on by accident, as next and readiest, or taken for a present necessity, not knowing better, or designed so out of choice, as a hair shirt to penance him for his folly in offending, I shall not dispute; but surely, God himself saw that so uneasy and unfitting, that, out of pity to his creature, he put him into pelts, a gentler, easier, more soft and pliable, more durable, more warm, and more defensive clothing, than that his own new wretchedness

had lighted on. Lucretius would have us think, it was after some tract of time, that he arrived at his clothing in skins; but the text is a testimony against him. Though it may be from Adam's hiding himself among the trees of the garden, he might be glimpsed to relate, as we find in the poem of his 5 Epicuri:

"Necdum res igni scibant tractare, neque uti
Pellibus, et spoliis corpus vestire ferarum;
Sed nemora, atque cavos montes, sylvasque colebant,
Et frutices inter condebant squalida membra,
Verbera ventorum vitare imbresque coacti."

"When first men knew not how to work with fire,
Nor in beasts' skins or spoils themselves t' attire;
For woods, and groves, and hollow rocks th' inquire,
And forced 'mong leaves their sluttish limbs they stow,
T' avoid the rain, and raging winds that blow."

Certain it is, man's own invention went but to the fig-tree leaves. Perhaps his fresh-born ignorance could not, on the sudden, find out other; or, having found so sad an effect of transgressing one command, he durst not presently rush upon the violation of another. His limit, for diet, was to fruits and herbs. Not being commissioned to feed on flesh, he could not come at the skin, till his compassionate Maker licensed him to kill the carcase for the case alone; for we do not find in the text that

he had any commission to eat flesh, till after the world had been washed with the flood. But to wear apparel, we find it natural, there being no nation or people, so deeply savage, but that their "verenda" at least have been shaded by them.

Nor can, in reason, the greatest critic complain of Providence for sending man naked into the world; for, seeing he was Lord of all, and had wit to make use of all, there was no need of inducing him clothed upon the stage of the world, as other creatures, who had no ability to help themselves beyond those veils that primitive nature gave them. The universe to man was a larger furnished shop; every fit material was his stuff and trimming, produced and laid before him for his garment. He was only left to be his own poor tailor, to make them up and dress himself as he thought most convenient; and, therefore, fashion, which is left at liberty, among wise men is not to be taxed, unless it be inconvenient or ridiculous. Every man's palate may as well be confined to one kind of cookery, as his fancy pegged up to one kind of fashion. It is not only lawful for a man to vary, but even to please himself in that variety, since in itself one is as lawful as the other. A little skirt is as legitimate as a great one; and comparatively, as color, one is not worse than another.

The Athenian magistrate reproved Crates for wearing a fine linen garment; who, to justify himself, told him, he could show him that great philosopher, Theophrastus, clothed in the same; and, to prove it, carries him to the barber's, where Theophrastus sat to be trimmed with the like cloth cast about him. "Now," says he, "you see how impertinently scrupulous you are; for, were it ill in itself, it were not in shops to be used." The sober Scipio was statued in the Capitol in an exotic habit; and Sylla, being emperor, confined not always to the Roman gravity. We read how God himself commanded his high priests' garments, that they should be glorious and beautiful, not only rich in stuff and curious in workmanship, but orient in colors, and refulgent with jewels. And whether by this it were learned from the Jews, or was naturally seeded among the heathen, sure it is, their priests and flamens were more resplendent in their robes, than others of a larger cense; which may lesson us to this, that even to Heaven itself good clothes are not displeasing. We find not fault with the peacock's shining train, though other birds be not so gay as he. As a saddle and trappings to a horse, is apparel to a man; though a badge of servitude, yet withal an ornament; and as a poor one disgraces a well-shaped courser, so a

rich one is suitable to the beast that is stately and handsome.

Nevertheless, in apparel, especially for constant use, the positive is the best degree; good is better than the best. He is not right, that is in them either poor or gaudy; the one argues sordidness, singularity, or avarice; the other, pride and levity; yet as the world is, a man loses not by being rather above his rank, than under it. It is as old as St. James, that a gold ring and sumptuous apparel had more respect than the man that was meanly arrayed. If we be to set a jewel, we give it the best advantage we can think on; and the richer it is, the more care we take to grace it in the lustre. Though virtue be a diamond so precious, that it is richest when plain set, yet we think not either the cut or the water can make it sparkle too much. Certainly it is necessarily convenient, that upon occasion we be sometimes braver than ordinary; at great solemnities, upon approach to persons of extraordinary honor, upon causes of common rejoicings and festivities. Socrates himself, when he went to a feast, was content to be smugged up and essenced in his pantofles; and being demanded, how he came to be so fine, his answer was, "Ut pulcher eam ad pulchrum;" that he might appear handsome to those that were so.

Though Joseph were sent for in haste out of prison, so, as the text says, he was forced to run, yet he shaved himself and changed his raiment before he would appear before Pharaoh.

It is an incongruity to mingle rags and silk. Though all be pearls, we match not round and orient with those that are discolored and uneven. A man ought, in his clothes, to conform something to those that he converses with, to the custom of the nation and the fashion that is decent and general, to the occasion and his own condition; for that is best, that best suits with one's calling and that rank he lives in; and seeing all men are not Œdipuses to read the riddle of another man's inside, (and most men judge by appearances,) it behoves a man to barter for a good esteem even from his clothes and outside. We guess the goodness of the pasture by the mantle that we see it wears. The bellic Cæsar, as Suetonius tells us, was noted for singularity in his apparel, and did not content himself without adding something to his senator's purple robe. If there were not a decorum and a latitude according to men's ranks and qualities, what use would be of silk and softer raiment? In vain had Tyrian seas their greedy purples bred. The Assyrian worm should waste herself in vain. The costly fur, the finer flax, would all let go

their values, and instead of benefit become a burthen to the full-stored world. Attalic garments have their proper use. The Pontic beaver and Calabrian wool, the brighter ermine, and the darker sables, find justly wearers whom they well become.

Yet in apparel, a manly carelessness is beyond a feminine art. Too great a tricking tells the world we dwell too much on outsides. There are three good uses we may lawfully make of apparel; to hide shame, to preserve from cold, and to adorn the body. The worst task we can put it to, is to engender pride; when we think the log is precious, because the bark is aromatic and perfumed. When Demonax saw the fool in fine apparel, and by reason thereof to wear, as well as it, an outward insolence, he harks him in the ear with this: "That fine wrought wool, that you, sir, are so proud of, was worn by a beast before it was worn by you; and yet that beast doth still a beast continue."

I do not see, in the general, but that the man becomes the apparel, rather than the apparel the man; for some are of so homely a garb, that no clothing can hide them from the fool or clown; while others give a grace to any thing is cast upon them. And that may settle us in this resolution, that comely apparel is better

far, than either costly or conceited. He that is fantastic in his clothes, hangs them on as a sign, to tell the world that a puppet dwells within. When Caligula's pride and folly rendered him so ridiculous, that he would cry up himself to be sometimes Jupiter, sometimes Juno, otherwhile Diana, often Venus; and so change his habit, suitable to those various shapes the fabling poets had bestowed upon those foppish deities; Dion hath this note upon him: "Quidvis potius quam homo videri cupiens;" he had rather seem any thing, than what he was or should be, — a man. He that will be singular in his apparel had need have something superlative to balance that affectation; as Elias, John the Baptist, and Dion Prusius, who had been a strange sight, appearing mantled in a lion's skin, if his parts had not advanced him to the chariot of the emperor Trajan. Commonly that is most comely, that most like of, and is liked by one's self. A man may have liberty to please his fancy in his habit, so it does not disparage his judgment.

THAT MOST MEN HAVE THEIR WEAKNESSES.

Though it be not necessary to labor for a flowing wealth, yet it is fit we have so much as we need; and not for the want of wealth expose ourselves to be necessitated to ill. As a man would willingly have wherewithal to do good, so he may be happier to be in such a condition, as not to be obliged to inconvenience through defect, nor endangered by plenty to be proud and petulant. The poor are so fettered by their poverty, that they may easily be taken by the assault of any that will but pretend their relief. The rich are taken by their own ambition, by their passion or their appetite, their liberty or wantonness; that it is no easy matter, in the extreme of either fortune, to resist a fierce temptation when it is offered. And besides all these, in any estate our own inclinations are the powerfullest motive-trains to lead us. Whosoever shows a passion or an avidity to any thing, he thereby tells his enemy where he is weak, and in what muse we may set a snare to take him. And it is a rare thing to find any man so fortified on all sides, that he can rest staunch against all the baits that are cast out to catch him. Every man hath some-

thing whereby he may be taken; and it is rare to find that fish that, at some time or other, will not bite, if the bait be such as likes him. Even Augustus had his Mæcenas, and Alexander his Hephæstion. And it is well, if we be drawn at all, that we happen to be led by a noble conduct. Though it is best when a man can be his own Solomon and his own honest Hushai, to support himself and overthrow the designs of his enemies; yet he is next to best, that, being in doubt, will take advice from the oracle, rather than the cheating augur.

But vicious men, or such as are not balanced by true honor, have not only some peculiar enormity, but they have every thing that is sensual to enslave them. And sometime even the meanest and the most petty thing, as a chain, can lead them any where. If they be but paper kites, even a little boy, with a slender thread, can pull them where he pleaseth, and draw them down from heaven unto earth; a horse, a dog, a landscape, or some lighter thing. Vitellius and Apicius were for gormandizing and gluttony. Vespasian and Didius Julianus were for profit. Nero might be catched with a song, and Domitian with a fly. Claudius had his beloved mushroom, and Crassus wept for the death of his dear murœna. Nor is it love alone, but hate as well as it, that

places us in the disadvantage. A known antipathy gives our enemy help to subdue us. Even beasts, that reason want, have yet the sense to make their advantage of it. The fox, that knows the badger hateth sluttishness, by fouling of his entrance he drives him out of his earth. And it is a vast prerogative, that man hath over the rest of the creatures, by only knowing their inclinations and abhorrencies. He knows both with what baits to incite them, and with what shewels to drive into the net and toil. By knowing this, and appropriating to their appetites and fears, he becomes a master of those, that by his power and the corporeal endowments of nature he never would be able to conquer. What force could seize the uncontrolled lion, if it were not tempted by the lamb upon the post, or terrified by the fire that he hates and trembles at? What swiftness could overtake or draw the mounting falcon from the clouds, if the pigeon on the lure should not stoop her to the small reward on the extended fist?

Doubtless, he that hath the fewest fancies, that is free from the sting of pointed and pricking want, that is not tumored with the too much barm of wealth, that can most conceal or master those ticklings and asperities that he hath in himself, is the nearest to a contentful

enjoyment at home, and an unenvied peril from abroad. I have never read of any island so impregnable, but nature had left in it some place or other, by which it might be vanquishable. So it is most rare to find out any person so at all points armed, but there is some way left, whereby he may be sometime surprised; this passion, that affection, this friend, or that kinsman, this or that delight or inclination. He is the strongest that hath fewest accesses. But as those places are the weakest that lie open to every invader, so certainly he is the most subject to be overcome, whose easiness exposes him to be prevailed upon by every feeble attempt. And however by nature he may be fertile, and of a good soil, yet if he lies unmounded, he shall be sure to be always low. At least, a man would have a fence and a gate, and not let every beast that hath but craft or impudence, to graze or dung upon him. In any estate it is most conducing to freedom, not to be behind hand. He that puts himself into a needy condition, he walks with manacles on his hands; and to every one he deals with he gives power to lock them on. Necessity is stronger than either wine or women; and if a man be taken in that, he is but as a withe in the hand of a giant; he can neither buy nor sell like other men, but, wearing his own chains, is at the mercy of him that will lead him.

OF BUSINESS.

THERE are some men that have so great an aversion to business, that you may as soon persuade a cat into water, or an ape to put his fingers into the fire, as to get them to enter upon any thing that may prove trouble, or beget attendance. But these, for the most part, are persons that have passed their youth undisciplined, and have been bred up in that delicacy and tenderness, that they know no other business but their pleasures, and are impatient of any thing that looks but like a hindrance of that; yet this, in the end, does many times produce effects that prove ungrateful and destructive. For hereby the management of affairs do often fall into inferior hands, that, through covetousness and ambition, and for want of skill, put all the wheels of government out of order, till they run both themselves and the state into ruin. Like unpractised and ignorant apothecaries, they do so disproportion their ingredients, that, instead of saving physic, they minister but disease and poison. There are another sort of men quite contrary to these, whom custom and quotidian practice has made so much in love with action, that if they once come to be put by their employment, even life

itself seems tedious and an irksome thing; and, like a spaniel tied up from his hunting, they sleep away their time in sadness and a melancholy.

Certainly, as the world is more beholden to men of business than to men of pleasure, so the men of pleasure must be content to be governed by those of employment. However they are contemned by the vanity of those that look after nothing but jollity, yet the regiment of the world is in their hands, and they are the men that give laws to the sensual and voluptuous. Therefore, that man is but of the lower part of the world, that is not brought up to business and affairs. And though there be, that may think it a little too serious for the capering blood and sprightly vigor of youth, yet, upon experience, they shall find it a more contentive life than idleness or perpetual joviality. He that walks constantly in a smooth and levelled path, shall be sooner tired than he that beats the rising and descending ground. A calm at sea is more troublesome than the gale that swells the waves. If a man with a scythe should mow the empty air, he sooner would be weary, than he that sweats with toil to cut the standing corn. Business is the salt of life, that not only gives a grateful smack to it, but it dries up those crudities that would

offend, preserves from putrefaction, and drives off all those blowing flies that, without it, would corrupt it. And that this may appear more easy, there are requisite to be had in business both knowledge, temper, and time.

Without a man knows what he goes about, he shall be subject to go astray, or to lose much time in finding out the right. And it will be sure to seem more tedious than it would if he knew the road.

And if he want temper, he shall be sure not to want trouble. Even all the stars are seen in a night when there is a clear serenity. But tempests rising darken all the sky, and take those little guides of light away. No storm can shake the edifice of that mind that is built upon the base of temperance. It placeth a man out of the reach of others, but bringeth others to be within his own. It is the temper of the sword that makes it keen to cut, and not be hacked by others striking on it. It is the oil that makes the joint turn smooth, and opens the door without noise. Cæsar with a word appeased a daring mutiny, by calling of his army Romans, and not his fellow-soldiers. And with as small a matter Psammeticus saved the sackage of a city. Cyrus had newly taken one of his; and the soldiers in a hurry running up and down, Psammeticus with him asked what

was the matter. Cyrus answered, "They destroy and plunder your city." Psammeticus replied, "It is not now, sir, mine, but yours." And upon that consideration they were presently called off from the spoil.

The next is the aptly timing of affairs, for which there can be no particular precept, but it must be left to judgment to discern when the season is proper. Men do not reap in seed-time, nor sow in harvest. Physicians give not purges till they have prepared the humors. The smith may strike in vain and tire his laboring arm, if first with fire his iron be not mollified. Circumstances are many times more than that which is the main, and those must be left to be laid hold on as they offer themselves to occasion. Men may fit their baits and cast their nets, and, as the Apostles, fish all night and catch nothing, if they take not the seasons when the shoals do move upon those coasts they trade in.

And let a man be sure to drive his business, rather than let that drive him. When a man is brought but once to be necessitated, he is then become a vassal to his affairs; they master him, that should by him be commanded. And like a blind man wanting sight for his way, he is led about by his dog. Any thing posted off till the last, like a snowball, rolls and

gathers, and is by far a greater giant than it was before it grew to age; as exhalations once condensed and gathered, they break not then but with thunder. In the last acts of plays, the end of business commonly is a huddle. The scenes do then grow thick and quick and full; as rivers, though they run smooth through lengthened tracts of earth, yet when they come near the sea, they swell and roar and foam. Business is like the devil; it ever rageth most when the time it hath is shortest. And it is hard to say which of the two is worse, too nice a scrupulosity, or else too rash a confidence. He is as mad that thinks himself a urinal, and will not stir at all for fear of cracking, as he that believes himself to be shot-free, and so will run among the hail of a battle.

And, surely, it conduces infinitely to the ease of business, when we have to deal with honest and with upright men. "Facile imperium in bonos;" the good and wise do make the empire easy. Reason and right give the soonest despatch. All the entanglements that we meet withal, are by the irrationabilities arising from ourselves or others. With an honest man and wise a business soon is ended, but with a fool or knave there is no conclusion, but never to begin. Though they seem tame beasts, and may admit a while to be played with, yet on

the sudden, and when we think not on it, they will return to their natural deceit and ferocity. It is not enough that the sea is sometime calm and smooth, but we had need be sure there be no shelves nor quicksands under that still water.

OF ILL COMPANY.

We have no enemy like base company; it kills both our fame and our souls. Is gives us wounds which never will admit of healing, and is not only disgraceful, but mischievous. Wert thou a king, it would rob thee of thy royal majesty. Who would reverence thy sway, when, like Nero, thou shouldst tavern out thy time with wantons, triumph with minstrels in thy chariot, and present thyself upon a common stage with the buskined tragedian and the pantomime? It is like a ship new trimmed; wheresoever you but touch, it soils you; and though you be clean when you enter, even a little motion will fill you with defiled badges. And then the whiter the swan is, the more is the black apparent.

How many have died ignominiously, and have used their last breath only to complain of

this, as the witch that had enchanted them to the evils that they now must smart for. It is an engine wherewith the devil is ever practising to lift man out of virtue's seat. It is the spiritual harlot, which toys the good man to his soul's undoing. Certainly, if there be any Delilah under heaven, it is in bad society. This will bind us, betray us, blind us, undo us. Many a man had been good that is not, if he had but kept good company. When the Achates of thy life shall be ill, who will not imagine thy life to be so too? Even waters change their virtues by running through a changed vein. No man but hath both good and bad in his nature, either of which fortify as they meet with their like, or decline as they find a contrary. When vice runs in a single stream, it is then a passable shallow; but when many of these shall fall into one, they swell a deeper channel to be drowned in.

Good and wise associates are like princes in defensive leagues; one defends the other against the devices of the common foe. Lewd ones are like the mistaken lantern in '88, which, under pretence of guiding, will draw us unto hazard and loss among our enemies. Nor was the fiction of the Syrens any other in the moral, than pleasant wits, vitiated in accustomed lewdness, who for that were feigned

to be monsters of a parted nature, and with sweet tunes enticed men to destruction. Could my name be safe, yet my soul were in danger. Could my soul be free, yet my fame would suffer. Were my body and estate secure, yet those other two, which are the purest excellencies of man, are ever laid at the stake. I know physicians may converse with sick ones, uninfected; but then they must have stronger antidotes than their nature gives them; else they themselves shall soon stand in need of what themselves once were, physicians. One rotted apple will infect the floor. The putrid grape corrupts the whole sound cluster. Though I be no hermit, to sit away my days in a dull cell, yet will I choose rather to have no companion, than a bad one. If I have found any good, I will cherish them as the choice of men, or as angels that are sent for guardians. If I have any bad ones, I will study to lose them, lest by keeping them I lose myself in the end.

THE MISERY OF BEING OLD AND IGNORANT.

Since old age is not only a congregation of diseases, but even a disease itself, and that, in

regard of the decree which Providence hath passed upon man, incurable save by death, the best thing, next to a remedy, is a diversion or an abatement of the malady. When infirmities are grown habitual and remediless, all we can do is to give them some respite and a little alleviation, that we may be less sensible of the smart and sting they smite us with. The cold Corelian cannot change his clime; but yet by furs and fires he can preserve himself, and stove out winter armed with ice and wind. The drum and fife can drown the battle's noise, though many times there is no room to escape it. The little pismire can instruct great man, that, winter coming, store should be provided.

And what thing is there in the fathom of industrious man, that can so qualify him against the breaches and decays that age makes on him, as knowledge, as study, and meditation? With this he can feast at home alone, and in his closet put himself into whatever company that best shall please him, with youth's vigor, age's gravity, beauty's pleasantness, with peace or war, as he likes. It abates the tediousness of decrepit age, and by the divine raptures of contemplation it beguiles the weariness of the pillow and chair. It makes him not unpleasing to the young, reverenced by age, and beloved of all. A gray head with a wise mind,

enriched by learning, is a treasury of grave precepts, experience, and wisdom. It is an oracle to which the lesser wise resort to know their fate. He that can read and meditate need not think the evening long, or life tedious. It is at all times employment fit for a man. Like David's harp it cures the evil spirit of this Saul, that is naturally testy, froward, and complaining. Though perhaps there was a vivacity more than ordinary, yet I doubt not but it was this, that, in the main, from Gorgias produced that memorable answer. Being a hundred and seven years of age, one asked him, why he lived so long. He replies, because he yet found nothing in old age to complain of. And that this is probable, he was master to Isocrates, had got such wealth by teaching rhetoric that he bequeathed his statue in gold to Apollo's temple, and to any theme was able well to speak extempore.

And certainly, if any thing hath power, it is virtue and knowledge that can ransom us from the infirmities and reproaches of age. Without this, an old man is but the lame shadow of that which once he was. They honor him too far that say he is twice a child. There is something in children that carries a becoming prettiness, which is pleasant and of grateful relish. But ignorant old age is the worst pic-

ture that time can draw of man. It is a barren vine in autumn; a leaky vessel, ready to drop in pieces at every remove; a map of mental and corporeal weakness; not pleasing to others, but a burthen to himself. His ignorance and imbecility condemns him to idleness, which to the active soul is more irksome than any employment. What can he do, when strength of limbs shall fail, and the gust of pleasure, which helped him to misspend his youth, through time and languid age shall be blunted and dull? Abroad he cannot stir to partake the variation of the world; nor will others be fond of coming to him, when they shall find nothing but a cadaverous man, composed of diseases and complaints, that for want of knowledge hath not discourse to keep reason company. Like the cuckoo he may be left to his own moulting in some hollowed cell. But since the voice of his spring is gone, which yet was all the note he had to take us with, he now is not listened after. So the bloodless tortoise in his melancholy hole lazeth his life away.

Doubtless, were it for nothing else, even for this is learning to be highly valued, that it makes a man his own companion, without either the charge or the cumber of company. He needs neither be obliged to humor, nor engaged to

flatter. He may hear his author speak as far as he likes, and leave him when he doth not please; nor shall he be angry though he be not of his opinion. It is the guide of youth, to manhood a companion, and to old age a cordial and an antidote. If I die to-morrow, my life to-day will be somewhat the sweeter for knowledge. The answer was good, which Antisthenes gave, when he was asked, what fruit he had reaped of all his studies. "By them," saith he, "I have learned both to live and discourse with myself."

OF SUPERSTITION.

Though profaneness be much worse in some respect than superstition, yet this, in divers persons, is a sad discomposure of that life, which, without it, might be smooth and pleasant. He that is profane, sets up a god to abuse him; as Dionysius, when he took away Æsculapius's golden beard, said, "it was a shame to see the son so grave, when the father was ever without one." He seems to know there is a God, but disclaims to pay him homage as he is one; or what he hath impropriated to himself and worship, contemptuously he debases

to secular and common uses; and sometimes mocks at that which, for its relation to the Deity and its service, should never but with reverence be looked upon. So that, though both be blamable, yet superstition is the less complainable. A religion, misguided only in some circumstance, is better far than to have none at all; and a man shall less offend by fearing God too much, than wickedly to jest at and despise him. An open slighting of so immense a goodness and a greatness as God is, is worse than mistaking him to be too severe and strict. To exceed this way produces sometimes a good effect; it makes a man careful not to offend. And if we injure not God by making him severer than he is, or by placing more in accidents and the creature, than religion allows that we should give, we cannot be too wary in offending.

Two things there are, which commonly abuse men into superstition; fear and ignorance. Fear presents as well what is not, as what is. Terror horrids the apprehension, and gives a hideous vizard to a handsome face. It sees, as did the new recovered blind man in the gospel; that which is a man appears a tree. It creates evils that never were; and those that be, like the magnifying glass, when a face is no bigger than an apple, it shows it as large as a

bushel. But that which is good, it dwindles to nothing, and believes or suggests that God cannot help at need; so dishonors him into imbecility, lessening his goodness and his power, and aspersing both with defect. And this, for the most part, is begotten out of guilt; for courage and innocence usually dwell together.

Nor is ignorance behind hand in helping to increase the scruple. Not seeing either the chain of Providence or the arm of power, we are apt to faint, and accuse unjustly that which, if we knew, we should adore and rest upon. And as fear is begot out of guilt, so is ignorance out of sloth, and through the want of industry. And this, surely, is the reason why we find superstition more in women and soft natures, than in the more audacious constitution of man. And where we do find it in men, it is commonly in such as are low in their parts, either natural or through neglect. A memorable example hereof we find in the first of the Annals. When the three legions in Hungary and Austria, that were under Junius Blæsus, were in the ruff of their mad mutiny, had menaced the guards, stoned Lentulus, and upbraided Drusus, that was sent from Rome by Tiberius to appease them, on a sudden their superstition made them tame and crest-fallen; for in a clear night, the moon being eclipsed,

and, before the eclipse was fully spent, the sky covered with clouds, being ignorant of the natural cause, and suspicious of their own misbehaviour, they thought the goddess frowned upon them for their wickednesss, and that it presaged their troubles should never have end. By which casual accident and unskilful opinion, they were again reduced to order and the discipline of arms.

What consternation have I seen in some at spilling of the salt against them! Their blood has deeper dyed their frighted face; a trembling fear has struck them through the heart, as if from some incensed triumvir they had received a proscription; all which I take to be only ignorance of what at first made it held to be ominous, and hath since, by a long succession, continued the vanity to us. Salt, among the ancients, was accounted as the symbol of friendship, because it both preserves from corrupting and unites into more solidity; and being used to season all things, it was not only first set upon the table, but was held a kind of consecration of it. "Sacras facite mensas salinorum appositu;" hallow the tables with the salt set on them. And merely from this estimation of salt, it was held ominous if it should be spilt; as if it had presaged some jar or breach of friendship among some of the guests

or company. So that, in truth, the unluckiness of it is but a construction made by ourselves without a cause. For, otherwise, seeing the old Egyptians did so abominate it, that even in bread it was abandoned by them, (for they, affecting the purity of living, held it as the inciter of lust and the wakener of carnality,) why then should it not as well from this be avoided, as from the other find a sacration? But only blind custom, as in other things, so in this, hath led us along in the error. While the Star-chamber was in being, at a dinner there, I remember the sewer overturned the salt against a person of honor, who startled, sputtered, and blushed, as if one had given him a stab, concluding it a prodigy, and ominous; to which Edward, Earl of Dorset, of a nobler frame and genius, handsomely replied, "that for the salt to be thrown down was not strange at all; but if it should not have fallen when it was thrown down, had been a prodigy indeed."

To make observation of accidents for our own instruction, without either dishonor to God or disturbance to ourselves, I hold to be a wise man's part. But to fear danger where none is, or to be secure where danger may be, is to change properties with one of those simple birds that either stoop at a barn-door, or,

thrusting his head into a hole, thinks none of the rest of his body can be visible.

THAT THE MIND ONLY MAKES CONTENT.

We see it is neither ease, nor labor, nor wealth, nor want, that seats a man in either pleasure or discontent. Some men, with liberty, leisure, plenty, and rest, have less satisfaction than those that toil in sweating pains and labor; and others, even in pleasure, do that which would wear out all the happiness of him that is not that way affected. Repose to an active mind is a tedious and an irksome thing. And therefore to him that hath not business, play is taken up instead of it; and even that, after a little time, does tire as much as business, and, in the sequel, usually galleth more. We see in those, that have plenty to please themselves in all they can imagine, that by their wealth may make summer and winter at will, and that seem to others to command all the walks in Paradise, and the birds to warble what they shall but bid them; yet this high shine but makes them nice and wanton, that for want of other divertisements, they quarrel

with their own felicity, and strangle by their curiousness even all that Providence intended should be pleasing; as full and queasy stomachs do often coy at that, which the hungry would accept of for delicious. When Apicius found but one hundred thousand sesterces was all at last was left him, with shame, in scorn, he quaffed his poisoned draught, and died.

——— "Quid enim majore cachinno
Excipitur populi, quam pauper Apicius?"

——— "For what can people jeer at more,
Than once to hear Apicius is grown poor?"

Even content turns to vexation, and we are weary with having nothing to weary us. All the winds in the compass cannot blow one gale that some men shall be pleased with. A froward mind makes all the muses furies; like bodies over fat, they are burthened with their own loved load. Nor can men so attempered enjoy themselves in all the smiles of fortune. The lily seems too pale, and the rose's smell is fulsome. Some men are so cast together of jealousy, envy, pride, and choler, that, like savage beasts, they are ready to tear, not only those that seek to tie them up, but such as loose their chains, and bring them food to live with. Tell them what is distasteful, or tell

them what is pleasing, they shall carp at both alike. As kindling charcoal, they shall throw out sparks and crackle, though you shall not blow them. Contradict them, they shall twit; say as they say, they shall blurt and snarl. As wasps, disturbed or let alone, they buzz and angry make a noise about you. Being of a nice and tender spirit, nor heat nor cold can be endured by them. As arrows, whose feathers are not even set, draw them never so home, and shoot them from what bow you will, they shall never fly right to the mark. Their own dispositions make but a milder and more terrene hell. What a pitiful little pique took Haman from all his content!

On the other side, where the mind does incline, and is pleased to gratify the smoothed affections, all things seem to have a serene aspect; as through a stranguo the air is all delightful, and all the colors that do enrich the rainbow make it beautiful. Do we not even with wonder often see, how there are many that take pleasure in toil? They can out-rise the sun, out-watch the moon, and out-run the field's wild beast. Merely out of fancy and delectation, they can find out mirth in vociferation, and music in the barking of dogs, and be content to be led about the earth, over hedges and through sloughs, by the windings and the shifts

of a poor affrighted vermin; yet, after all, come off, as Messalina from her wantonness, tired and not satisfied with all that the brutes can do. But were a man enjoined to this, that did not like it, how tedious and how punishable to him would it prove! Since in itself it differs not from riding post, or, putting a wise man, from following and humoring the motions of a child or simple animal.

Let no man therefore wonder at the several contentments of men; for, unless the desires of men be bounded with prudence and moderation, the appetite of the mind is various as the palate of the body, for which no man can give a reason. As he is like to be most at ease in his journey, that likes the pace of the beast he rides on, so is he that can bring his mind to approve of that condition God hath set him in. And since the mind alone is judge of pleasure, it is not what others apprehend, but what the party fancies to himself, that satisfies.

OF PLAY AND GAMING.

The Olympic and the rest of the games of Greece were instituted first merely for honor and exercise; and though they wanted not

wealth, yet their rewards were not in money and treasures, but only in wreaths and garlands, of such slight plants as were easy to come by and common among them. Chiefly, they had but four kinds of plays, for being victors in which they were

" With pine, with apple, olive, parsley crowned ; "

" Serta quibus, pinus, malus, oliva, apium ; "

as Ausonius informs us ; though afterwards, with higher plaudits and acclamations, they came to have pensions and provisions from the public for life.

But these and such like are not much to be faulted ; for their institution was handsome, and their end and aim was good. The play that is most complainable, is the inordinate gaming for money, which he that first invented, was certainly either very idle, or else extremely covetous. Albeit in the sequel it cheats the intention in both ; for who so busy as they that are intent at dice ? Their soul and senses run along with them ; and seldom it is that they give men leave to be moderate. And instead of gaining, it wastes even what we had without it. Some inform us, they were first invented by Palamedes in the Trojan war, in that ten years' siege to keep his soldiers from idleness. And the truth is, it may suit better with their

calling, than with that of other men. He that makes it his trade to kill, will blanch but little at stealing; and whatsoever he comes by, if the war be not highly just, he hath as good a plea to, as to that he gains by dicing. He was not much out of the way, that, being asked what difference there was between "Aleator" and "Tesserarum Lusor," answered readily, "The same that there is betwixt 'Fur' and 'Latro.'" And indeed, to play for gain, and by unlawful means to draw away money from another to his detriment, in the opinion of divines is but permitted thievery, worsened with commixtion of murder. And to see some men, when they have played their money, their watches, their horses and clothes, would one judge less than that they had fallen among thieves, and had been plundered of all that they had? Nay, they are not only robbed themselves, but they themselves rob others; for his dependents and friends have interest in what he hath. How often does the lavish gamester squander away a large left patrimony, and, instead of plenty, entails a want and beggary to his issue!

I do not remember that we read the name of either dice or gaming in the tract of either Scripture, — to show us, the profaneness of the trade is such that it comes not at all so

much as under a text. By the laws "Cornelia" and "Titia," it was among the Romans punishable. In the seventy-ninth canon of the Provincial Council, held at Eliberis, dicing was forbidden to the faithful, under the penalty of being kept from the communion a year, if he did not give over. But in the fiftieth of the General Council at Constantinople, under Justinian, it was forbidden to all, and punished with excommunication. Certainly there was cause why so grave assemblies did so severely punish it. And indeed, if we examine, we shall find it not only as a serpent in itself, but waited on by a troop of other scorpions, that bite and sting with equal poison and venom.

Two things are most precious here to the life and well being of man, time and treasure; and of both these does the following of gaming rob us. They that are bewitched with a humor of play, cannot be quiet without it. It is a "malus genius" that eggs and urges them to their own destruction. It is in many men as importunate as fate, that affords neither rest nor resistance, but with a pleased avidity hurries them on to that, which in the end they would not find. He that is a lover of play, like the lover of a harlot, he does mind that so much, that he neglects all other occasions. Businesses, friends, repose, religion, and rela-

tions, are all laid by when once he is set upon play. Night is by flaming tapers turned to day, and day worn out within the pen of walls, as if confined or prisoner to his sports. As the Romans did with drink, we do with play; we play down the evening star, and play up the morning star. The sun may round the world before one room can be relinquished by us. One would think, some new philosophy had found out for gamesters this unknown "summum bonum," which, exacting all their time, makes nature more beholden to necessity than inclination, for either sleep or food. Surely a gamester can never expect to be knowing, or approved for either his own, his friends', or his country's service. The time he should lay out in fitting of himself for these, runs waste at this brack of play, which arts him in nothing but how to deceive and gain. Though well weighed even in gaining, he comes to be deceived at last.

If he does win, it wantons him with overplus, and enters him into new ways of expense, which habits him at last to lavishness, and that delivers over to an aged poverty. Besides, he cannot be quiet with his purchase. They that he won it from will study and contrive revenge; and he is not suffered to be at peace in victory. For the most part, whatsoever is

gotten by play is either vainly wasted, or but borrowed to repay with interest. It leads men to excess, that without it would quite be avoided. If they win, they spare no cost, but luxuriate into riot. If they lose, they must be at it to keep up their galled and their vexed spirits. In both, a man is exposed as a prey to rooks and daws, impudent and indigent company, that flatter, suck, and perpetually pillage from him. It is the mine, that, carried close in dark and private trenches through hollow and crooked caverns, blows up at once his fortune, family, fame, and contentment, and in the end, through disorder and surfeits, leaves him to go off a sot.

Certainly it cannot be the pleasure of the action, that so strongly can enchant men. What pleasure can it be, out of a dead box to tumble bones as dead, to see a square run round, or to see his estate reduced into a lottery, to try whether he shall hold it any longer or no? Surely, it must be covetousness and the inordinate desire of getting, which prevailing once upon us, we become possessed, and by it are carried as well to the graves and sepulchres of the dead, as the cities of the living, by this ill spirit leading us.

I cannot conceive how it should suit with a noble mind, to play either much or deep. It

defrauds him of his better employment, and sinks him into less than he is. If he wins, he knows not whether the other may spare it or no. If he cannot, the generous will scorn to take from him that wants, and hates to make another suffer merely for his sake. If he can spare it, he will yet disdain to be supplied by the bounty of him that is his equal or inferior. If he loseth and cannot spare it himself, it proclaims him to be unwise to put himself upon exigents for will and humor; and not honest, for he injures all about him. He that plays for more than he can spare, makes up his stake of his heart and patrimony, his peace, his privilege, his bosomed wife, and his extended son; even the earth he holds, floats from him with this ebbing tide. Be he rich or poor, he cannot play his own. He holds not wealth to waste it thus in wantonness where there is plenty. Besides a man's relations, the commonwealth and poor have some share due to them. And he cannot but yet acknowledge he might have employed it better.

It gains him neither honor nor thanks, but under the other's cloak perhaps is closely laughed at; as easy and unskilful Thales, having put Solon into a passion for the supposed death of his son, said, it was for that and such like inconveniencies he thought not fit to mar-

ry. And he that sees into what heats, what fears, what distempers and disorders, what madness and vexations, a cross hand at play implunges some men in, will never hazard his own peace of mind with bidding, by play, for such phrensies, such bedlam fits and distortions of the whole frame of man, which sometime never leave their patients, till they drive them into despair and a halter. What is it provokes to anger like it? And anger ushers in black oaths, prodigious curses, senseless imprecations, horrid rage, and blacker blasphemy, with quarrels, injuries, reproaches, wounds, and death. And, — which is not the meanest of the ills attending gaming, — he that is addicted to play and loves it, is so limed by custom to it, that if he would stir his wings to fly away, he cannot. Therefore Plato was in the right when he sharply reproved the boy he found at play, and the boy told him he wondered how he could be so angry for so small a matter, Plato replied again, that custom was no small matter.

It is not denied, but labors and cares may have their relaxes and recreations. Though Memmius objected to Cato his nightly play and jollity, yet Cicero excused it with instancing his perpetual daily toil for the public. But we must beware lest we make a trade of sport,

and never to play for more than we may lose with content, and without the prejudice of ourselves or others.

OF THE TEMPER OF AFFECTIONS.

Every man is a vast and spacious sea. His passions are the winds that swell him into disturbant waves. How he tumbles and roars and foams, when they in their fury trouble him! Sometimes the west of pleasure, fanning in luxurious gales; sometimes the madid south, sorrowful and full of tears; sometimes the sharp east, piercing with a testy spleen; sometimes the violent and blustering north, swelling the cheek with the anger's boiling blood. Any of these, in extremes, makes it become unnavigable, and full of danger to the vessel that shall coast upon it. When these are too loud, it is perilous; but when again they are all laid in the stillness of an immotive calm, it is useless; and though it be not so ready to hurt, yet it is far from availing to the profit of a voyage; and the passengers may sooner famish, by being becalmed, than coast it over for the advantage of their mart. Surely, the man that is always

still and reposed in his own thoughts, though he be good, is but a piece of deadened charity. I care not for the planed Stoic; there is a sect between him and the Epicure. An unmoved man is but a motive statue, harmless and unprofitable. Indeed fury is far the worse extreme; for, besides the trouble it puts on the company, it always delivers the author into successive mischiefs. He that is raging in one thing, seeds his business with many inconveniencies. Fury is like false position in a verse, at least nine faults together. Says Claudian,

——— "Caret eventu nimius furor:"

——— "Rage knows not when, nor how to end."

I like neither a devouring stork nor a Jupiter's log. Man is not fit for conversation, neither when his passions hurry him in a hideous distemper, nor when they are all laid in a silent and unstirring calm. The sea is best in a pleasant gale; and so is man when his passions are alive without raging. God implanted passions in the soul, as he gave his talents in the gospel, neither to be lavished out impetuously, nor to be buried in napkins. We may warm us at these fires, though we burn not. Man, without any, is no better than a speaking

stone. Cato's best emperor was, "Qui potuit imperare affectus;" he does not say, "deponere." Moderate passions are the most affable expressions of humanity, without which the soul finds nothing like itself to love. A horse, too hot and fiery, is the danger of his rider; one too dull is his trouble. And as the first will not endure any man, so the last will be endured by no man. One will suffer none to back him; the other admits each child to abuse him.

A good temper is a sure expression of a well-composed soul. Our wild passions are like so many lawyers, wrangling and bawling at the bar. Discretion is the lord-keeper of man, that sits as judge, and moderates their contestations. Too great a spirit in a man born to poor means, is like a high-heeled shoe to one of mean stature; it advanceth his proportion, but is ready to fit him with falls. The flat sole walks more sure, though it abates his gracefulness; yet being too low, it is subject to bemire the foot. A little elevation is the best mediocrity. It is both raised from the earth and sure; and for his tallness, it disposeth it to an equal competency. I will neither walk so lifted as to occasion falling, nor so dejected as at every step to take soil. As I care not for being powder, or the cap of the company, so I would not be earth, or the fool's foot-ball.

OF PRAYER.

It is not an easy matter for men of inferior rank to get access or freedom of conference with one that is an earthly prince. Admission to all would weigh him down to a slave. He cannot be a centre large enough to receive all the lines that come from the vast circumference. But had he an ear for all, he could not have wherewith to grant and satisfy all. Nor were men sure to speed, although they were admitted. He that to all should grant what is asked, would quickly leave himself nothing at all to grant. He might, perhaps, enrich some others, but he should be sure to impoverish himself. How great then is the freedom and the prerogative of the devout Christian, who hath a reverence and an affection to the greatness and the goodness of his God! Though he often lives here in a slight esteem among men, yet by his prayers and the ardent effusion of his groans and wishes he can freely confer with the King of Heaven.

Prayer penetrates through all the clouds and spheres. It makes a man a kind of intimate with God, and by a towering flame mounts him to the bosom of the great Creator; who not only hears his entreaties, but delights in his requests,

invites him to come, and promises a pleasing or happy return, which he shows in fulfilling his desires, or better, fitter for him; in respect of whom the greatest monarch is more mean, than the basest vassal in regard of the most mighty and most puissant emperor. Man does not near so much exceed the worst of creatures, as God above doth him. What if I be not known to the Nimrods of the world, the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies of this Egypt; I can speak to him, to whom they all, as well as I, must bow. My admission is as easy as theirs, and by my humble prayers, unless my own offences hinder, I never am debarred access. It is the colloquy that continues the friendship betwixt God and man. We see those that are daily attendant upon great persons, by the benefit of their access and conference have a greater prevalency with them, than those, perhaps of greater parts, that live as strangers to them. And we cannot think but he which prays often, by that means comes acquainted with God. If the nobleness of man be such, that he will be more civil and tenderer to him that is obsequious and respective to him by continued addresses, and expressing his sole dependence to be upon him, than he will to one that looks not after him; surely God will much more take notice of him, that, by assidu-

ous and frequent applications, makes himself familiar with his Deity.

It would encourage one in prayer to read what St. Augustine hath metaphorically enough delivered us: "Oratio Deum ungit, sed lacryma compungit; hæc lenit, illa cogit;" prayer anoints God, but weeping pierceth him; that appeaseth, this compels him. However, it is so essential a part of religion, that I think I am not amiss, if I say there can be none without it. We read not of any religion the thief had besides his prayer on the cross; yet we see, by the mercy of our Saviour, it presently conveyed him from a bad life to Paradise. And surely man, of all other creatures, would be the most miserable without it. When he is shut up in prison, when he is in any accidental danger, when he hath fallen into displeasure by his offence and disobedience, where is his friend, where his support, where his reconciler, if this be wanting? I had rather be deprived of all the solaces of this life, yea, and the ordinances that tend to a better, than be debarred of recourse to my God by prayer. Next to Christ, it is man's mediator, to reïnstate him in the favor of an offended Deity. It is the Moses that opens the rock, and brings Israel food in the wilderness. It is the sun that gives Jeremy light in the dungeon. It puts a muzzle

on the lions' jaws, that else would tear a Daniel. It is the angel, that, walking with the children in the furnace, keeps them from so much as singeing in the midst of fiercest flames. It attacks the sun's swift steeds, and, like a sentinel, commands them stand, in the speed of their full career. With reverence be it spoken, it is a kind of charm cast upon the Almighty, so powerful, that it prevails upon Omnipotency, and makes God, that we sue unto, to become a suitor unto us. "Let me alone," as if he were held, was begged of Moses, when Moses importuned him.

Certainly, because God saw it so absolutely necessary for his children, he would not leave it in the power of man to take it from them. Rome's Empire, in all her ten persecutions, could not take this from Christians. This they could make use of in the dark, without a tongue, and in the midst of all their enemies, while their tormentors stood and watched them. Load a man with chains, let him lie upon the rack or gridirons; leave him but a live heart, and prayer shall dwell there out of the tyrant's reach, and comfort him. And doubtless then it speaks God's heaviest judgment, when men are seared up by a spirit that cannot pray. Who can apprehend any thing more miserable than a Judas or a Spira, both shut out from

prayer? It deprives the soul of hope; and then is despair let in, with that immortal worm, the terrors of eternal guilt. He gives up himself to perdition that neglects to give himself to prayer. Man was never so great an independent, but every minute he must need his God. And if he makes himself a stranger, can he expect to be heard as a friend? Other sacrifices of the law have sometimes met with a check; but this, from a sincere heart, is an offering that is ever pleasing; and importunity does not give offence. If it prevailed upon the unjust judge, will not the most righteous God be gained upon? And indeed, what is it can send us away empty, but our own sins? For if it carry us not safely through all the roads of danger, the fault is in ourselves, not it. Like a faithful companion, when friends, wealth, health, honor, and life, is leaving us, this holds us by the hand, and leads us to overlook the shades of death. When speech is gone, it lifts up hands and eyes, and, instead of language, groans.

OF THE INCONVENIENCE OF NEGLECTING PRAYER.

It is conversation chiefly that begets both faith and love. Affection cannot but covet to have the object that it loves be near. He that never comes at me, allows me not much of his kindness. If my friend withdraws himself from my company, I may justly suspect I am waning in his wonted esteem; for absence is a wind that by degrees blows off those fruits that grow upon the tree of friendship. It disrobes her of all those pleasing ornaments and contentments that are by familiarity and conversation enjoyed. And as it fareth between two that have been anciently familiar, yet dwelling asunder, the inferior out of a careless neglect omits or minds not his usual duty of visitation, and this so long, that at the last he forbears to go at all; so their loves, that by frequent intercourses were heatful and alive between them, by discontinuance only, drop into decay, and shrink away to nothing. There needeth nothing more but a lingering desistence to divest him of all those solaces and comforts that usually enrich the noble and contentful region of friendship. By lying still he lazes out his interest, and disarrays himself into an unac-

quainted stranger; that, at last, if he would return, shame, and the sense of his neglect, forbids or hinders his reverting to his former intimacy. As water set abroad, it airs away to nothing by only standing still.

And it is not otherwise between the soul and God. Not to pray, not to meditate, not to have him in our thoughts, diswonteth us and estranges him. And when in sudden plunges we more particularly shall come to need him, our shame does then enervate our weak faith, and with despair does send our burning blushes down into our bosom. With what confidence can we run to him in need, whom in our plenty we have quite neglected? How can we beg as friends, as children, as beloved, when we have made ourselves as strange as renegadoes?

It is a most unhappy state to be at a distance with God. Man needs no greater infelicity, than to be left by him to himself. A breach once made by negligence, like that by water worn, though it be by so soft an element, yet by time it breaks itself into a sea. Though France and Britain supposedly once were one, yet we see the tracts of age have made them several regions. It is far from prudent policy to admit of interposures. If we would be prevalent and estimable, we ought, with all our care, to preserve that interest, which never

can, but by our own neglect, be lost. Though princes be just, yet they are not familiar with subjects at a distance. They are privadoes that have daily recourse to Majesty; that have power, by their nearness, to help themselves and others. Those birds we breed up tame, that follow us with their spreading wings, that often chirp their pretty confidences to us, that perch upon our shoulders, and nestle in our warmer bosoms; to these we daily do distribute food, and with our tender care provide them still protection. But those that wildly fly about and shun us, we never are solicitous to care for.

The advice was divine, in the every way accomplished Xenophon, that we should in prosperity be sure frequently to worship and adore the Gods, that whensoever we had a more peculiar need of their assistance, we might with greater confidence approach them at their altars. He that would keep his friend, must make him often visits, and ever and anon have something in a readiness to exercise his stock of love, and keep affection flaming. And surely, it is from hence the Apostle bids us pray without intermission; for it keeps us mindful of our own inherent duty, and God is always put in mind of us, and, to encourage our addresses, blesses us. When a man neglects his praying

and his praising of his Maker, it makes a chasm betwixt him and his own felicity. If he does see God at all, it is but as Dives after death saw Lazarus, a great way off, with a large gulf fixed between. And though it is not required that we should be always teddered to a formal, solemn praying, yet, by our mental meditations and our ejaculatory emissions of the heart and mind we may go far to the completing the Apostle's counsel.

There is in the Lives of the Fathers a story of one Abbot Lucius, that being visited by some young probationers, he demanded of them, if they did not employ themselves in the practice of some manual labor. They told him, No, they spent their time according to the precept, perpetually in praying. He asked them then, if they did not eat and sleep. They said, both these they did. Then said the Father, "Who prays for you the while?" But they not knowing what well to reply to this, he thus returneth to them: "Well," says he, "I perceive you do not do as you say. But I can tell you how you may pray continually. I am not ashamed to labor with my hands. Of the date-tree leaves, at times of leisure, I make up little lines, or perhaps some other matters; and while I work, I send forth still between, some short petitions to my gracious

God. When I have some little quantity of finished work, I sell it, perhaps for ten pence or a shilling; about a third thereof I give away to the poor; the rest I spend myself. So that when I eat or sleep, these poor men praying for me, they perform my part, and so I pray perpetually." Certainly, the breathing and effusions of a devout soul turn prayer into a chain, that, linking still together, ties us fast to God. But intermission breaks it, and when we are so loose, with every rub we easily are overthrown. And doubtless we shall find it far less difficult to preserve a friend once made, than it is to recover him when once he shall be lost.

PRAYER MOST NEEDFUL IN THE MORNING.

THERE is no doubt but prayer is needful daily, ever profitable, and at all times commendable. If it be for ourselves alone, it is necessary; and it is charitable when it is for others. At night it is our covering; in the morning it is our armour. So at all times it defends us from the malice of Satan, our own subornations and betrayings, the unequal

weather that the world assaults us with, and preserves us in the favor and esteem of Heaven. We are dependents upon the court while we are but petitioners there; so till we be denied and dismissed we have the protection thereof, which certainly is a privilege that a stranger cannot claim.

And albeit prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night, yet I hold it, of the two, more needful in the morning, than when in the evening we commit ourselves to repose. It is true we have enough to induce us to it then. The day could not but present us with something either worthy our thanks, or that needed our begging and pardon, for removing or continuing something; and though we be immured with walls and darkness, yet we are not exempted so from perils, but that, without our God's assistance, we are left a prey to all that is at enmity with man. Besides, sleep is the image or shadow of death; and when the shadow is so near, the substance cannot be far remote. The dying Gorgias being in a slumber, and asked by a friend how he did, he answered, "Pretty well; only sleep is recommending me up to his brother." Some, we know, in health have gone to rest eternal; and without thinking of the other world, have taken their leave of this, not knowing them-

selves that they were on their way, till they had fully despatched their journey.

But notwithstanding all this, a man at rest in his chamber, like a sheep impenned in the fold, is subject only to unusual events, and such as rarely happen; to the emissions of the more immediate and unavoidable hand of God. Danger seems shut out of doors; we are secured from the injury of the elements, and guarded with a fence of iron against the force of such as would invade. We are removed from the world's bustle and the crowd of occasions that justle against us as we walk abroad. He that is barred up in his house, is in his garrison with his guard about him, and not so soon attacked by his enemy, as he that roves in the open and unsheltered field. Who knows not the ship to be safer in the bay or harbour, than tossed and beaten in the boiling ocean? Retiredness is more safe than business. We are withdrawn when the veil of night and rest inwraps us in their dark and silent cabinet.

But with the sun we do disclose and are discovered to our prying enemies. We go abroad to meet what at home does not look after us. He that walks through a fair of beasts, is in hazard to be gored, or kicked, or bruised, or beaten. We pass through briars and thorns and nettles, that will prick and scratch and

sting. We are in the day as travelling through a wilderness, where wild and savage creatures are, as well as tamer animals. All the world is Africa, where heat and drought, venom, or something new, does still disturb us. The air, the fire, the earth, and water, are apter all to wound us. The frays, the trains, the incitements, the opportunity, the occasions of offence, the lures and temptings from abroad, and the businesses and accidents of life, deny us any safety but what we have from the favor of protective Providence.

Besides, prayer does sacre all our actions. It is the priming of the soul, that, laying us in the oil of grace, preserves us from the worm and weather. When the mind in the morning opens to God, as the eye to the sun's clear light, by the radiance of the divine beams we become enlightened inwardly all the day. He is lifted in God's service and protection, that makes it his first work to be enrolled by prayer under the standard of the Almighty. It was from hence, sure, that devotion sprung of Christians crossing themselves at their entering upon business. All thriving states have ever sought the Gods in their first infancy. The morning to the day is as youth to the life of a man. If that be well seasoned, it is likely that his age may answer it, and be progressive in

the path of virtue. To live well every day is the greatest and most important business of man; and being unable for it of himself alone, he needs the more to gain divine assistance. In works of moment, even heathen never ventured without their seeking first such deities as they believed might help them.

> ——— "Nothing 's well done
> But what at first is with the gods begun."

He carries an assistant angel with him for his help that begs his benediction from above; and without it he is lame and unarmed. We do not find that Saul's devotion ever was superlative; yet he was troubled for fear the Philistines should catch him before he had said his prayers. (1 Sam. xiii. 12.) And because he had neglected this he stumbled up an offering, thinking that way to supply it. He that commences with heaven, goes out in all a cataphract. But if any thing happen ill, he walks upon his own heart's check, if God were not taken along.

OF HUMILITY.

He that means to build lasting, must lay his foundation low. As in moory grounds they erect their houses upon piles driven deep into the ground, so when we have to do with men that are boggy and rotten, our conversation would be unsound and tottering, if it were not founded upon the graces of humility, which, by reason of their slenderness, pierce deep and remain firm. The proud man, like the early shoots of a new-felled coppice, thrusts out full of sap, green in leaves and fresh in color; but bruises and breaks with every wind, is nipped with every little cold, and being top-heavy, is wholly unfit for use. Whereas the humble man retains it in the root, can abide the winter's killing blasts, the ruffling concussions of the wind, and can endure far more than that which does appear so flourishing. Like the pyramid, he hath a large foundation, whereby his height may be more eminent, and still the higher he is, the lesser doth he draw at the top; as if the nearer heaven, the smaller he must appear. And indeed, the nigher man approacheth to celestials, and the more he doth consider God, he sees the more to make himself vile in his own esteem. When the falcon flies highest,

she lessens herself most, and by so doing hath the more command of her game. And then this usually falls out, that he which values himself least, shall by others be prized most. Nature swells when she meets a check; but submission in us to others, begets submission in others to us. Force does but compel our bodies; when civility and mansuetude does calm and captivate even the rugged temper of the rude and boisterous, and like a gentle lenitive, dissipates and assuages the tumors of the most elated mind. Humility is the foot-stool, without which man can hardly get up to the bed of honor. The proud man is certainly a fool. I am sure, let his parts be what they will, in being proud he is so.

One thing may assuredly persuade us of the excellency of humility. It is ever found to dwell most with men that are most gallant. It is a flower that prospers not in lean and barren soils; but in a ground that is rich, it flourishes and is beautiful. Give me a man that is humble out of judgment, and I can find him full of all parts. Charles the Fifth was as brave in holding the candle to his departing visitants, as when he was trooped about with his victorious officers. The legislative monarch Moses, that was the first and greatest divine, statesman, historian, philosopher, and po-

et; who, as a valiant general, led Israel out of Egypt; was renowned with miracles, that could roll up the waves to pass his men, and tumble them down again upon his enemies; was a type of Christ, styled a friend of God, and, as Ecclesiasticus tells us, beloved both of God and men; yet was he meek above all that were upon the face of the earth. And lest our proud dust should think it a disparagement to be humble, we are commanded by our Saviour to learn it of him, who tells us the benefit will be "rest to our souls." We are sent to the pismire for industry, to the lion for valor, to the dove for innocence, to the serpent for wisdom; but for humility, unto God himself, as an attribute more peculiar to his excellence. And certainly, if we shall but contemplate him, we shall find him able for all, either that we can or cannot conceive; yet by his upholding and sublevaminous providence, according to his mere will he orders, guides, and governs all.

No man ever lost esteem with wise men, by stooping to an honest lowness when there was occasion. I have known a great duke to fetch in wood to his inferior's fire, and a general of nations descending to a footman's office in lifting up the boot of a coach; yet never thought it an eclipse to either of their dignities. The text does give it to the Publican's dejectedness,

rather than to the Pharisee's boasting. That ship wants ballast that floats upon the top of the waters; and he may well be suspected to be defective within, that would pull on respect to himself by his undue assuming it. What is that man worse that lets his inferior go before him? The folly is in him that takes it when not due; but the prudence rests with him, that, in the sereneness of his own worth, does not value it. In shows of state, the meanest marches first. I am not troubled if my dog outruns me. The sun chides not the morning star, though it presume to usher day before him. My place is only where I am at present; but that wherein I am not, is not mine. While the proud man bustles in the storm, and begets himself enemies, the humble peaceably passes in the shade unenvied. The full sail oversets the vessel, which, drawn in, may make the voyage prosperous. Who is it that pities Haman, when only Mordecai's uprightness in the gate shall sicken him. He surely is queasy-stomached, that must pet and puke at such a trivial circumstance.

Humility prevents disturbance. It rocks debate asleep, and keeps men in continued peace. Men rest not while they ride in state, or hurry it in a furious charge; but when they humble themselves to the earth or a couch, refreshing

sleep does then becalm their toils and cares. When the two goats on a narrow bridge met over a deep stream, was not he the wiser that lay down for the other to pass over him, than he that would rather hazard both their lives by contending? He preserved himself from danger, and made the other become debtor to him for his safety. I will never think myself disparaged either by preserving peace or doing good. He is charitable, that out of christian ends can be content to part with his due; but he that would take it from me, wrongs not me so much as he does himself. I have ever thought it indiscretion to vie it in continued strife. Prevailing is but victory in part; his pride may still remain unconquered. If I be subdued, beside my shame I purchase his contempt to boot; when yielding, out of prudence, triumphs over all, and brings him in to be mine. I had rather be accounted too much humble, than esteemed a little proud; that tends to virtue and wisdom; this to dishonor and vice. Even in gold the stiffest is the basest; but the pure, by being ductible, keeps whole.

OF THE SOUL.

How infinitely is man distracted about himself! nay, even about that which makes him capable of that distraction, — his soul! Some have thought it of the nature of fire, a hot, subtile body, dispersing itself into rays and fiery atoms; as Democritus and some of the Stoics. Others have thought it air; as Diogenes and Varro and others. Epicurus makes it a spirit, mixed of fire and air. Some would have every element a parent of the soul, separately; so every man should have many distinct souls, according to the principles of his composition. Some have called it an undetermined virtue; some, a self-moving number; some, a quintessence.

Others have defined it to be nothing but a harmony, conflated by the most even composure of the four elements in man. And for this one might thus argue: The body is before the soul; and till the body be perfect, the soul appears not; as if the perfection of the body, in his even contemperation, were the generation of the soul within it. The soul also changeth with the body. Is it not childish in infancy, luxurious and unbounded in youth, vigorous and discerning in the strength of man-

hood, froward and doting in the declining age of his life? For that which, in old men, we call transcending wisdom, is more collection by long observation and experience of things without them, than the genuine vigor of judgment in themselves. Hence, some wise princes have been careful neither to choose a green head, nor one that is worn with age, for counsel. Next, we see the soul following the temperature of the body, nay, even the desires of it generated by the present constitution of the body; as in longing after things that please our humors and are agreeable to their defect or excess. Doth not the distemper of the body insaniate the soul? What is madness, but mania and the exuberancy and pride of the blood? And when again they mean to cure the soul, do they not begin with doses and potions, and prescriptions to the body?

Johannes de Combis cites Augustine, saying, "Anima est omnium similitudo;" because it can fancy to itself the shape of whatsoever appears. But for all these, I could never meet with any that could give it so in an absolute definition, that another or himself could conceive it; which argues, that to all these there is something sure, immortal, and transcending, infused from a supernal power. Cicero is there divine, where he says, "Credo

Deum immortalem sparsisse animos in humana corpora;" and where he says again, "Mihi quidem nunquam persuaderi potuit, animos, dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, vivere; cum exîssent ex iis, emori;" I could never think souls to live in mortal bodies, to die when they depart them. Seneca does raise it higher, and asks, "Quid aliud voces hunc, quàm Deum, in corpore humano hospitantem?" What other canst thou think it but a God, inning in the flesh of man? The conscience, the character of a God stamped in it, and the apprehension of eternity, do all prove it a shoot of everlastingness. For though I doubt whether I may be of their opinion, who utterly take away all reason from beasts, yet I verily believe these are things that were never instincted in them. Man hath these things in grant only; whereby the soul doth seem immortal, and by this seeming is proved to be so indeed. Else seeming should be better than certainty, and falsehood better than truth; which cannot be. Therefore they which say the soul is not immortal, yet that it is good men should think it so, thereby to be awed from vice and incited to virtue, even by that argument argue against themselves. They that believe it not, let them do as philosophers wish them to do, that deny fire to be hot, because they see not the means

that make it so; let them be cast into it, and then hear if they will deny. So let them that deny the immortality of the soul, be immerged in the horrors of a vulned conscience; then let them tell me what they believe.

It it certain man hath a soul, and as certain that it is immortal. But what and how it is, in the perfect nature and substance of it, I confess my human reason could never so inform me, as I could fully explain it to my own apprehension. O my God! what a clod of moving ignorance is man! when all his industry cannot instruct him what himself is; when he knows not that, whereby he knows that he does not know it. Let him study and think and invent and search the very inwards of obscured nature, he is yet to seek how to define this inexplicable, immortal, incorporeal wonder, this ray of thee, this emanation of thy deity. Let it then be sufficient, that God hath given me a soul, and that my eternal welfare depends upon it, though he be not accountable either how I had it, or what it is. I think both Seneca and Cicero say truest, when they are of opinion, that man cannot know what the soul is. Nor indeed need any man wonder at it; since he may know, whatsover is created by a superior power suffers a composure, but cannot know it, because it was done before it-

self was. Man, though he hath materials, cannot make any thing that can either know how it was made, or what it is, being made; yet it is without defect, in respect of the end it is intended for. How then can man think to know himself, when both his materials and composure are both created and formed by a Supreme Power that did it without coöperation? Why should I strive to know that, which I know I cannot know? Can a man dissect an atom? Can he grasp a flame? or hold and seize on lightnings? I am sure I have a soul, and am commanded to keep it from sin. O thou, the God of that little god within me, — my soul! let me do that, and I know thou art not such an enemy to ignorance in man, but that thou art better pleased with his admiration of thy secrets, than his search of them.

OF OSTENTATION.

Vain-glory, at best, is but like a window-cushion, specious without, and garnished with the tasseled pendant; but within, nothing but hay, or tow, or some such trash, not worth looking on. Where I have found a flood in the tongue, I have often found the heart empty.

It is the hollow instrument that sounds loud; and where the heart is full, the tongue is seldom liberal. Certainly, he that boasteth, if he be not ignorant, is inconsiderate, and knows not the slides and casualties that hang on man. If he had not an unworthy heart, he would rather stay till the world had found it, than so undecently be his own prolocutor. If thou beest good, thou mayest be sure the world will know thee so. If thou beest bad, thy bragging tongue will make thee worse, while the actions of thy life confute thee. If thou wilt yet boast the good thou truly hast, thou obscurest much of thine own worth, in drawing of it up by so unseemly a bucket as thine own tongue.

The honest man takes more pleasure in knowing himself honest, than in knowing that all the world approves him so. Virtue is built upon herself. Flourishes are for networks; better contextures need not any other additions. Phocion called bragging Laosthenes the cypress-tree; which makes a fair show, but seldom bears any fruit. Why may he not be emblemed by the cozening fig-tree, that our Saviour cursed? It is he that is conscious to himself of an inward defect, which, by the brazen bell of his tongue, would make the world believe that he had a church within. Yet, fool that he is! this is the way to make

men think the contrary, if it were so. Ostentation after, overthrows the action, which was good, and went before; or at least, it argues that good not done well. He that does good for praise only, fails of the right end a good work ought to propound. He is virtuous that is so for virtue's sake. To do well, is as much applause as a good man labors for. Whatsoever good work thy hand builds, is again pulled down by the folly of a boasting tongue. The blazings of the proud will go out in a stench and smoke. Their braggings will convert to shame. Saint Gregory has it wittily: "Sub hoste quem prosternit, moritur, qui de culpâ quam superat elevatur." He both loseth the good he hath done, and hazardeth for shame with men. For clouds of disdain are commonly raised by the wind of ostentation.

He that remembers too much his own virtues, teacheth others to object his vices. All are enemies to assuming man. When he would have more than his due, he seldom findeth so much. Whether it be out of jealousy, that by promulgating his virtues we vainly think he should rob us of the world's love; or whether we take his exalting himself to be our depression; or whether it be our envy; or that we are angry that he should so undervalue goodness, as, despising her inward approbation, he

should seek the uncertain warrant of men; or whether it be an instinct instamped in man, to dislike them; it is certain, no man can endure the puffs of a swelling mind. Nay, though the vaunts be true, they do but awaken scoffs; and instead of a clapping hand, they find a check with scorn. When a soldier bragged too much of a great scar in his forehead, he was asked by Augustus, if he did not get it when he looked back, as he fled. Certainly, when I hear a vaunting man, I shall think him like a piece that is charged but with powder, which, near hand, gives a greater report than that which hath a bullet in it. If I have done any thing well, I will never think the world is worth the telling of it. There is nothing added to essential virtue by the hoarse clamor of the blundering rabble. If I have done ill, to boast the contrary, I will think, is like painting an old face, to make it so much more ugly. If it be of any thing past, the world will talk of it though I be silent. If not, it is more noble to neglect fame, than seem to beg it. If it be of aught to come, I am foolish for speaking of that which I am not sure to perform. We disgrace the work of virtue, when we go about any way to seduce voices for her approbation.

OF OPINION.

Not any earthly pleasure is so essentially full in itself, but that even bare conceit may return it much distasteful. The world is wholly set upon the gad and waving. Mere opinion is the genius, and, as it were, the foundation of all temporal happiness. How often do we see men pleased with contraries, as if they parted the fights and frays of nature, every one maintaining the faction which he liketh? One delighteth in mirth and the friskings of an airy soul; another findeth something amiable in the saddest look of melancholy. This man loves the free and open-handed; that, the grasped fist and frugal sparing. I go to the market, and see one buying, another selling; both are exercised in things different, yet either pleased with his own; when I, standing by, think it my happiness that I do neither of these. And in all these, nothing frames content so much as imagination. Opinion is the shop of pleasures, where all human felicities are forged and receive their birth. Nor is their end unlike their beginning; for, as they are begot out of an airy phantasm, so they die in a fume, and disperse into nothing. Even those things, which in them carry a show of reason, and

wherein, if truth be judge, we may discern solidity, are made placid or disgustful, as fond opinion catches them.

Opinion guides all our passions and affections, or, at least, begets them. It makes us love and hate and hope and fear and vary; for every thing we light upon, is as we apprehend it. And though we know it be nothing but an uncertain prejudgment of the mind, misinformed by the outward senses, yet we see it can work wonders. It hath untongued some on the sudden, and from some hath snatched their natural abilities. Like lightnings, it can strike the child in the womb, and kill it ere it is worlded; when the mother shall remain unhurt. It can cast a man into speedy diseases, and can as soon recure him. I have known some, but conceiting they have taken a potion, have found the operation as if they had taken it indeed. If we believe Pliny, it can change the sex, who reports himself to have seen it; and the running Montaigne speaks of such another. Nor is it only thus powerful, when the object of the mind is at home in ourselves, but also when it lights on things abroad and apart. Opinion makes women fair, and men lovely; opinion makes men wise, valiant, rich, nay, any thing. And whatsoever it can do, on one side, to

please and flatter us, it can do the same, on the other side, to molest and grieve us; as if every man had a several seeming truth in his soul, which, if he follows, can for a time render him either happy or miserable. Here lies all the difference; if we light on things but seeming, our felicity fades; if on things certain and eternal, it continues.

It is sure, we should bring all opinions to reason and true judgment, there to receive their doom of admittance or ejection; but even that, by the former, is often seduced, and the grounds that we follow are erroneous and false. I will never, therefore, wonder much at any man, that I see swayed with particular affections to things sublunary. There are not more objects of the mind, than dispositions. Many things I may love, that I can yield no reason for; or, if I do, perhaps opinion makes me coin that for a reason, which another will not assent unto. How vain then are those, that, assuming a liberty to themselves, would yet tie all men to their tenets; conjuring all men to the trace of their steps, when it may be, what is truth to them, is error to another as wise. I like not men that will be gods, and have their judgments absolute. If I have liberty to hold things as my mind informs me, let me never desire to take away the like from anoth-

er. If fair arguments may persuade, I shall with quiet show what grounds do lead me. If those cannot satisfy, I think I may wish any man to satisfy his own conscience; for that, I suppose, will bear him out in the things that it justly approves. Why should any man be violent for that, which is more diverse than the wandering judgments of the hurrying vulgar, more changing than the love of inconstant women, more multifarious than the sports and plays of nature, which are every minute fluctuous, and returning in their new varieties? The best guide that I would choose, is the reason of an honest man, which I take to be a right-informed conscience; and as for books, which many rely on, they shall be to me as discourses but of private men, that must be judged by religion and reason; so not to tie me, unless these and my conscience join in the consent with them.

OF ASSIMILATION.

Through the whole world this holds in general, and is the end of all, that every thing labors to make the thing it meets with like itself. Fire converts all to fire. Air exsiccates

and draws to itself. Water moistens and resolveth what it meets withal. Earth changeth all that we commit to her, to her own nature. The world is all vicissitude and conversion. Nor is it only true in materials and substances, but even in spirits, in incorporeals; nay, in these there is more aptness; they mix more subtly, and pass into one another with a nimbler glide. So we see infection sooner taken by breath than contaction; and thus it is in dispositions too. The soldier labors to make his companion valiant. The scholar endeavours to have his friend learned. The bad man would have his company like himself; and the good man strives to frame others virtuous. Every man will be busy in dispending that quality which is predominant in him.

Whence this caveat may well become us, to beware both whom and what we choose to live withal. We can converse with nothing, but will work upon us, and by the unperceived stealth of time assimilate us to itself. The choice, therefore, of a man's company, is one of the most weighty actions of our lives; for our future well or ill being depends on that election. If we choose ill, every day declines us to worse; we have a perpetual weight hanging on us, that is ever sinking us down to vice. By living under Pharaoh, how quickly

Joseph learned the courtship of an oath! Italy builds a villain; Spain superbiates; Germany makes a drunkard, and Venice a lecher. But if we choose well, we have a hand of virtue, gently lifting us to a continual rising nobleness. Antisthenes used to wonder at those that were curious but in buying an earthen dish, to see that it had no cracks nor inconveniencies, and yet would be careless in the choice of friends, to take them with the flaws of vice.

Surely, a man's companion is a second genius, to sway him to the white or bad. A good man is like the day, enlightening and warming all he shines on, and is always rising upward to a region of more constant purity, than that wherein it finds the object. The bad man is like the night, dark, obtruding fears, and dimitting unwholesome vapors upon all that rest beneath. Nature is so far from making any thing absolutely idle, that even to stones and dullest metals she hath given an operation. They grow and spread in our general mother's veins, and by a cunning way of encroachment, cozen the earth of itself; and when they meet a brothered constitution, they then unite and fortify. Hence grows the height of friendship, when two similary souls shall blend in their commixions. This causes that we seldom see different dispositions to be entirely loving.

"Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocosi,
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remissi;
Potores bibuli mediâ de nocte Falerni
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula."
Hor. Ep. i. 18.

"Sad men hate mirth; the pleasant sadness shun;
Swift men, the slow; the slothful, those that run;
Who drinks, at midnight, old Falernian wine,
Scorns him that will not take his cups."

It is likeness that makes the true-love knot of friendship. When we find another of our own disposition, what is it but the same soul in a divided body? What find we, but ourselves intermutually transposed, each into other? And nature, that makes us love ourselves, makes us, with the same reason, love those that are like us. For this, a friend is a more sacred name than a brother. What avails it to have the bodies from the same original, when the souls within them differ? I believe, that the applause, which the ancients gave to equal friendship, was to be understood of the likeness of minds, rather than of estate or years; for we find no season nor no degree of man, but hath been happy with this sun of the world, friendship; whereas in jarring dispositions we never as yet found it true. Nay, I think, if the minds be consonant, the best friendship is between different fortunes. He

that is low, looks upward with a greater loving reverence; and he that is high, looks downward more affectionately, when he takes it to be for his honor to favor his inferior, whom he cannot choose but love the more for magnifying him. Something I would look to outwards; but in a friend I would especially choose him full of worth, that if I be not so myself, he yet may work me like him. So for company, books, or whatsoever, I would, if I have freedom, choose the best. Though at first I should not fancy them, continual use will alter me, and then I shall gain by their graces. If judgment direct me right in my choice, custom, winning upon my will, will never fail in time to draw that after it.

OF RELIGION AND MORALITY.

To render a man perfect, there is requisite both religion and nature; that is, faith and morality. But some will tell me, there needs but one; religion comprehends both. And certainly, the Christian religion, purely practised, will do so; for it rectifies and confirms the law of nature, and, purging man from corruption by faith, presents him justified and a

fulfiller of the law, which nature cannot do. Religion more properly respects the service of God, yet takes care of man too. Morality looks most to our conversation with men, yet leaves us not when we come to God and religion.

I confess I understand not, why some of our divines have so much cried down morality. A moral man, with some, is but another word for a reprobate. Whereas truly, charity and probability would induce us to think, that whosoever is morally honest, is so out of conscience, in obedience to the commands of God and the instinctments of nature, so framed and qualified by God himself, rather than out of sinister, lower, or less noble ends. And therefore, I hold it to be most true, that as true religion cannot be without morality, no more can morality, that is right, be without religion. I look upon it as the primitive and everlasting law and religion of man; which, instamped in his soul at his creation, is a ray arising from the image of God. Till the law was given, what religion had he but his own morality, for almost two thousand years? It was the world's religion. What was it else that taught man to pray and humble himself to a Deity? when he had done amiss, to make offertories to appease an angered Godhead, and to think of ways of

expiation? And when the law was promulgated in tables of stone to show the perpetuity of it, was it not the same, reduced to literal precepts, which even in the world's infancy was written in the hearts of men? The judicial and ceremonial law of the Jews, we see abolished at our Saviour's coming. But the decalogue, because it is moral, holds. We find it also barely preceptive and imperial. "Do this," or "Do not this," without a reason given, unless in some out of the consequence, because, being moral, there needed none. The reason was in each man's heart before, not only among the Jews, but the Gentiles also. It was the universal religion of the world, which God at first gave man; so pregnant in the minds of all, that it was sufficient, in some good measure, to curb the loose exorbitancies of depraved nature, and lead her up towards her duty. What barbarous heathen condemns not, in his conscience, what the law prohibits, or applauds not what it does command? Of this the great Apostle spake, where he tells us, that "when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do yet naturally the things contained in the law, they are a law to themselves."

Even reason, which is nature, leads a man up to religion's palace, though it show us not all the private rooms within it. It brings us

into the presence, though not into the privy chamber. It ushers us to faith, which, rightly stated, is little more than rarefied and pure celestial reason. For of faith, there is reason to be given; and though it be set in a height beyond our human perspicience, I can believe it rather super-elevated, that contradictive to our reason. When man comes to faith, he then runs out of himself, but not at all against himself. By his virtue, he but lifts up nature to a higher scale. Religion and virtue is but nature better bred, more immediately deducing its original from God, the author and fountain of all that is good. Suitable to this is that which the Orator tells us, where, "De Legibus," he makes virtue nothing else, but perfect nature raised to its full sublimity. And besides the schoolmen, I have met with a divine, declaring, that "Religio est omnium moralium virtutum nobilissima;" religion is the noblest of all moral virtues. And it is Cornelius à Lapide. Reason can tell us, that, having offended, without satisfaction we are liable to punishment. It can set us to search for a Saviour, though it cannot find him for us in his gracious contrivances and sublime immensities. Even the Gospel, in its larger part, is moral. The law is the compendium of morality; and the Gospel is the compendium of the law. Up-

on loving God above all, and our neighbour as ourselves, hang all the law and the Gospel. And this, as the consecrated rule with man, is that which the Apostle calls the royal law, which if we fulfill, we do well.

I find in most religions, some tenets that are destructive to humanity, though not in the first sanction and frame of religion, yet in time brought in by particular professors, who have left posterity their disciples. The very series and foundations of religion, by such as these have been dispensed with, under the pretence of public interest, to bring in particular designs. But the true Christian religion and the true morality dares not do a wrong, nor so much as plead necessity, where, by suffering, it may be avoided. Even in all religions, when they be cut out into sects, they run to division and destroy. Like little rills from large rivers, they suffer not the stones to rest, but rattle and make a noise with their shallowness, while the main stream, by reason of his deepness, is both smooth and silent. Men that are of depraved and harsh dispositions, are aptest to become sectaries; and when such come once to be dipped in religion, — for to be well washed, cleanseth, — they are usually more virulent than any other sort of men. If they had the grounds of morality, even the goodness of nature would

make them inoppressive, and dictate to them, that it were nobler to undergo a self-denying or some sufferance, than by singularity, and the morosity of an eager spleen, give a public disturbance, perhaps to the unhinging of the whole frame of government. Certainly, however the pretext be religion, and that misleading meteor, liberty, yet in the violators of a just authority, it is either an ill nature or a sinister end, which draws them to persist in it. If there were charity, without which all religion is vain, no man would prefer a self-immunity before a general peace.

Therefore, let men be never so specious in the formal profession and verbalities of religion, when I see them act things against morality, and such as are destructive to human society, I shall be content to call it craft or policy, but by no means religion to be imitated. To circumvent men into snares of either life, or estate, or liberty; to insidiate and entrap the unsuspicious and well meaning man; to grow great, and rise by my neighbour's fall, to which I have contributed; to undo a man for acting honesty and conscience; to delude the world by vows and promises; to falsify oaths and public manifestos; to be prodigal of the blood and lives of others; to lift them out of the world for ends; to impropriate myself into that

which is not mine; to pretend one thing and act the contrary: these and the like being against the rules of morality, let them carry what face they will, religion may be the paint, but never the complexion of such actions. He that is not morally honest, whatsoever gloss his religion bears, he wears it but in water-colors, which either a warm breath or a wet storm will melt away or blemish.

Methinks I find the soundness of heathens putting the blush upon the practice of Christians, who stain their sincere profession by the underhand complications of fraud and collusion. How natural was it in the Romans to have their bloods rise at Lucius Marcus; for that by subtilties, wiles, and craft he went about to facilitate his victories against the Macedonian Perseus. When Meander of Samos, flying to the Spartans from the Persian forces, declared what wealth he had brought along, and how much he would give to Cleomenes, their governor; Cleomenes presently repairs to the Senate, and tells them, it would be well if they banished their Samian guest, lest he might persuade some Spartan to be wicked. The name of Great had not been undeservedly given to Alexander, for telling one that persuaded him to take the advantage of a dark night to set upon his enemy, Darius, — "No," says he,

"I had rather repent my fortune than blush at my victory." And in a Christian it deserved a high applause, Conrad, the first emperor of Germany; who, when Misicus, who persisted in his father's rebellion, not being able to defend himself against the emperor's puissance, fled to Waldericus, duke of Bohemia, and he, after promising protection and assistance, to work his own ends, privately treated with the emperor for delivering him into his hands; the emperor's heroic heart, disdaining so base a treachery or to gain an enemy by compliance with so great unworthiness, sent word to Misicus, that he would do well either to submit himself to him, or provide himself of a surer sanctuary, for that his pretending friend would betray him.

Doubtless there is a moral gallantry in nature, that will lead a man to any thing but poorness and indirection. And certainly, it is more safe to trust a poor good-natured Publican, than any supercilious and high-pretending Pharisee. I shall surely much suspect that religion, which hath not got the mastery of pride, intemperance, and deceit. There is a genuine clearness that looks braver than all the nick-named strong abilities of over-reaching,—to be a man answerable to David's queries in his fifteenth Psalm, which do all point at our

converse with men. In the beginning it makes him dwell in God's tabernacle; in the end it sets him immovable. The Apostle seems to couple both together when he tells us, that fearing God and working righteousness makes a man acceptable in what nation soever he be. The immolation of beasts and the other costly oblations in the law were the highest outward duties of religion that we read of; yet never prized like the entireness of an honest heart, endeavouring in all things to bear a good conscience towards God and towards men. If we believe Solomon, the Prophets, and the Apostles, they will tell us, that to do justice and judgment is more acceptable than sacrifice. It is charity and unspottedness that is the pure and undefiled religion. And indeed God hath no need of our service, were it not for our own avail. But man hath. And pursuant to this, there are six commandments relating to man, and but four to God. Yet indeed, because they cannot be divided, they all make up one law. The world consisted of two sorts of people, Jews and Gentiles. The true worship of the Deity was discovered but to one. But the moral law relating to man was naturally imposed on both; and when both parties confirm it, why should any decry it? I take that to be good divinity, though I have it from the Roman Persius.

" Quin damus id Superis, de magnâ quod dare lance
Non possit magni Messalæ lippa propago;
Compositum jus, fasque animi, sanctosque recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto."
Sat. ii.

" Let 's give God what Messala's blear-ey'd race
Cannot in their huge incense-charger place;
Resolved right, pure thoughts, a mind raised high,
A soul ingrained with noble honesty."

OF FAITH AND GOOD WORKS.

I FIND not a greater seeming contradiction in the whole gospel, than that which relates to faith and works. The Apostle Saint Paul argues high for faith, and Saint James as high for works. One says, Abraham and Rahab were justified by faith; the other, that Abraham and Rahab were justified by works. One says, " by the works of the law shall no flesh living be justified." The other says, that " ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only." Nay, Saint Paul may seem to contradict himself, when in one place he says, " the doers of the law shall be justified;" and in another, that " we know a man is not justified by the works of the law," and " that no man is justified by the law in

the sight of God, it is evident." Surely, though these seem to be contradictions, yet rightly understood they are not so. For, to leave the niceties of those sharp disputes that are on either side, I look upon it as a rule, that, where the Scripture seems to run into contrarieties, there certainly is a middle way between both, which we ought to seek out and follow, and that the extremes on either side are forbidden, and the union and inseparability of both are enjoined.

I do therefore humbly conceive, that the insisting upon justification by works, and the insisting upon justification by faith alone, might, with much more profit to the church of God, be left to be so strenuously tugged for, by the differing parties. It would more safely be evinced from these two seeming discrepancies, that no man can be justified without degrees of both; and that to depend solely upon one is dangerous, for doubtless both are meant. And therefore, when at one time the people came to our Saviour, and asked him, "What shall we do, that we might work the works of God," he answered, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent;" declaring thereby faith to be even the whole work of the evangelical law. And when the young man in the Gospel asked him, at anoth-

er time, what he should do to inherit eternal life, his answer to him was, that he should "keep the commandments." Neither of which are to be taken exclusively, but both commanded; so both to be equally practised.

Works without faith, are at best but arrows shot at random; no man can assure that they shall ever hit the mark. And for faith, Saint James tells us, that without works it is dead. And then, what is it that the dead can do? Faith indeed glorifies God in private, between himself and our souls. It is the monastic part of religion, which acts all within the cell of our own bosoms. But works glorify him before the world and men. Faith without works is but a withered tree; there wants both leaves and fruit. And works without faith is one that hath no root to give it sap and verdure. Faith is as the meaning, and works are the expression of the mind. Faith is the pin that fastens the soul to the chariot of eternity, while works are as the harness and the trappings whereby it is drawn along, and without which all her operations else are useless. Works without faith are like a salamander without fire, or a fish without water. The element which they should live in, is not there; and though there may seem to be some quick actions of life and symptoms of agility, yet they are indeed but

forerunners of their end, and the very presages of death.

Faith again without works is like a bird without wings; who, though she may hop with her companions here upon earth, yet if she lives till the world's end, she will hardly ever fly to heaven, because she wants her feathers. But when both are joined together, then does the soul mount to the hill of eternal rest. These conjoined can bravely raise her to her highest zenith, and by a noble elevation fix her there for ever, taking away both the will that did betray her, and the possibility that might. The former, without the latter, is self-cozenage; the last, without the former, is mere hypocrisy; together, the excellency of religion. Faith is the rock, while every good action is as a stone laid. One is the foundation, the other is the structure. The foundation without the walls is of slender value. The building without the basis cannot stand. They are so inseparable, as their conjunction makes them good. Whosoever does believe in God aright, believes him to be a rewarder of good; a God that requires what is just and equal, that loves to magnify himself in his mercy, in his doing good to his creatures, and in his infinite and unbounded beneficence; and that he is a punisher of evil, a detester of in-

justice, yet one that delights not in afflicting to their torment the works of his hands.

Therefore, such as would persuade us these believe, and practise the contrary of these, they are Christians of such a new edition as nothing of them can be found in Scripture or antiquity. They are but infidel Christians, whose faith and works are at war against each other. Faith that is right, can no more forbear good works, than can the sun to shed abroad his glorious beams, or a body of perfumes to disperse a grateful odor. Works may be without faith; they may rise from other ends; and it is no news to see hypocrisy decking herself with the fringes and purls of the truest religion. But faith will not be satisfied, if she have not works attending her. A solifidian Christian is a nullifidian Pagan, and confutes his tongue with his hand. I will first labor for a good foundation, — saving faith; and equally will I seek for strong walls, — good works. For as man judgeth the house by the edifice, more than by the foundation; so not according to his faith, but according to his works, shall God judge man. Nor is it unworthy of our observation, that when Saint James parallels faith and works to the body and soul, he compares faith but to the body, while works he likens to the soul, that gives it motion, life, and animation.

I shall forbear to make the inference, but leave it to the reader's sober consideration. See James ii. 26.

THE VIRTUOUS MAN IS A WONDER.

If it were true when David lived, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one," how can it be less in these times, when the long series of practice hath heightened and habituated man in vice, beyond that of past ages? The virtuous man, therefore, doubtless, must be a wonder. That fire is of an unusual composure, that is made to burn in water; and so must his temper be, that can hold his heat and brightness, compassed with corruption's waves, and courted by those temptations every where, that, like the ambient air, encircle him. That I see men wicked, it is no marvel at all. Bate a man education, and it is natural for him to be so. Folly is bound up with the life of a child. And since vice is a declination, surely man is born to ill, as heavy things sink downward. And then how much easier is it falling down the hill, than climbing it. When the handsome courtesan, Theodata, vaunted to Soc-

rates, how much she was to be esteemed before him, because she could gain many proselytes from him, but he none at all from her, he replied, it was no wonder; for she led men down the easy and descending road of vice, while he compelled them to the thorny and ascentive path of virtue. They that are tided down the stream of looseness, have much the advantage of those that follow goodness. Virtue dwells at the head of the river, to which we cannot get but by rowing against the current.

Besides those inclinations that sway the soul to ill, the way is broader, and more strewed with gilded pleasures. He that walks through a large field, hath only a narrow path to guide him right in the way. But on either side what a wide room hath he to wander in. What latitude can bound a profane wit, or a lascivious fancy? The loose tongue lets fly at all, while the sober David sets a watch at his lips, and examines all his language ere it passes. Every virtue hath two vices, that close her up in curious limits; and if she swerve, though never so little, she suddenly steps into error. Life is a passage betwixt Scylla and Charybdis; missing the channel, our bark is presently sucked into shipwreck. Religion hath superstition and profaneness. Fortitude hath fear and rash-

ness; liberality, avarice and prodigality; justice, rigor and partiality; and so the like in others; which have made some to define virtue to be nothing else but a mean between two extremes.

The truth is, the track of virtue is a nice way; it is walking upon an edge; and were there not a star within that guides and shoots its rays of comfort, nature would hardly take the pains to be virtuous. Virtue is a war, wherein a man must be perpetual sentinel. It is an obelisk, that requires many trophies to the erecting it; and, though founded in the earth, man, his spire does reach to heaven. Like the palm-tree, though it hath pleasant fruit, it is hard to come by, for the stem is not easy to climb. "Vir bonus, cito nec fieri potest, nec intelligi; nam ille fortasse, tanquam Phœnix, anno quingentesimo nascitur." A good man is neither quickly made, nor easily understood; for like the Phœnix, he by accident is born, but one in five hundred years. And this was Seneca's opinion; to which, not unsuitable, is that of Ausonius:

"Judex ipse sui, totum se explorat ad unguem;
Offensus pravis, dat palmam et præmia rectis;
Vir bonus et sapiens, qualem vix repperit ullum,
Millibus e multis hominum, consultus Apollo."

Eid. 16.

" Who 's his own judge, himself doth all indite,
Who hates the bad, rewards and crowns the right;
'Mongst many thousands, learn'd Apollo can,
Thus wise and good, scarce find one single man."

And indeed virtue hath this in it. It is a ship that rides among the rocks; is exercised in sufferings and in difficulties. It is a Scæva's shield, thronged with the arrows of the enemy. Who had known of Mutius Scævola, if his heart's resolution had not left his hand insensible of flames? Where had been the memory of our martyrs, if their Pagan persecutors had not given them the glory of their torments?

" Non est ad astra mollis e terris via;
Imperia dura tolle, quid virtus erit?'

" From earth to heaven, the way 's nor soft, nor smooth;
In easy things, brave virtue hath no place."

Like mid-June swine, we can quickly roll and tumble us in the mire of vice. But to be a virtuous man, is toil and expugnation; it is winning of a city by inches; for we must not only make good our own ground, but we must repel our enemies, who will assault us even from every room we pass by. If in vice there be a perpetual grassation, there must be in virtue a perpetual vigilance; and it is not enough to be

incessant, but it must be universal. In a battle we fight not but in complete armour. Virtue is a cataphract; for in vain we arm one limb, while the other is without a defence. I have known a man slain in his eye, while, all else armed, he hath but peered at his enemy. It is the good man is the world's miracle. He is not only nature's mistress, but art's masterpiece, and heaven's mirror. To be soaked in vice is to grow but after our breed. But the good man I will worthily magnify. He is beyond the Mausoleum or Ephesian temple. To be an honest man is to be more than nature meant him. His birth is as rare as the change of religion, but in certain few periods of time. Like the only true philosopher's stone, he can unalchymy the alloy of life, and by a certain celestial superfœtation, turn all the brass of this world into gold. He it is that can carry on his bark against all the ruffling winds, that can make the thorny way pleasant, and unentangle the encumbrances of the earth. A wise, a virtuous man, though he be in misery, he is but like a black lantern in the night; he may seem dull and dark to those that are about him, but within he is full of light and brightness, and when he lists to open the door, he can show it.

THE DANGER OF ONCE ADMITTING A SIN.

THOUGH every thing we know not be a riddle at first, yet once untied, there nothing is more easy. And as no feat of activity is so difficult, but being once done, a man ventures on it more freely the second time; so there is no sin at first so hateful, but being once committed willingly, a man is made more prone to a reiteration. There is more desire of a known pleasure, than of that which our ears have only heard report of. Even ignorance is so far good, that in a calm it keeps the mind from distraction. And knowledge, as it breeds desire in all things seemingly good, so doth it serve us with beguiling sin. He that acts an offence, not only speaks, but recites his own foul story; and as it makes it more legible to others, so it deeper sinks in his own mind and memory, for the being charactered by his displaying hand. It lies within him like a raked up fire, which, but uncovered, glows itself into a lively heat. The glass that once is cracked, with every little shake is apt to fall in pieces. He breaks his hedge of grace that admits of a scandalous sin. When once a weighty sin hath trodden down the fence, each petty vice

will easily then step over. A breach once made, the city is in danger to be lost.

To think we shall be wiser by being wickeder, is the simple mistake of man. Ignorance herein is better than knowledge, and it is far better to want discourse than guilt. Alas! we know not what rich joys we lose, when first we lash into a new offence. The world cannot repurchase us our pristine, clear integrity. Dishonor stains us into discontent; we thereby slip our hold of grace, which without many tears we never can recover. Perhaps we itch but once to try how pleasing sin will be. But at Adam's price we buy this painted apple; and thereby chiefly we discover but our own want and nakedness, and lose the paradise of innocence, that before this act we enjoyed. The chiefest knowledge that we get, is that of our thereby guilt and misery.

Nor let any man vainly believe he shall be less actuated by the importunity of a scandalous sin, for having once committed it. For, though it may seem, as poison, cold before we come to taste it, yet once let in, it boils us up to scalding all our senses. That which we thought was milk to quench, proves oil to inflame. The palate of the soul, by tasting, then is vitiated; and that, which before was curiosity, does now turn into concupiscence and

the impetuous longing after practised pleasures. Surely, he that would be pleasedly innocent, must refrain from the taste of offence. Though the imperious tribunes condemned the triumvirs, only because they came not soon enough to quench the fire, broke out in the Via Sacra; yet doubtless every active sin is a flame to burn up piety, which we ought, if we can, to prevent; if not, to make haste to extinguish, lest it quite consume our religion. To death did the Lacedæmonians censure that soldier, that, merely out of a boyish vanity, bore but a little scarlet-fancy in his shield; lest it should tempt the army to a foreign luxury.

Even small offences are but the little thieves, that, entered, let in greater. But where they are scandalous, the dominion totally is given up into their hands. I would not purchase knowledge by buying slavery and contamination. An innocent ignorance is to be preferred before a nocent knowledge. Let me rather have others think me defective, than that I should know myself to be lewd.

OF NEGLECT.

THERE is the same difference between diligence and neglect, that there is between a garden curiously kept, and the sluggard's field, that fell under Solomon's prospect, when it was all overgrown with nettles and thorns. The one is clothed with beauty, and the gracious amiableness of content, and cheering loveliness; while the other hath nothing but either little smarting pungencies, or else such transpiercings as rankle the flesh within. Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes through all her massiest resolutions, and, with admittance only, flakes away more of its steel and hardness, than all the hackings of a violent hand can perform. The excretions of the body grow but insensibly; yet unless they be daily taken away, they disguise a man to a monster; as Nebuchadnezzar's hairs were like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws, in his seven years' bestiality. What nature made for use, for strength, for ornament, neglect alone converts to trouble, weakness, and to loathed deformity. We need no more but sit still, and diseases will arise only for want of exercise.

How fair and fresh soever the soul be, yet in our flesh it lives in smoke and dust; and if it

daily be not brushed and cleansed by care and penitence, it quickly discolors and soils. Take the weeders from the floralium, and a very little time will change it to a wilderness. And then it is a habitation for vermin, that was before a recreation for men. Our life is a warfare, and men use not in it to sleep without a sentinel, nor march without a scout. He that wanteth either of these, exposes himself to surprise and the becoming a prey to the diligence and laboriousness of his adversary. We have known many that have wasted goodly patrimonies, who have been handsomely natured and free from vices of any signal remark at all; for which we could give no other reason but only a general incuriousness and neglect of timely inspection into their own affairs. Thus Honorius passed away his empire to his sister Placidia. And Nero's other vices were not more contributing to his ruin, than his supine neglect when the legions began to rise. The mounds of life and virtue, as well as those of pastures, will decay. It is but forbearing to repair them, that all the beasts of the field may enter and tear up whatsoever is good in us and grows.

Certainly religion teaches to be exact and curious. The law is such a rule, as every aberration from it is an eye-sore. We see some-

times how small a scruple can disturb the mind's fair peace. Macarius gave himself penance for but killing a gnat in anger. Like the Jewish touch of things unclean, the meanest miscarriage requires a purification. Who does not therefore guard himself, neglects his greatest enemy. Man is like a watch; if evening and morning he be not wound up with prayer and circumspection, he either is unprofitable or false; he either goes not to direct, or serves to mislead. And as the slenderest hair, the least grain of sand, or the minutest atom, makes it either a trouble or deceit; so the least neglect does steal us into improficiency and offence, which degreeingly will weigh us down to extremity. If the instrument of living be not truly set, all that we play upon it will be harsh and out of tune. The diapason dies, where every string does not confer its part.

Surely, without a union to God, we cannot be secure or well. Can he be happy, that from happiness is divided? And God is so exact, so smooth, so straight, so perfectly perfect in all, that it is not possible for man to be joined to him, unless proportionably he be so too. The smooth and rugged never made good joint. The straight and crooked will never be brought to close. Unless our knots and excrescences be taken off and shot into directness, they hinder

union, and thrust us off from Deity. No glue will hold us close, when we shall swell into unevenness, by the neglect of not planing ourselves into virtue and piety. Diligence alone is a good patrimony; but neglect wastes a fair fortune. One preserves and gathers; the other, like death, is the dissolution of all. The industrious bee, by her sedulity in summer, dwells in, and lives on honey all the winter. But the drone, which, according to Pliny, is an imperfect bee, and begot in decay when the bee is wasted and past labor, is not only cast out, but beaten and punished.

A CHRISTIAN'S THREEFOLD CONDITION.

WHO is it can be so sanguine, as to be always constant in a full-blown jollity? It is the glorious sun alone, that in himself is ever bodied, full of light and brightness. But as in the moon we see a threefold condition, that gives her an alternate face, her wane, her increase, her full; so I see the same resembled in a Christian, three efficient causes working them, — sin, repentance, faith.

When after sin a Christian once considers, he finds a shadow drawn upon his light. The steps of night stay printed in his soul. His shine grows lean within him, and makes him like the moon in her declining wane, obscuring and diminishing that clearness of the spirit which lately shined with such brightness in him. It dims the beauty of the luminous soul. Like the sensitive plant, when the hand of flesh does touch it, she shrinks in all her leaves; or else she, like the humble one, falls flat, and lankly lies upon the earth. Nay, sometimes, as the moon in our lost sight of her, he seems quite gone and vanished; resting for a time like a diseased man in a trance; as a winter tree, or fire that is buried in concealing embers; without or sense or show of either light or heat.

But then comes repentance, and casts water in his face, bedews him with tears, packs the spirits back again to the heart, till that be roused up by them; rubs up his benumbed soul, that there is to be seen some tokens both of life and recovery. Repentance is the key, that unlocks the gate wherein sin does keep man prisoner. Who is it can be so black and dead a coal, that this lachrymal water, with the breath of the Holy Spirit, cannot blow up into a glowing light? This makes him spring,

causes him to begin to bud again, unrolls his wrapped-up beauty, and by little and little, if not at once, recollects his decayed strength of the apprehension of God's Spirit; so sets him in the way to joy and renewed courses. Repentance is Penelope's night, which undoes that which the day of sin did weave. It is indeed the only "aqua vitæ" to fetch again the fainting soul. And it might justly therefore cause the emperor Theodosius to wonder at the effect. That living man should die, he saw was ordinary and familiar. But it was from God alone, that man, being dead in sin, should live again by repentance.

But lastly, faith appears, and perfects what repentance begun and could not finish. She cheers up his drooping hopes, brings him again to his wonted solace, spreads out his leaves, envigors his shrunk nerves, and to a bright flame blows his dying fire; that, like the moon in her full glory, he becomes endued with a plenteous fruition of the presence of the Almighty. Thus, while he sins, he wanes himself to darkness and obscurity; when he repents, he begins to recover light; and when his faith shines clear, he then appears at full. Yet in all these, while he lives here, he is not only charged with some spots, but is subject to the vicissitudes of change. Sometimes he is frol-

icked with a feast within him; sometimes he is shrinking in a starved condition, and sometimes dull with darkness of desertion. Yet, in all, he lives; though in some weakly, and in some insensibly, yet never without one sound consolation in the worst of these sad variations.

As the planet Mercury, though erratic and unfixed, yet never wanders far from the sun; or as the moon, when she is least visible, is as well a moon as when we see her in her full proportion; only the sun looks not on her with so large an aspect, and she reflects no more than she receives from him; so a Christian, in his lowest ebb of sorrow, is an heir of salvation, as well as when he is in the highest flow of comfort; only the Sun of Righteousness darts not the beams of his love so plentifully, and he shows no more, than God by shining gives him. When the Holy Spirit holds in his beams, frail man then needs must languish. It is deprivation that creates a hell; for where God is not, there it is that hell is. Whenever this tide runs out, there is nought but mud and weeds that is left behind. When God shall hide his face, in vain elsewhere we seek for a subsistence. He is the air, without which is no life. His withdrawings are our miseries; his presence is joy and revivement. It is only sin that can eclipse this light. It is the interposure of

this gross, opacous body, that blacks the else bright soul. This is that Great Alexander, which keeps the light from this poor Diogenes in his tub of mortality; and this, sometimes, must be expected while we are here below. Even time consists of night and day; the year, of various seasons. He that expects a constancy here, does look for that which this world cannot give. It is only above the sun, that there is no moon to change.

OF IDLE BOOKS.

Idle books are the licentiate follies of the age, that, like a corrupt air, infect wheresoever they come. Some are simple; and these, besides making the author ridiculous, seldom hurt the reader with more than loss of time. For if he have any sense, he will grow wiser by the folly that is presented him; as drunkards are often cured by seeing the beastliness of others that are so. He hath extreme ill luck, that takes pains to be laughed at, when he might at once both have spared his labor and preserved his credit. But he that hath not judgment to censure his own, will hardly come to be mended by admonition. And, besides,

the least caution is to be given of these; for a man will no more dwell in one of these, than a traveller of quality will lodge in an alehouse or booth. It was Cicero's "Lectionem sine ullâ delectatione negligo." He hated reading where no pleasure dwelt. As cobwebs these by them that are neat will be swept away; and if they hang still, they catch but only flies.

Another sort are wanton and lascivious; and these, like rank flesh unsalted, when they should prove wholesome food, they carry a taint that poisons; so in the end they enliven only vermin, and do beget but stench. It is true, wit is naturally readier at this than any other theme; yet the best is never obscene. As the dry light is the purest, so is wit, when it is terse and spruce, without the fulsomeness of ungentle language. The old law forbade the touch of any thing that was unclean. A man may know that hand to have need of washing, from betwixt whose fingers the ink that drops is foul. Vicious or a clown is his character at best; but for the most part ill-bred persons are the most debauched. Civility is the correction of manners. And though if such works should be quaint in language, yet are they but as unsavory breaths perfumed; there is only a more precious stink, which certainly shows either what the conversation hath

been, or what the inclination is; for, more than speech, is the pen the mind's interpreter. As the breaking out of itch and blains show the body is not clear, so loose and unrinsed expressions are the purulent and spurcitious exhalations of a corrupted mind, stained with the unseasonedness of the flesh.

Yet doubtless if we respect human society, writings that are scandalous are worse than these. It is a kind of barbarousness in death unto the dead; for though both be alive at the publishing, yet printing is a kind of perpetuity, and carrieth to future ages both the author's malice and the party's infamy that is traduced. A book, that brands a person with indignities, is his Lot's wife in a pillar of salt. It remains a monument of disgrace. The malicious writer is like the bee, "animam in vulnere ponit;" he puts his soul into the wound he makes, and drowns himself for ever after: for the venom, which he vents himself, lazies his reputation with others. "Multi cum aliis maledicunt, sibi ipsis convicium faciunt," was an observation of Seneca's. It is unnoble to traduce the absent, though provoked by passion; but to display a man's malice in writing is deliberate wickedness, to which, with his own disgrace, he sets his hand and seal, and does an injury, for which he cannot make amends sufficient.

For admit he does retract in public, he is not sure all that saw his first book shall come to read his last. And then what case is he in that dies in divulging premeditated wrong. As witches pass by all the wholesome simples of the earth, and gather only poisonous and baneful for their sorceries; so the spiteful pen picks out only the vices and corruptions of men, but leaves their virtues buried and untouched, which, justly but remembered, might balance all their failings. Like toads, they gather up only the venom of the garden; and as our gold-finders, they have the honor in the night and darkness to dive in stench and excrements. But above all, to abuse the dead is most deadly. The dead is as the fatherless and widow, whose cause, because they want defenders, God himself will vindicate. How below the gallantry of man is it, to tyrannize upon the indefensible and senseless! The brave soul scorns advantages. Is it reasonable in arms to fight against the naked? To meet my enemy without a weapon, is his protection, if I be provided. The dead are tamely passive, and should the dishonor of them be tolerated, what fame could rest unblasted in the grave? Certainly that pen is ill made, that, instead of cutting a clear letter, leaves a blot. When Agesilaus was presented with Lysander's trea-

sonable letters, and was about to read them in the head of his army, he was told Lysander was dead; and this took him off his purpose. He beats the air and combats ghosts, that wounds the departed from life.

Next to these are the heretical. These seed the world with tares; like ill plants in a good ground, if they be let grow to seed, they sow themselves, and perpetuate their corruptions to after generations. The heretic must needs be obstinate and arrogant; for by presuming on his own sense he grows incorrigible. He is the highest papal man in the world; for he sets up himself above the church and all her doctors. While he cries down others for infallible, he lifts himself up to be so. His presumption must needs be vast, that builds more on his own tenet, than upon the mature judgment of all the successive Fathers; as if God had revealed more to him, than to all the pillars and propagators of his church. If he will have liberty given him to maintain his own opinions, why should not reason tell him that others will expect the like for themselves? St. Augustine tells us, that he is a heretic "qui pro alicujus temporalis commodi, et maxime gloriæ principatûsque sui gratiâ, falsas ac novas opiniones gignit aut sequitur;" that for some temporal profit, and for the glory of his

own preëminence, either authors or persists in some new and false opinions. Usually they are for ends and interest; and then how infinitely does he offend, who will bias God's truths, and descend and bow them to his corrupted benefit. He raises himself above God, under the pretence of serving him, and sins more in his grave, and dead, than when he was alive; for he poisons from generation to generation; and, which is worst of all, he offends till the world's end, in a book which cannot repent.

But, above all, the profane are to be avoided. The very reading is an unhappiness; but a second perusal, guilt and approbation. The heretic misunderstands religion, but the profane does scorn it. Such the very heathen admitted not to sacrifice. The profane, says one, is he, "qui nihil habet sacri, qui sacra negligit, violat, conculcat;" who hath nothing of religion in him, but neglects, destroys, and spurns at all that is sacred. He is indeed the practical atheist, that, contemning Heaven, hath, more than the mere Pagan, forgot himself to be man. It is a strange kind of sauciness for man to jest with God. He that is well-bred cannot but abominate such rudeness. He is a clown to heaven, that makes himself too familiar with the Deity. He vapors away his

soul in air, that by his pen or tongue would cast a disgrace upon God. If man, compacted of infirmities, be so jealous of his honor, that with the hazard of his life he dares duel him that stains it; how will God, that made man with this jealousy, be zealous of his own honor by punishing such as wildly do despise it? How infinitely will the superstition of the Jews cry down the loose neglect of our times? Profaneness is but a little less daring blasphemy; and at hearing this, they used to be so extasied and impassioned, as presently to tear their garments; so St. Paul and St. Barnabas, in Acts xiv. Such reverence had they to the name of God, that they held it an offence to think of him in any noisome place. Every day was the mouth to be washed, lest God's name should come out of a foul place. Shall the clay grow insolent against the potter, or the worm offer to perk it up at the face of man? Beware of the profane and scorner. He that neglects God, will make no scruple of betraying man. If he sits loose to heaven, he will never hold firm to earth; but for himself will forsake his friends, having done so already to God, that yet gives him all. Any of these are the plague in paper, which he is in much danger of catching that comes but between the sheets. Nor can he offend alone. A corrupt

book is an amphisbæna, a serpent headed at either end; one bites him that reads, the other stings him that writes. For if I be corrupted by his pen, the guilt grows his as well as mine, although the grave holds him. I will not write, lest I hurt myself and posterity. I will not read, lest I hurt myself and predecessors. They that die of the pestilence are not less infectious, laid forth, than when they are alive. The body of that wickedness shows poison, which continues working longer than life, and when all the sense is gone. A foolish sentence, dropped upon paper, sets folly on a hill, and is a monument to make infamy eternal.

OF READING AUTHORS.

THE comparison was very apt in the excellent Plutarch, that we ought to regard books as we would do sweetmeats; not wholly to aim at the pleasantest, but chiefly to respect the wholesomeness; not forbidding either, but approving the latter most. But to speak clearly, though the profitableness may be much more in some authors than there is in others, yet it is very rare that the ingenious can be ill. He

that hath wit to make his pen pleasant, will have much ado to separate it from being something profitable. A total levity will not take. A rich suit requires good stuff, as well as to be tinselled out with lace and ribands. And certainly, wit is very near akin to wisdom. If it be to take in general, or to last, we may find, it ought to be interwoven with some beautiful flowers of rhetoric; with the grateful scenting herbs of reason and philosophy, as well as with the simples of science, or physical plants, and the ever-green sentences of piety and profoundness. Even the looser poets have some divine preceptions. Though I cannot but think Martial's wit was much cleaner than his pen, yet he is sometimes grave as well as gamesome. And I do not find but deep and solid matter, where it is understood, takes better than the light flashes and the skipping capers of fancy. Who is it will not be as much delighted with the weighty and substantial lines of the Senecas and Plutarch, the crisped Sallust, the politic Tacitus, and the well-breathed Cicero, as with the frisks and dancings of the jocund and the airy poets?

Those abilities, that renowned authors furnish the world with, beget a kind of deifical reverence in their future readers. Though even in the unpartialness of war, Alphonsus

wanted stones to carry on his siege of Cajeta, and none could be so conveniently had, as from Tully's "Villa Formiana" that was near it; yet, for the noble regard he bore to his long past eloquence, he commanded his soldiers that they should not stir them. Composures that aim at wit alone, like the fountains and water-works in gardens, are but of use for recreation, after the travels and toils of more serious employments and studies. The palace and the constant dwelling is composed of solid and more durable marbles, that represent to after ages the ingenuity and magnificence of the architect. And as the house alone is no complete habitation without those decorations for delight, no more is the work of the brain on all sides furnished, without some sprightly conceits that may be intermixed to please.

"Nec placeat facies cui gelasinus abest."

"No beauty has that face,
Which wants a natural grace."

Those romances are the best, that, besides the contexture for taking the fancy in their various accidents, give us the best ideas of morality, with the expressive emanations of wisdom and divine knowledge. Those that are

light, and have only the gauderies of wit, are but for youth and greener years to toy withal. When we grow to riper age, we begin to leave such studies as sports and pastimes, that we outgrow by more maturity. Of this age Horace was, when he declared,

" Nunc itaque et versus, et cætera ludicra pono :
Quod verum, atque decens curo, et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum :
Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere possum."
Ep. lib. i. 1.

" Now rhymes and childish fancies quite are gone :
The graceful truth I search ; that rest upon,
And well digested, gravely put it on."

Jocular strains, they are but spring-flowers ; which, though they please the eye, they yield but slender nourishment. They are the autumn fruits, that we must thrive and live by ; the sage sayings, the rare examples, the noble enterprises, the handsome contrivances, the success of good and bad actions, the elevations of the Deity, the motives and incitements to virtue, and the like, are those that must build us up to the gallantry and perfection of man. I do not find but it may well become a man to pursue both the one and the other ; to precept himself into the practice of virtue, and to fashion both his tongue and pen into the exercise

of handsome and significant words. He that foundations not himself with the arts, will hardly be fit to go out doctor either to himself or others. In reading I will be careful for both, though not equally. The one serves to instruct the mind; the other enables her to tell what she hath learned; the one without the other is lame. What benefit yields fire, if still raked up in ashes? Though flint may bear a flame in it, yet we prize it but a little, because we cannot get it forth without knocking. He that hath worth in him, and cannot express it, is a chest of wood, perhaps containing a jewel; but who shall be better for it when the key is lost? A good style does sometimes take him, that good matter would beat away. It is the gilding, that makes the wholesome pill be swallowed. Elegance either in tongue or pen, shows a man hath minded something besides sports and vice. It is graceful to speak or to write proper; nor is it easy to separate eloquence and sapience; for the first leads to the other, and is at least, the anti-court to the palace of wisdom. A good style, with good matter, consecrates a work to memory; and sometimes, while a man seeks but one, he is caught to be a servant of the other. The principal end of reading is to enrich the mind; the next, to improve the pen and tongue. It is

much more gentle and suitable, when they shall appear all of a piece. Doubtless, that is the best work, where the Graces and the Muses meet.

OF LOSSES.

If we scan things rightly, we have no reason to be saddened for those worldly goods that we lose. For what is it we can lose which properly we can call ours? Job goes further; he blesseth him that taketh away, as well as him that gives; and by a question concludes his contentment with both. "Shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord, and not evil?" And hitherto the text clears him from being passionate for any or all his crosses. If after, he did fly out, it was the redarguing of his misguided friends, not his being stripped of all, that moved him. Nay, it is certain, in the rectitude of reason we cannot lose at all. If one lend me a jewel to wear, shall I, because I use it, say it is my own? Or when my friend requires it again, shall I say I have lost it? No; I will restore it rather. Though we are pleased that we are trusted with the borrowed things of this life, we ought not to be

displeased when the great Creator calls for what he had but lent us. He does us no injury that takes but his own. And he pleads an unjust title against heaven, that repines at what the God of heaven resumes. It was doubtless such a consideration as this that made Zeno, when he had been shipwrecked, only to applaud Fortune, and to say, she had done honestly in reducing him but to his coat. Shall God afford us, all our life long, not only food but feasting; not for use, but ornament; not necessity alone, but pleasure; and when at last he withdraws, shall we be passionate and melancholy? If, in the blackness of the night, one by accident allows me the benefit of his light to walk by, shall I quarrel him because he brings me not home? I am to thank him for a little, which he did not owe me, but never to be angry that he affords not more. He that hath abundance rides through the world on horseback. Perhaps he is carried with some more ease; but he runs the hazard of his beast; and besides the casualty of his own frailty, he is subject to the danger of those stumbles that his bearer makes. He that wants a plenty, does but walk on foot. He is not borne so high upon the creature, but more securely passes through the various adventures of life; and not being spurred by pricking want, may take his ease in travelling as he pleases.

In all losses I would have a double prospect. I would consider what I have lost, and I would have regard to what I have left; it may be in my loss I may find a benefit. I may be rid with it of a trouble, a snare, or danger. If it be wealth, perhaps there was a time when I had it not. Let me think if then I lived not well without it. And what then should hinder that I should not do so now? What news is it that a bird with wings should fly? Riches have such, and it is a thousand to one but some other did lose them before. I found them when another lost them, and now it is likely some other will find them from me; and though perhaps I may have lost a benefit, yet thereby likewise I may be eased of a cumber. In most things of this nature, it is the opinion of the loss, more than the loss, that vexes. If yet the only prop of my life were gone, I might rather wonder, that in so many storms I rid so long with that one single anchor, than now at last that it should break and fail me. When war had ravished all from Stilpo, and Demetrius asked him, how he could brook so vast a desolation; he returned, that he had lost nothing. The goods he had, he still enjoyed. His virtue, prudence, justice, still were with him. These were matters permanent and immortal.

For the other it was no wonder, that what was perishable should perish.

In the next place, let me look to what I have left. He that miscarries once will husband what is left the better. If the die of fortune hath thrown me an ill chance, let me strive to mend it by my good play. What I have is made more precious by my want of what I once was owner of. If I have lost but little, let me be thankful that I lost no more, seeing the remainder was as flitting as the rest that is gone. He that in a battle is but slightly wounded, rather rejoices that he is got off so well, than grieves that he was hurt at all. But admit it were all that is gone. A man hath hope still left. And he may as well hope to recover the things he hath lost, as he did acquire them, when he had them not. This will lead him to a new magazine, where he cannot deny but he may be supplied with advantage. God will be left still. And who can be poor, who hath him for his friend that hath all? In penury a Christian can be rich; and it is a kind of paradox to think he can be poor, that is destined to be a kingdom's heir.

A BRIEF CHARACTER

OF THE

LOW COUNTRIES.

THE PRINTER

TO

THE READER.*

As I live, gentlemen, I am amazed how any piece could be made such minced-meat as this hath been by a twice-printed copy, which I find flying abroad to abuse the author, who, long since, travelling for company's sake with a friend into the Low Countries, would needs for his own recreation write this essay of them, as he then found them; I am sure as far from ever thinking to have it public, as he was from any private spleen to the nation, or any person in it; for I have moved him often to print it,

* The original title of this work was as follows; — "A Brief Character of the Low Countries under the States, written long since; being Three Weeks' Observation of the Vices and Virtues of the Inhabitants. 'Non seria semper.'"

but could never get his consent, his modesty ever esteeming it among his "puerilia," and, as he said, a piece too light for a prudential man to publish. The truth is, it was merely occasional in his youth, and the time so little that he had for observation, — his stay there not being above three weeks, — that it could not well be expected he should say more. And though the former part be jocular and sportive, yet the seriousness of the latter part renders the character no way injurious to the people. And now, finding some ruffled feathers only presented for the whole bird, and having a perfect copy by me, I have presumed to trespass so much upon the author, as to give it you, in vindication of him, so as I am confident it was dressed by his own pen. And after I have begged his pardon for exposing it without his warrant, I shall leave you to judge by comparing this and the former impressions, whether or no he hath not been abused sufficiently.

THREE WEEKS' OBSERVATIONS

OF

THE LOW COUNTRIES,

ESPECIALLY

HOLLAND.

They are a general sea-land, the great bog of Europe. There is not such another marsh in the world, that 's flat. They are a universal quagmire, epitomized; a green cheese in pickle. There is in them an equilibrium of mud and water. A strong earthquake would shake them to a chaos, from which the successive force of the sun, rather than creation, hath a little amended them. They are the ingredients of a black pudding, and want only stirring together. Marry, it is best making of it in a dry summer, else you will have more blood than grist; and then have you no way to make it serve for any thing, but to spread under it "Zona Torrida," and so dry it for turfs.

Says one, it affords the people one commodity beyond all the other regions; if they die in perdition, they are so low, that they have a shorter cut to hell than the rest of their neighbours. And for this cause, perhaps, all strange religions throng thither, as naturally inclining towards their centre.* Besides, their riches show them to be of Pluto's region, and you all know what part that was which the poets did of old assign him. Here is Styx, Acheron, Cocytus, and the rest of those muddy streams that have made matter for the fablers. Almost every one is a Charon here; and if you have but a "naulum" to give, you cannot want or boat or pilot. To confirm all, let but some of our separatists be asked, and they shall swear that the Elysian Fields are there.

It is an excellent country for a despairing lover; for every corner affords him willow to make a garland of; but if justice doom him to be hanged on any other tree, he may, in spite

* Beaumont and Fletcher have the same jest upon Amsterdam in their play, "The Fair Maid of the Inn":

"I am a schoolmaster, Sir, and would fain
Confer with you about erecting four
New sects of religion at Amsterdam."

On which the annotator remarks; — "At the time our authors wrote, Amsterdam appears to have been the place of refuge for sectaries of all denominations."

of the sentence, live long and confident. If he had rather quench his spirits than suffocate them, so rather choose to feed lobsters than crows, it is but leaping from his window, and he lights in a river or sea; for most of their dwellings stand like privies in moated houses, hanging still over the water. If none of these cure him, keep him but a winter in a house without a stove, and that shall cool him.

The soil is all fat, though wanting the color to show it so; for indeed it is the buttock of the world, full of veins and blood, but no bones in it. Had St. Stephen been condemned to suffer here, he might have been alive at this day; for unless it be in their paved cities, gold is a great deal more plentiful than stones, except it be living ones, and then for their heaviness you may take in almost all the nation.

It is a singular place to fat monkeys in; there are spiders as big as shrimps, and I think as many. Their gardens, being moist, abound with these; no creatures; for sure they were bred, not made. Were they but as venomous as rank, to gather herbs were to hazard martyrdom. They are so large, that you would almost believe the Hesperides were here, and these the dragons that did guard them.

You may travel the country though you have not a guide; for you cannot balk your road

without the hazard of drowning. There is not there any use of a harbinger; wheresoever men go, the way is made before them. Had they cities large as their walls, Rome would be esteemed a bauble. Twenty miles in length is nothing for a wagon to be hurried on one of them; where, if your foreman be sober, you may travel in safety; otherwise you must have stronger faith than Peter had, else you sink immediately. A starting horse endangers you to two deaths at once, — breaking of your neck and drowning.

If your way be not thus, it hangs in the water, and at the approach of your wagon shall shake as if it were ague-strucken. Duke D'Alva's taking of the tenth penny frighted it into a palsy, which all the mountebanks they have bred since could never tell how to cure.

It is indeed but a bridge of swimming earth, or a flag somewhat thicker than ordinary; if the strings crack, your course is shortened; you can neither hope for heaven nor fear hell; you shall be sure to stick fast between them. Marry, if your faith flow purgatory-height, you may pray, if you will, for that to cleanse you from the mud shall soil you.

It is a green sod in water, where if the German eagle dares to bathe himself, he is glad again to perch that he may dry his wings.

Some things they do that seem wonders. It is ordinary to see them fish for fire in water, which they catch in nets, and transport to land in their boats, where they spread it more smoothly than a mercer doth his velvet, when he would hook in an heir upon his coming to age. Thus lying in a field, you would think you saw a cantle of green cheese spread over with black butter.

If Ætna be hell's mouth or fore-gate, sure here is found the postern. It is the Port-Esquiline of the world, where the full earth doth vent her crude black gore; which the inhabitants scrape away for fuel, as men with spoons do excrements from civet-cats.

Their ordinary pack-horses are all of wood, carry their bridles in their tails, and their burdens in their bellies. A strong tide and a stiff gale are the spurs that make them speedy. When they travel they touch no ground, and when they stand still they ride, and are never in danger but when they drink up too much of their way.

They dress their meat in "aquâ cœlesti"; for it springs not, as ours, from the earth, but comes to them as manna to the Israelites, falling from heaven. This they keep under ground till it stinks, and then they pump it out again for use. So when you wash your face

with one hand, you had need hold your nose with the other; for though it be not cordial, it is certainly a strong water.

The elements are here at variance, the subtile overswaying the grosser. The fire consumes the earth, and the air the water. They burn turfs, and drain their grounds with windmills; as if the colic were a remedy for the stone; and they would prove, against philosophy, the world's conflagration to be natural, even showing thereby that the very element of earth is combustible.

The land that they have, they keep as neatly as a courtier does his beard. They have a method in mowing. It is so interveined with water and rivers, that it is impossible to make a common among them. Even the Brownists are here at a stand; only they hold their pride in wrangling for that which they never will find. Our justices would be much at ease, although our English poor were still among them; for whatsoever they do, they can break no hedges. Sure, had the wise men of Gotham lived here, they would have studied some other death for their cuckoo.

Their ditches they frame as they list, and distinguish them into nooks, as my Lord Mayor's cook doth his custards. Cleanse them they do often; but it is as physicians give their potions,

more to catch the fish, than cast the mud out.

Though their country be part of a main land, yet every house almost stands in an island; and that, though a boor dwells in it, looks as smug as a lady that hath newly locked up her colors, and laid by her irons. A gallant masking suit sits not more complete than a coat of thatch, though of many years' wearing.

If it stand dry, it is embraced by vines, as if it were against the nature of a Dutchman not to have Bacchus his neighbour. If you find it lower seated, it is only a close arbor in a plump of willows and alders; pleasant enough while the dog-days last, but those past once, you must practise wading, or be prisoner till the next spring. Only a hard frost, with the help of a sledge, may release you.

The bridge to this is an outlandish plank, with a box of stones to poise it withal, which with the least help turns round, like the executioner when he whips off a head. That, when the master is over, stands drawn, and then he is in his castle.

It is sure his fear that renders him suspicious. That he may therefore certainly see who enters, you shall ever find his window made over his door. But it may be that is to show you his pedigree; for though his ancestors were

never known, their arms are there, which, in spite of heraldry, shall bear their achievement with a helmet for a baron at least. Marry, the field perhaps shall be charged with their baskets, to show what trade his father was.

Escutcheons are as plentiful as gentry is scarce. Every man there is his own herald, and he that has but wit enough to invent a coat, may challenge it as his own.

When you are entered the house, the first thing you encounter is a looking-glass. No question but a true emblem of politic hospitality; for though it reflect yourself in your own figure, it is yet no longer than while you are there before it. When you are gone once, it flatters the next comer, without the least remembrance that you ever were there.

The next are the vessels of the house, marshalled about the room like watchmen; all as neat as if you were in a citizen's wife's cabinet; for unless it be themselves, they let none of God's creatures lose any thing of their native beauty.

Their houses, especially in their cities, are the best eye-beauties of their country. For cost and sight they far exceed our English; but they want their magnificence. Their lining is yet more rich than their outside, not in hangings, but pictures, which even the poorest are

there furnished with. Not a cobbler but has his toys for ornament. Were the knacks of all their houses set together, there would not be such another Bartholomew-fair in Europe.

Their artists for these are as rare as thought, for they can paint you a fat hen in her feathers; and if you want the language, you may learn a great deal of Dutch by their signs; for what they are they ever write under them; so, by this device, hang up more honesty than they keep.

Coaches are as rare as comets; and those that live loosely need not fear one punishment, which often vexes such with us. They may be sure, though they be discovered, they shall not be carted.

All their merchandise they draw through the streets on sledges; or as we on hurdles do traitors to execution.

Their rooms are but several sand-boxes. If so, you must either go out to spit, or blush when you see the mop brought.

Their beds are no other than land-cabins, high enough to need a ladder or stairs. Up once, you are walled in with wainscot; and that is good discretion, to avoid the trouble of making your will every night; for once falling out else would break your neck perfectly. But if you die in it, this comfort you shall leave your friends, that you died in clean linen.

Whatsover their estates be, their houses must be fair. Therefore from Amsterdam they have banished sea-coal, lest it soil their buildings, of which the statelier sort are sometimes sententious, and in the front carry some conceit of the owner. As to give you a taste in these:

"*C*hr*I*st*V*s *a*DIV*tor* *M*e*V*s;
Hoc abdicato, perenne quæro;
*H*IC *M*e*D*I*o* *t*V*t*I*V*s *it*V*r*."

Every door seems studded with diamonds. The nails and hinges hold a constant brightness, as if rust there were not a quality incident to iron. Their houses they keep cleaner than their bodies; their bodies than their souls. Go to one, you shall find the andirons shut up in net-work; at a second, the warming-pan muffled in Italian cut-work; at a third, the sconce clad in cambric, and like a crown advanced in the middle of the house.

The people are generally boorish, yet none but may be bred to a statesman; they having all this gift, not to be so nice-conscienced, but that they can turn out religion to let in policy.

Their country is the god they worship; war is their heaven; peace is their hell; and the Spaniard is the devil they hate. Custom is their law; and their will, reason.

You may sooner convert a Jew, than make an ordinary Dutchman yield to arguments that cross him.

His spirits are generated from the English beer, and that makes him headstrong. His body is built of pickled herring, and they render him testy. These, with a little butter, onions, and Holland cheese, are the ingredients of an ordinary Dutchman, which a voyage to the East-Indies, with the heat of the equinoctial, consolidates.

If you see him fat, he hath been rooting in a cabbage ground, and that bladdered him. Viewing him naked, you will pray him to pull off his mask and gloves, or wish him to hide his face, that he may appear more lovely; for that and his hands are Egypt, however his body be Europe. He hath exposed them so much to the sun and water, as he is now his own disguise, and without a vizor may serve in any anti-mask you put him in.

For their condition, they are churlish as their breeder Neptune; and without doubt very ancient, for they were bred before manners were in fashion. Yet all they have not, they account superfluity, which they say mendeth some and marreth many.

They should make good Justices, for they respect neither persons nor apparel. A boor in

his liquored slop, shall have as much good usage as a courtier in his bravery; nay, more, for he that is but courtly or gentle is among them like a merlin after Michaelmas in the field with crows. They wonder at and envy, but worship no such images. Marry, with a silver hook you shall catch these gudgeons presently; the love of gain being to them as natural as water to a goose, or carrion to any kite that flies.

They are seldom deceived, for they trust nobody; so by consequence are better to hold a fort than win it; yet they can do both. Trust them you must, if you travel; for to ask a bill of particulars is to purr in a wasp's nest; you must pay what they ask, as sure as if it were the assessment of a subsidy.

Compliment is an idleness they were never trained up in, and it is their happiness that court-vanities have not stole away their minds from business.

Their being sailors and soldiers have marred two parts already; if they bathe once in court-oil they are painted trap-doors, and shall then let the Jews build a city where Harlem Meer is, and after cozen them of it.

They shall abuse a stranger for nothing, and after a few base terms scotch one another to a carbonado, or as they do their roaches when they fry them.

Nothing can quiet them but money and liberty; yet, when they have them, they abuse both; but if you tell them so, you awake their fury, and you may sooner calm the sea, than conjure that into compass again. Their anger hath no eyes, and their judgment doth not flow so much from reason as passion and partiality.

They are in a manner all "aquatiles," and therefore the Spaniard calls them water-dogs. To this, though you need not condescend, yet withal you may think they can catch you a duck as soon. Sea-gulls do not swim more readily, nor moorhens from their nest run sooner to the water. Every thing is so made to swim among them, as it is a question if Elisha's axe were now floating there, it would be taken for a miracle.

They love none but those that do for them; and when they leave off, they neglect them. They have no friends but their kindred, which, at every wedding, feast among themselves like tribes.

All that help them not they hold Popish, and take it for an argument of much honesty, to rail bitterly against the king of Spain. And certainly this is the badge of an ill nature, when they have once cast off the yoke, to be most virulent against those to whom of right they owe respect and service. Grateful dispositions, though

by their lords they be exempt from service, will yet be paying reverence and affection. I am confident, that, had they not been once the subjects of Spain, they would have loved the nation better; but now, out of dying duties' ashes, all the blazes of hostility and flame. And it is sufficient to continue their eternal hate, to know the world remembers, they were once the subjects of that most Catholic crown.

Their shipping is the Babel which they boast on for the glory of their nation. It is indeed a wonder, and they will have it so. But we may well hope they will never be so mighty by land, lest they show us how doggedly they can insult where they get the mastery.

It is their own chronicle business which can tell you, that at the siege of Leyden, a fort being held by the Spanish, by the Dutch was after taken by assault; the defendants were put to the sword, where one of the Dutch, in the fury of the slaughter, ripped up the captain's body, and with a barbarous hand tore out the yet living heart, panting among the reeking bowels, then with his teeth rent it, still warm with blood, into gobbets, which he spitted over the battlements in defiance to the rest of the army.

O tigers' breed! the Scythian bear could never have been more savage. To be neces-

sitated into cruelty, is a misfortune to the strongly tempted to it; but to let spleen rave and mad it in resistless blood, shows nature steeped in the livid gall of passion, and beyond all brutishness displays the unnoble tyranny of a prevailing coward.

Their navies are the whip of Spain, or the arm wherewith they pull away his Indies. Nature hath not bred them so active for the land as some others; but at sea they are water-devils, to attempt things incredible.

In fleets they can fight close, and rather hazard all than save some, while others perish; but single they will flag and fear like birds in a bush, when the sparrow-hawk's bells are heard.

A Turkish man-of-war is as dreadful to them as a falcon to a mallard; from whom their best remedy is to steal away. But if they fall to blows, they want the valiant stoutness of the English, who will rather expire bravely in a bold resistance, than yield to the lasting slavery of becoming captives to so barbarous an enemy. And this shows they have not yet learned even Pagan philosophy, which ever preferred an honorable death before a life thralled to perpetual slavery.

Their ships lie like high woods in winter; and if you view them on the north side you freeze without hope, for they ride so thick, that

you can, through them, see no sun to warm you with.

Sailors among them are as common as beggars with us. They can drink, rail, swear, niggle, steal, and be lousy alike. But examining their use, a mess of their knaves are worth a million of ours. For they in a boisterous rudeness can work and live and toil; whereas ours will rather laze themselves to poverty, and, like cabbages left out in winter, rot away in the loathsomeness of a nauseous sloth.

Almost all among them are seamen born, and like frogs can live both on land and water. Not a country vriester but can handle an oar, steer a boat, raise a mast, and bear you out in the roughest straits you come in. The ship she avouches much better for sleep than a bed. Being full of humors, that is her cradle which lulls and rocks her to a dull phlegmaticness, most of them looking like a full grown oyster boiled. Slime, humid air, water, and wet diet, have so bagged their cheeks, that some would take their paunches to be gotten above their chin.

The country's government is a democracy, and there had need be many to rule such a rabble of rude ones. Tell them of a king, and they could cut your throat in earnest. The very name carries servitude in it; and they

hate it more than a Jew doth images, a woman old age, or a Nonconformist a surplice.

None among them hath authority by inheritance; that were the way in time to parcel out their country to families. They are chosen all as our kings choose sheriffs for the counties; not for their sin of wit, but for the wealth they have to bear it out withal. And if they may be had cheap, Mynheer will daub his faced cloak with two pennyworth of pickled herrings, which himself shall carry home in a string. A common voice hath given him preëminence, and he loses it by living as he did when he was a boor. But if you pardon what is past, they are about thinking it time to learn more civility.

Their justice is strict if it cross not policy; but rather than hinder traffic, tolerates any thing.

There is not under heaven such a den of several serpents as Amsterdam is. You may be what devil you will, so you push not the state with your horns.

It is a university of all religions, which grow here confusedly, like stocks in a nursery, without either order or pruning. If you be unsettled in your religion, you may here try all, and take at last what you like best. If you fancy none, you have a pattern to follow of two that would be a church by themselves.

It is the fair of all the sects, where all the pedlars of religion have leave to vent their toys, their ribands, and fanatic rattles. And should it be true, it were a cruel brand which Romists stick upon them; for, say they, as the chameleon changes into all colors but white, so they admit of all religions but the true. For the Papist only may not exercise his in public; yet his restraint, they plead, is not in hatred, but justice, because the Spaniard abridges the Protestant; and they had rather show a little spleen, than not cry quit with their enemy. His act is their warrant, which they retaliate justly. And for this reason, rather than the Dunkirks they take shall not die, Amsterdam, having none of their own, shall borrow a hangman from Harlem.

Now albeit the Papists do them wrong herein, yet can it not excuse their boundless toleration, which shows they place their republic in a higher esteem than heaven itself, and had rather cross upon God than it. For whosoever disturbs the civil government is liable to punishment; but the decrees of heaven and sanctions of the Deity, any one may break unchecked, by professing what false religion he please. So consulary Rome of old, brought all the straggling gods of other nations to the city, where blinded superstition paid an adoration to them.

Had logicians lived here first, father and son had never passed so long for relatives. They are here individuals; for no demonstrance of duty or authority can distinguish them; as if they were created together, and not born successively. And as for your mother, bidding her good night, and kissing her, is punctual blessing.

Your man shall be saucy, and you must not strike; if you do, he shall complain to the schout, and perhaps have recompense. It is a dainty place to please boys in; for your father shall bargain with your schoolmaster not to whip you; if he doth, he shall revenge it with his knife, and have law for it.

Their apparel is civil enough and good enough, but very uncomely, and hath usually more stuff than shape. Only their huykes are commodious in winter; but it is to be lamented, that they have not wit enough to lay them by when summer comes.

Their women would have good faces, if they did not mar them with making. Their earwires have so nipped in their cheeks, that you would think some fairy, to do them mischief, had pinched them behind with tongs. These they dress, as if they would show you all their wit lay behind, and they needs would cover it. And thus ordered, they have much more forehead than face.

They love the English gentry well; and when soldiers come over to be billeted among them, they are emulous in choosing of their guest, who fares much the better for being liked by his hostess.

Men and women are there starched so blue, that if they once grow old, you would verily believe you saw winter walking up to the neck in a barrel of indigo; and therefore they rail at England for spending no more blueing.

Your man among them is else clad tolerably, unless he inclines to the sea-fashion; and then are his breeches yawning at the knees, as if they were about to swallow his legs unmercifully.

They are far there from going naked; for of a whole woman you can see but half a face. As for her hand, that shows her a sore laborer; which you shall ever find, as it were in recompense, loaden with rings to the cracking of her fingers. If you look lower, she is a monkey chained about the middle, and had rather want it in diet, than not have silver links to hang her keys in.

You may rail at us for often changing, but, I assure you, with them is a great deal more following the fashion, which they will plead for, as the ignorant laity for their faith; they will keep it because their ancestors lived in it.

Thus they will rather keep an old fault, though they discover errors in it, than in an easy change to meet a certain remedy.

For their diet, they eat much and spend little. When they set out a fleet to the Indies, it shall live three months on the offals, which we here fear would surfeit our swine; yet they feed on it, and are still the same Dutchmen.

In their houses, roots and stockfish are staple commodities. If they make a feast, and add flesh, they have art to keep it hot more days than a pig's head in Pie-corner. Salt meats and sour cream they hold him a fool that loves not; only the last they correct with sugar, and are not half so well pleased with having it sweet at first, as with letting it sour that they may sweeten it again.

Fish indeed they have brave and plentiful; and herein practice hath made them cooks as good as ever Lucullus's later kitchen had; which is some recompense for their wilfulness, for you can neither pray nor buy them to alter their own cookery.

To a feast they come readily; but being set once, you must have patience. They are longer eating meat than we preparing it. If it be to supper, you conclude timely, when you get away by daybreak. They drink down the evening star, and drink up the morning star.

At those times it goes hard with a stranger. All in courtesy will be drinking to him, and all that do so he must pledge; till he doth, the filled cups circle round his trencher, from whence they are not taken away till emptied; for though they give you day for payment, yet they will not abate of the sum. They sit not there as we in England, men together, and women first; but ever intermingled with a man between; and instead of marchpanes and such junkets, it is good manners, if any be there, to carry away a piece of apple-pie in your pocket.

The time they there spend is in eating well, in drinking much, and prating most. For the truth is, the completest drinker in Europe is your English gallant. There is no such consumer of liquor as the quaffing off of his healths. Time was, the Dutch had the better of it, but of late he hath lost it by prating too long over his pot. He sips, and laughs, and tells his tale, and in a tavern is more prodigal of his time than his wine. He drinks as if he were short-winded, and, as it were, eats his drink by morsels, rather besieging his brains than assaulting them. But the Englishman charges home on the sudden, swallows it whole, and, like a hasty tide, fills and flows himself, till the mad brain swims and tosses on the hasty fume; as if his liver were burning out his stomach, and he,

striving to quench it, drowns it. So the one is drunk sooner, and the other longer; as if striving to recover the wager, the Dutchman would still be the perfectest soaker.

In this progress you have seen some of their vices; now view a fairer object.

Solomon tells us of four things that are small and full of wisdom, — the Pismire, the Grasshopper, the Coney, and the Spider.

For providence, they are the pismires of the world, and having nothing but what grass affords them, are yet, for almost all provisions, the storehouse of whole Christendom. What is it which there may not be found in plenty? they making by their industry all the fruits of the vast earth their own. What land can boast a privilege that they do not partake of? They have not of their own enough materials to compile one ship; yet how many nations do they furnish! The remoter angles of the world do by their pains deliver them their sweets; and being of themselves in want, their diligence hath made them both Indies nearer home.

They are frugal to the saving of egg-shells, and maintain it for a maxim, that a thing lasts longer mended than new.

Their cities are their molehills; their schutes and fly-boats creep and return with their store for winter. Every one is busy, and carries his grain; as if every city were a several hive, and the bees not permitting a drone to inhabit; for idle persons must find some other mansion. And lest necessity bereave men of means to set them on work, there are public banks, that, without use, lend upon pawns to all the poor that want.

There is a season when the pismires fly; and so each summer they likewise swarm abroad with their armies.

The ant, says one, is a wise creature, but a shrewd thing in a garden or orchard. And truly so are they; for they look upon others too little, and upon themselves too much. And wheresoever they light in a pleasant or rich soil, like suckers and lower plants, they rob from the root of that tree which gives them shade and protection. So their wisdom is not indeed heroic or numinal, as courting a universal good, but rather narrow and restrictive, as being a wisdom but for themselves; which, to speak plainly, is descending into craft, and is but the sinister part of that which is really noble and celestial.

Nay, in all they hold so true a proportion with the emmet, as you shall not find they want so much as the sting.

For dwelling in rocks they are conies. And while the Spanish tumbler plays about them, they rest secure in their own inaccessible berries. Where have you under heaven such impregnable fortifications, where art beautifies nature, and nature makes art invincible? Herein indeed they differ; the conies find rocks, and they make them. And as they would invert the miracle of Moses, they raise them in the bosom of the waves. Where, within these twenty years, ships furrowed in the pathless ocean, the peaceful plough now unbowels the fertile earth, which at night is carried home to the fairest mansions in Holland.

Every town hath his garrison; and the keys of the gates in the night time are not trusted but in the state-house. From these holds they bolt abroad for provisions, and then return to their fastnesses replenished.

For war they are grasshoppers, and without a king go forth in bands to conquer kings. They have not only defended themselves at their own home, but have braved the Spaniard at his. In Anno 1599, under the command of Vander Does, was the Grand Canary taken, the chief city sacked, the king of Spain's en-

signs taken down, and the colors of his Excellency set up in their room. In the year 1600 the battle of Newport was a gallant piece; when, with the loss of a thousand or little more, they slew seven thousand of their enemies, took above one hundred ensigns, the admiral of Arragon a prisoner, the very furniture of the archduke's own chamber and cabinet, yea, the signet that belonged to his hand.

In 1607, they assailed the armada of Spain in the Bay of Gibraltar, under covert of the castle and town's ordnance, and with the loss of one hundred and fifty slew above two thousand, and ruined the whole fleet. Certainly a bolder attempt hath scarce ever been done. The Indian mastiff never was more fierce against the angry lion. Nor can the cock, in his crowing valor, become more prodigal of his blood than they.

There hardly is upon earth such a school of martial discipline. It is the Christian world's academy for arms, whither all the neighbour-nations resort to be instructed; where they may observe how unresistible a blow many small grains of powder will make, being heaped together, which yet, if you separate, can do nothing but sparkle and die.

Their recreation is the practice of arms; and they learn to be soldiers sooner than men.

Nay, as if they placed a religion in arms, every Sunday is concluded with the trained-bands marching through their cities.

For industry they are spiders, and are in the palaces of kings. Of old they were the guard of the person of the Roman emperor; and by the Romans themselves declared to be their friends and companions. There is none have the like intelligence. Their merchants are at this day the greatest of the universe. What nation is it where they have not insinuated? nay, which they have not almost anatomized, and even discovered the very intrinsic veins of it?

Even among us they shame us with their industry, which makes them seem as if they had a faculty from the world's creation, out of water to make dry land appear. They win our drowned grounds, which we cannot recover, and chase back Neptune to his own old banks.

All that they do is by such labor, as it seems extracted out of their own bowels. And in their wary thrift, they hang by such a slender sustentation of life, that one would think their own weight should be enough to crack it.

Want of idleness keeps them from want; and it is their diligence makes them rich.

A fruitful soil increaseth the harvest; a plentiful sun augmenteth the store; and seasonable

showers drop fatness on the crop we reap: but no rain fructifies more than the dew of sweat.

You would think, being with them, you were in old Israel, for you find not a beggar among them. Nor are they mindful of their own alone; but strangers also partake of their care and bounty. If they will depart, they have money for their convoy. If they stay, they have work provided. If unable, they find a hospital. Their providence extends even from the prince to the catching of flies. And lest you lose an afternoon by fruitless mourning, by two of the clock all burials must end; wherein to prevent the waste of ground, they pile coffin upon coffin till the sepulchre be full.

In all their manufactures they hold a truth and constancy; for they are as fruits from trees, the same every year that they are at first; not apples one year and crabs the next; and so for ever after. In the sale of these they also are at a word; they will gain rather than exact, and have not that way, whereby our citizens abuse the wise and cozen the ignorant, and, by their infinite over-asking for commodities, proclaim to the world that they would cheat all if it were in their power.

The depravation of manners they punish with contempt, but the defects of nature they

favor with charity. Even their Bedlam is a place so curious, that a lord might live in it. Their hospital might lodge a lady. So that safely you may conclude, amongst them even poverty and madness do both inhabit handsomely. And though vice makes every thing turn sordid, yet the State will have the very correction of it to be neat, as if they would show that, though obedience fail, yet government must be still itself, and decent. To prove this, they that do but view their Bridewell, will think it may receive a gentleman, though a gallant; and so their prison, a wealthy citizen. But for a poor man, it is his best policy to be laid there, for he that cast him in must maintain him.

Their language, though it differ from the higher Germany, yet hath it the same ground, and is as old as Babel; and albeit harsh, yet so lofty and full a tongue, as made Goropius Becanus maintain it for the speech of Adam in his Paradise. And surely, if there were not other reasons against it, the significancy of the ancient Teutonic might carry it from the primest dialect. Steven of Bruges reckons up two thousand one hundred and seventy monosyllables, which being compounded, how richly do they grace a tongue; a tongue that, for the general profession, is extended further than

any that I know; through both the Germanies, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and sometimes France, England, Spain. And still among us all our old words are Dutch, with yet so little change, that certainly it is in a manner the same that it was two thousand years ago, without the too much mingled borrowings of their neighbour-nations.

The Germans are a people that, more than all the world I think, may boast sincerity, as being for some thousands of years a pure and unmixed people. And surely, I see not but their conduction by Tuisco from the building of Babel, may pass as unconfuted story, they yet retaining the appellation from his name.

They are a large and numerous people, having ever kept their own, and transported colonies into other nations. In Italy were the Longobards; in Spain the Goths and Vandals; in France the Franks or Franconians; in England the Saxons; having in all these left reverend steps of their antiquity and language.

It is a noble testimony, that so grave a historian as Tacitus hath left still extant of them, and written above fifteen hundred years ago, "Deliberant dum fingere nesciunt; constituunt dum errare non possunt;" they deliberate when they cannot dissemble, and resolve when they cannot err.

Two hundred and ten years he reckons the Romans were in conquering them; in which space, on either side, were the losses sad and fatal. So as neither the Samnites, the Carthaginians, the Spaniards, the Gauls, no, nor the Parthians, ever troubled them like the Germans. They slew and took prisoners several commanders of the highest rank, as Carbo, Cassius, Scaurus Aurelius, Servilius Cepio, and M. Manlius. They defeated five consulary armies, and Varus with three legions; yet after all this he concludes, "Triumphati magis quam victi sunt;" they were rather triumphed over than conquered. To confirm this, the keeping of their own language is an argument unanswerable; the change whereof ever follows upon the fully vanquished, as we may see it did in Italy, France, Spain, England.

And this he speaks of the nation in general; nor was the opinion of the Romans less worthy in particular concerning these lower provinces, which made them, for their valor and warlike minds, style them by the name of "Gallia Belgica," and especially of the Batavians, which were the Hollanders and part of the Guelders. You may hear in what honorable terms he mentions them, where speaking of the several people of Germany, he says, "Omnium harum gentium virtute præcipui Batavi; nam nec tri-

butis contemnuntur, nec publicanus atterit; exempti oneribus et collationibus, et tantum in usum prœliorum sepositi, velut tela atque arma bellis reservantur." Of all these nations, the principal in valiant virtue are the Batavians; for neither are they become despicable by paying of tribute, nor oppressed too much by the farmer of public revenues; but free from taxes and contributions of servility, they are specially set apart for the fight, as armour and weapons only reserved for war.

All this, even at this day, they seem to make good. For of all the world they are the people that thrive and grow rich by war; like the porpoise that plays in the storm, but at other times keeps sober under the water.

War, which is the world's ruin, and ravens upon the beauty of all, is to them prosperity and ditation. And surely, the reason of this is, their strength in shipping, the open sea, their many fortified towns, and the country, by reason of its lowness and irrigation, becoming unpassable for an army when the winter but approaches. Otherwise it is hardly possible, that so small a parcel of mankind should brave the most potent monarch in Christendom, who, in his own hands, holds the mines of the war's sinews, money, and hath now got a command so wide, that out of his dominions the sun can neither rise nor set.

The whole Seventeen Provinces are not above a thousand English miles in circuit; and in the States' hands there is not seven of those. Yet have they in the field sometimes sixty thousand soldiers, besides those which they always keep in garrison, which cannot be but a considerable number, near thirty thousand, more; there being in the whole countries above two hundred walled towns and cities. So that if they have people for the war, one would wonder where they should get money to pay them, they being, when they have an army in the field, at a thousand pound a day charge extraordinary.

To maintain this, their excise is an unwasted mine, which, with the infiniteness of their traffic and their untired industry, is by every part of the world in something or other contributed to.

The sea yields them but two sorts of fish only, herrings and cod, sixty thousand pounds per annum; for which they go out sometimes seven or eight hundred boats at once; and for greater ships, they are able to set out double the number.

Their merchandise amounted, in Guicciardine's time, to fourteen millions per annum; whereas England, which is in compass almost as large again, and hath the ocean as a ring

about her, made not above six millions yearly; so sedulous are these bees to labor and enrich their hive.

As they on the sea, so the women are busy on land in weaving of nets, and helping to add to the heap.

They are both merchants and farmers, and there act parts, which men can but discharge with us; as if they would show, that the soul in all is masculine, and not varied into weaker sex, as are the bodies that they wear about them.

Whether this be from the nature of their country, in which, if they be not laborious, they cannot live; or from an innate genius of the people by a superior Providence adapted to them of such a situation; from their own inclination addicted to parsimony; from custom in their way of breeding; from any transcendency of active parts more than other nations; or from being in their country, like people in a city besieged, whereby their own virtues do more compact and fortify, I will not determine. But certainly, in general, they are the most painful and diligent people on earth; and of all other the most truly of Vespasian's opinion, to think, that "Ex re quâlibet bonus odor lucri;" be it raised from what it will, the smell of gain is pleasant.

Yet they are in some sort gods; for they set bounds to the sea, and when they list, let it pass them. Even their dwelling is a miracle. They live lower than the fishes, in the very lap of the floods, and encircled in their watery arms. They are the Israelites passing through the Red Sea. The waters wall them in, and, if they set ope their sluices, shall drown up their enemies.

They have struggled long with Spain's Pharaoh; and they have at length enforced him to let them go. They are a Gideon's army upon the march again. They are the Indian rat, gnawing the bowels of the Spanish crocodile, to which they got when he gaped to swallow them. They are a serpent wreathed about the legs of that elephant. They are the little sword-fish pricking the belly of the whale. They are the wane of that empire, which increased in Isabella, and in Charles the Fifth was at full.

They are a glass wherein kings may see, that though they be sovereigns over lives and goods, yet when they usurp upon God's part, and will be kings over conscience too, they are sometimes punished with loss of that which lawfully is their own; that religion, too fiercely urged, is to stretch a string till it not only

jars, but cracks, and in the breaking whips, perhaps, the strainer's eye out.

That an extreme taxation is to take away the honey while the bees keep the hive; whereas he that would take that should first either burn them or drive them out. That tyrants in their government, are the greatest traitors to their own estates. That a desire of being too absolute, is to walk upon pinnacles and the tops of pyramids, where not only the footing is full of hazard, but even the sharpness of that they tread on may run into their foot and wound them. That too much to regrate on the patience of but fickle subjects, is to press a thorn till it prick your finger. That nothing makes a more desperate rebel, than a prerogative enforced too far.

That liberty in man is as the skin to the body, not to be put off but together with life. That they which will command more than they ought, shall not at last command so much as is fit.

That moderate princes sit faster in their regalities, than such as, being but men, would yet have their power over their subjects, as the gods, unlimited. That oppression is an iron heat till it burns the hand. That to debar some states of ancient privileges, is for a falcon to undertake to beat a flock of wild geese

out of the fens. That to go about to compel a sullen reason to submit to a wilful peremptoriness, is so long to beat a chained mastiff into his kennel, till at last he turns and flies at your throat. That unjust policy is to shoot, as they did at Ostend, into the mouth of a charged cannon, to have two bullets returned for one. That he doth but endanger himself, that, riding with too weak a bit, provokes a headstrong horse with a spur. That it is safer to meet a valiant man weaponless, than almost a coward in armour. That even a weak cause with a strong castle, will boil salt blood to a rebellious itch. That it is better keeping a crazy body in an equal temper, than to anger humors by too sharp a physic.

That admonitions from a dying man are too serious to be neglected. That there is nothing certain that is not impossible. That a cobbler of Flushing was one of the greatest enemies that the king of Spain ever had.

To conclude, the country itself is a moated castle, keeping a garnish of the richest jewels of the world in it, the queen of Bohemia and her princely children.

The people in it are Jews of the New Testament, that have exchanged nothing but the law for the gospel; and this they rather profess than practise. Together, a man of war riding at anchor in the downs of Germany.

For foreign princes to help them, is wise self-policy. When they have made them able to defend themselves against Spain, they are at the pale. If they enable them to offend others, they go beyond it. For questionless were this thorn out of the Spaniard's side, he might be feared too soon to grasp his long intended monarchy. And were the Spaniard but possessed lord of the Low Countries, or had the States but the wealth and power of Spain, the rest of Europe might be like people at sea in a ship on fire, that could only choose whether they would drown or burn. Now, their war is the peace of their neighbours. So Rome when busied in her civil broils, the Parthians lived at rest; but those concluded once by Cæsar, next are they designed for conquest.

If any man wonder at these contraries, let him look in his own body for so many several humors, in his own brain for as many different fancies, in his own heart for as various passions; and from all these he may learn, that

There is not in all the world such another beast as man.

THE END.